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of a Bandit**
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Milovan Djilas

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K. W. Gransden

Sumer
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**Khrushchev
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Abraham
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Heinrich Böll

The Staech Affair

THE *ae* in Staech is pronounced like a long, faintly aspirated *a*, as in Bach. It bothers the inhabitants of the place—consisting almost entirely of Benedictine monks—to hear the *ae* pronounced as in aerobatics. Hence this preamble. There are some further antagonisms associated with the name Staech which I can only mention in passing: a heated dispute among onomatologists, for instance, some maintaining that the *ae* is an unmistakable sign of Germanic origin, while their opponents claim that the final *ch* is an unmistakable sign of Celtic origin. I plead the Celtic cause, knowing only too well how corruptible vowels are; and besides, there is the telltale dialect in and around Staech. Staech is located in the Rhineland. I must dispense with a definition of what constitutes Rhenish, restricting myself to the line of demarcation given to the Rhineland at the time of the Prussian occupation, which has persisted since 1815, and according to this line of demarcation Staech is located in the Rhineland. It is ancient, renowned, beautiful, idyllic; in the midst of tall trees, the incomparable gray of medieval Rhenish Romanesque; a robust little river by the name of Brülle provides the landscape's essential ingredient of water. (Brülle is in no way related to the German verb *brüllen*, to roar. Beware of jumping to false etymological conclusions! The name probably derives from *bruhlen*, in turn a local corruption of the amply familiar *buhlen*, to consort illicitly: it has *almost* been established that here, in the midst of these venerable forests, a medieval prelate built an abode for his concubine.)

Staech has two hotels—one luxury, one modest—a youth camp, and a hostel that is used for conferences. The most important feature is the Benedictine abbey. There one

can play at being a temporary monk. Tranquillity, Gregorian chants, peace within and without. And then there are the monks in their noble garb, one or other of whom, at any given moment, either at prayer or meditation or in conversation with a guest, embellishes landscape or garden. Everything extremely simple, almost austere; the soil is tilled, orchards are tended. The climate is too harsh for wine.

I CAN FORGO FURTHER DETAILS and merely point out that Staech is extolled by the protocol officials of the near-by capital as being “a sheer delight.” A high-ranking—perhaps even the highest-ranking—official of the protocol department is said to have remarked: “What more can we ask for? The Occident in one of its most cultivated articulations is only fifty Mercedes-minutes away.”

Indeed, Staech is virtually irreplaceable. Eleventh (possibly tenth or twelfth)-century, gray Rhenish Romanesque, Gregorian chants, the opportunity to become a temporary monk or to stay in a luxury hotel and at the same time participate in all the delights of the liturgy and the consolations of *almost* all the sacraments. An area—again I quote a protocol official—abounding in “positively unique opportunities for country rambles” in which, depending on the condition of the heart, lungs, or glands, one can spend half an hour, an entire hour, an hour and a half, three hours, in fact a whole day walking or hiking, equipped with a handy foolproof local map obtainable *free of charge* from the hall porter at the luxury hotel. The fact that in the luxury hotel one can also be a temporary husband or wife is familiar to cynics, who know that the management there is both discreet and broad-minded.

Only the protocol department is in a position to appreciate the invaluable role Staech performs for the benefit of wives of prominent visitors to the nation's capital. While their husbands get down to the nitty-gritty in the capital, the ladies enjoy being driven out to Staech in the protocol Mercedes. Departure is timed for the visitor to arrive in the morning for the Terce or Sext services and thus admire the nobly clad monks both aurally and visually (it is said that there have even been attempts at tactile perception). This is followed by light refreshments or lunch, and then, depending on time, mood, and stamina, a stroll through the truly magnificent woods, and in the afternoon attendance at Nones or Vespers, followed by tea and a drive back, filled with a deep spiritual peace, to the capital. And German as well as foreign politicians find Staech unique as a place of meditation and purification; some very strong-minded men have been seen humbly and tearfully kneeling there. Guests from the United States and Africa are particularly enchanted with Staech, it has even been claimed that spontaneous conversions have taken place there. And, needless to say, where *Ora* is demonstrated with such credibility, *Labora* is not forgotten either: brothers with rough hands, mud on their hands and feet, their habits sometimes even bespattered with cowdung, are to be seen from time to time, and the strange part about it is: these working monks are not merely on show, they are genuine.

ONE SURPRISING ASPECT is that the monks are always so willing to leave this idyllic spot. The travel itch of the monks of Staech has not escaped the affectionate mockery of the good Rhenish people in the neighbourhood: a well-to-do local wag with an unpaid debt of gratitude to the monks is said to have once presented them with a whole collection of suitcases for Christmas. The monks really do love to travel; they lecture, with and without slides, participate in conferences, seminars, panel discussions; some of them contribute as free-lance writers to the supplements of serious national journals, discussing matters

of theology, religion, and Christianity; and they seize every opportunity of going off to Hamburg, Munich, or Frankfurt. Yes, they love to go away, these monks, and they are not always happy to come back. Some are motorised, most are not. Hence the nominal full strength, amounting at present to forty-seven monks and brothers, is seldom achieved.

There have been occasions when only eleven, and once only nine, were present at afternoon Nones. After one such service a very prominent lady from Thailand apprehensively asked the protocol official whether there was some contagion in the air and whether—she had been nourished on early nineteenth-century literature—the reverend gentlemen were “stricken.” The official found himself obliged to seek an explanation from the abbot and was given the devastating information that only one was sick, the others were all away on their travels.

Since in this age of technology the number of salaried workers is perforce steadily increasing (farming, hotel staff, administration), Staech is not financially self-supporting. It is liberally subsidised by state and diocese; and moreover, the fact that it is supported is taken for granted. Not once has this fact been challenged in the finance committee, not even by the most religiously emancipated of its members. Who would want to see Staech deprived of its subsidies? That would be like suggesting that Cologne cathedral be sold as a quarry. Even rabid freethinkers, irreligious socialists (there are still some of those about), have never thought of withholding approval of the funds earmarked for Staech. Paradoxically enough, in latter years a contrary trend has become noticeable: the representatives of the classic Christian parties are hesitating somewhat longer, whereas the others are consenting with almost embarrassing alacrity. Of one thing there can be no doubt: even the most pettifogging atheist in the capital would not refuse Staech his support. Staech is something it ought not to be: dependent on the state and on the diocese in whose territory it is located. Of course, state and diocese are in a way dependent on Staech, but who could ever plumb the

depths of such dialectics of varying interdependence?

One thing is certain: the abbot collects, and not too badly either. But in return state and diocese want to *see* something, or rather: they feel there should *be* something to see and hear. What, after all, is the use of a vast abbey like that, with all its complex economy (which is more complex than its tradition), if, as happened one foggy autumn day during the visit of a (non-Catholic) queen, only fifteen nobly-garbed monks were present and the choral singing, even though each one "gave it all he had", sounded thin; moreover the participants included two aged bedridden monks who had been impressed somewhat forcibly into service. The Queen was disappointed, *very* disappointed. During the ensuing informal lunch at the hotel she looked almost miffed, like a girl who has been done out of a date. After all, Staech *stands* for something. At home the Queen had requested a thorough briefing on the history, tradition, and function of Staech.

As was inevitable, the news of the choir's poor numerical showing reached the ears of the head of state. He—the head of state—was most annoyed and passed on his annoyance to the Archbishop, who communicated the incident in a handwritten document beginning "*Scandalum fuisse . . .*" to the Order's abbot general in Rome: the latter took up the matter with Staech and insisted on a list of those present and those absent, with detailed information on the absent monks' reasons for travel. The inquiries were, naturally, somewhat protracted, and even after some pretty massive interpolations the results were meagre. Only sixteen of the absent monks could come up with an adequate alibi: eight had been occupied in a completely bona fide pursuit—conducting religious exercises in a convent—and eight had been away on lecture tours for Christian educational projects, some with, some without coloured slides. Five of the younger monks had left to attend a writers' conference ("We must seek contacts with the progressive elements of our own country"), the topic of which had caused both head of state and bishop considerable raising of eyebrows: "*Orgasm as*

Depicted in Contemporary German Literature". It turned out later that four of these young monks had found the topic boring and spent most of their time at the movies, and in the balcony at that, where they could smoke. The alibis for the remaining eleven monks remained obscure. Two had ostensibly gone off to another monastery with which Staech was on friendly terms, to consult some volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum*, those in the Staech library having been stolen during the years of post-war confusion; the two monks had never arrived at the other monastery and, what was more, stubbornly refused to say where they had actually been (as yet unclarified). One monk had gone to Holland, with a purpose but no destination: purpose—to study the changes in Dutch Catholicism. This objective was termed by the bishop "rather vague." The objective of four other monks was given as: the study of Bavarian and Austrian Baroque; they may have been traipsing around anywhere between Würzburg and the Hungarian border, but they did bring back an alibi in the form of a pretty good crop of coloured slides. One monk had gone to a North German university town ostensibly to encourage an eminent physicist in his desire to convert to Catholicism; what had actually happened (as the physicist himself subsequently told the head of state at a reception) was that the monk tried to prevent the conversion.

WELL, THERE WAS trouble. The abbot could not be deposed, only voted out of office, and this was something the monks refused to do. They liked their abbot. For a while the abbot managed to curb the monks' travel itch. The next state visitor was a president from Africa who turned out to be an expert, having been educated by Benedictines. There were thirty-two monks present, but even thirty-two monks do not make the Staech choir seem exactly overcrowded. The effect is roughly that of a hundred and fifty bishops inside Saint Peter's: something like a sightseeing group of elderly sacristans. The head of state, amazed at the African guest's fund of knowledge about the Order, expressed distinct annoyance to the head of protocol and raised the question of whether Staech was still fulfilling its function. . . . The

result was a verbal confrontation between protocol officials and the diocesan secretariat.

The topic remained a secret, but some things inevitably leaked out: the curbing of travel itch at Staech had been followed by accesses of kleptomania and exhibitionism. Eleven of the younger monks had had to be consigned to a private psychiatric clinic. The abbot's request that notice of important state visits be given well in advance, in order that he might adjust the monks' travel movements accordingly, was refused. He was tersely informed that it was up to Staech to be "ready for action" at all times since guests, such as journalists from the Eastern European bloc, often turned up at short notice, eager to see the sights.

WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED the "Staech affair" ran on for about a year, when suddenly, one crisp but sunny spring day, head of state *and* bishop made an unannounced appearance. How these two old codgers had managed to keep their arrangements a secret was never divulged. Well-informed circles assume these must have been made during the solemn reading of the petition for beatification of the nun Huberta Dörffler; the two men had been seen whispering together. Both men had simply given orders after breakfast to "harness" their Mercedes 600s and be driven to Staech, where they had met and, without first calling on the abbot, immediately entered the church, Terce having just begun. Present in the church were fourteen monks.

During the subsequent serving of light refreshments (bread, wine, olives), the abbot not only seemed relaxed, he *was* relaxed. He said that, after having managed to achieve almost a full complement during the visit of an eminent Scandinavian guest—forty-three monks in the choir!—he had been obliged to reopen the "safety valve." In reply to the bishop's sarcastic question as to what relevance the words "safety valve" had to the monastic rule, the abbot responded with a cordial invitation to have a look at the medical reports of the psychiatric clinic. The two gentlemen who had come to inflict a defeat on the abbot suffered one themselves. The abbot declared that he for his part couldn't care less about state visits,

and that he found the politicians who from time to time fled to Staech in search of consolation and tranquillity a nuisance. He expressed his willingness, in the case of state visits of special importance, to allow alumni and minor orders to take part in choral prayer as guests dressed in monks' habits. Transportation for such auxiliary personnel, as well as the procurement of monks' habits, would be a matter for the Most Reverend Lord Bishop and/or the Right Honourable Mr President to arrange. "And should you wish," he added with irreverent frankness, "to resort to actors, by all means do so! I decline any further responsibility."

At the next state visit (a Catholic dictator from southwestern Europe), seventy-eight monks could be counted in the Staech choir, by far the majority youthful. In the car, on his way back to the capital, the dictator remarked to his escort: "These Germans! There's no one like them! Even their new generation of ascetic young monks can't be beaten." What he never found out, and what could never be confirmed in the capital, was that sixty of the young monks had been students who had demonstrated there in protest against the dictator's visit and had been arrested; they had been promised release and, in return for a honorarium of forty marks (they had first demanded seventy but finally consented to forty), had been persuaded to have their hair cut.

MEANWHILE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SAYING in the capital that the chief of protocol came to a verbal agreement with the chief of police: to be more generous in the arrest of student demonstrators during state visits *and* more generous in their release. Since a relationship exists between state visits and student demonstrations analogous to that between state visits and sightseeing tours of Staech, the Staech problem is regarded as solved. On the occasion of a visit of an Asian statesman, who then evinced an almost churlish lack of interest in monks, eighty-two monks could be counted. It seems there are now also some freeloaders, who obtain more accurate information on the dates of pending state visits than the abbot has as yet been able to do, and who then proceed to demonstrate rather too demonstratively (in

the opinion of objective observers)—even investing now and again in a few tomatoes or eggs—in order to be arrested, then released, and acquire a free haircut plus forty marks and a copious lunch at Staech which, at the express wish of the abbot, is charged to diocesan rather than state funds.

Musically speaking, neither freeloaders nor students have so far presented any problem. Gregorian chants seem to come naturally to them. The only problems are those arising between the demonstrating groups, one group denouncing the other as “mercenary consumer-opportunists” and the latter denouncing the former as “abstract

fantasists.” The abbot of Staech gets along well with both groups, some of the young men—seven so far, apparently—have already entered the monastery as novices, and the fact that now and again during choir practice they slip a Ho Chi Minh into the Gregorian rhythm has so far gone unnoticed, even by a recently converted American statesman who, weary of NATO-talk, spent a longer period at Staech than had been provided for by the protocol department. In a farewell communiqué he intimated that his visit to Staech had enriched his image of Germany by an important facet.

Translated by Leila Vennewitz

Our Tenant

Frau Uhrstrasse
Is twenty-five.
She lives now where I
Was once alive.

She would like a maid
Three times a week
(Does not know
A carrot from a leek).

Does she tell the truth?
Does she lie?
I wonder what she laughs at.
Does she cry?

Yesterday, she says,
She drove from Paris.
On Friday she will fly
To Rome. No trace

Of journeys or fatigue,
Or either place,
Shows in her neat
Secretarial face.

To me she is like
A strange papyrus.
Frau U. is
A very rich man's mistress.

Where once we strove
In our despair,
Frau U. now unpacks
And moves a chair.

And suddenly passion
And sex and beauty flare
In our minds like torches,
And we ask where

What has become of these things?
What is this place?
What is this foreign lunar
Paid embrace?

Frau Uhrstrasse sits
In a valley alone
Yet she, like you, is made
Of flesh and bone.

Perhaps she will bequeath
A nothingness to the air,
A nordic vacancy
As soothing as prayer.

Elizabeth Gunn

Milovan Djilas

On Alienation

Thoughts on a Marxist Myth

HISTORY repeats itself, so it seems, just as human destiny does. If the Party bureaucrats of today remind one of those Renaissance princes for whom faith was a useful *décor*, Marxist theoreticians have much in common with those mediaeval Scholastic theologians who always found justifications for dogma, but never any for sin. If the former have given themselves over completely to the *civitas terrena*, the latter derive their delectation from dogmatic speculations and bitter meditations on life which has deviated from the one and only "scientific" and "redeeming" teaching. Hundreds of thousands of Communists have been purged by their own Party leaderships as "traitors" and "renegades"; tens of millions of "alien elements" have been purged because their attributes or their aspirations did not coincide with the teachings of "infallible" teachers, or the practices of powerful leaders. Both under "capitalism" and under "socialism," life has taken to undogmatic channels. But faith has a diabolical side to it: the faithful will question everything but dogma, and so do our contemporary Marxist professors and theoreticians behave towards their sacred texts.

They have remembered the Teacher's saying that violence is the "midwife of history." Yet the violence of Stalinism, in spite of its senseless forms and proportions, did not turn out to be such a midwife. It did not bring about the Classless Society, not to mention the New Man; and it was surely this disappointment, more than anything else, which made these "socialist humanists" bitter against Stalinism and neo-Stalinism. It has been a spiritual torture for them to have lived through the frightful moral and intellectual dramas of contemporary Marxism, and now they have to endure more trials and tribulations because of the purity and the perseverance of their beliefs.

The painful awakening started with the rejection

of Stalin and the return to Lenin. Nevertheless, while Party bureaucrats satisfied themselves with Lenin's "infallibility" towards the Party, by the mythologising of his role and personality, these pained but uncorrupted minds could not fail to notice the close historic link between Lenin and Stalin; and so they continued their reversion . . . on to Marx. But, again, who could deny the relationship between Marx and Lenin? Had Marx not been mistaken in his prediction of revolution in industrial societies? Is it not blatantly obvious that socialist societies are as full of "contradictions" and other difficulties, different in nature but not in degree, as those that had beset those societies since destroyed by revolution or by Soviet military action? Has the chasm between modern science and the Marxist view of the world not turned out to be unbridgeable, in spite of the fact that this view justified its claims in and over society by its "scientific" nature?

THERE APPEARS TO BE no end to the search for refuges and consolations. Just as Protestant dogmatists moved from the New back to the Old Testament, so have our hopeless Marxist dogmatists moved from the mature Marx back to the young Marx, and seized hold, in particular, of his Theory of Alienation. This was in no way fortuitous. The young Marx is essentially a moralist who, precisely through his theory of *Entfremdung*—the most unelaborated and most unclear of his doctrines—grew out of Hegel's philosophy and out of basic religious attitudes.

It is important to note that Lenin, Stalin, and Mao do not even mention this theory of Marx's, and that, moreover, Marx himself, having matured, repressed it and considerably altered its outlook. This, however, does not in the least prevent the armchair revolutionaries of today from turning just to that theory for

refuge from the gales which, although they have perhaps no more than shaken their reality, have nevertheless torn asunder their world ideals. Marx's description of man's (more precisely, the proletariat's) alienation corresponds exactly to the medical description of the neurosis of the same name, although he finds social causes for it. Yet many things have changed since Marx, and one can well ask: is not the contemporary flight into the theory of alienation itself a symptom of alienation from reality and from one's own reason? Is it not, again, tantamount to the handing over of one's being to other forces?

MAN'S ALIENATION in European thought has its roots in religious doctrines according to which the breaking of religious precepts is made tantamount to estrangement from God and his laws. Such ideas receive a more specific (though non-religious) aspect in Rousseau and in Goethe's *Faust*. For the sake of this essay, however, it is important to dwell on the philosophical ideas which directly influenced Marx, since it is to him alone that our uncritical and unoriginal discoverers of alienation have turned.

The dichotomy of Kant's man (*homo noumenon* and *homo phenomenon*), aimed at achieving moral perfection, and it developed with Hegel into a contradiction of the spirit for the achievement of an ideal being. Hegel's spirit, the Absolute Spirit, is synonymous with God. It is the inner being of the world. God-the-spirit and the world are one (*Weltgeist*). This God-spirit is not perfect as is the Christian God, but it develops gradually, from primal unconsciousness in the form of nature, through historical man into his own self-consciousness. The organ through which God gradually becomes conscious of himself is the mind of man. God becomes fully God in man's knowledge of Him. Nature is God in space; history is God in time. The history of the world is the self-creation of God-spirit, the actualisation of God in man. The process of God's self-consciousness, of man's discovery, is unending and develops by the activity of the mind through conflicts which are endlessly being transcended (*Aufhebung*). Thus God, or cognitive man, also fully appropriates the world to himself, since Hegel makes no fundamental differ-

ence between discovery and appropriation. By apprehending, Hegel's man—"finite self-conscious spirit"—conceive of himself as God.

But what is the self-alienation of the spirit, that is to say of the cognitive man?

For Hegel, the object is alien and opposed to the subject. The spirit, as the only reality, is divided into conscious subject (man) and external object (the world). It is this relation that Hegel calls the self-alienation (*Selbstentfremdung*) of the spirit. Progressive cognisance, which is apprehension of the world, is the overcoming of alienation.

From the above it can be seen that Hegel's dialectic, his pattern of development through inner conflicts, is based on the division of the spirit against itself: its urge to be aware of itself as absolute, to possess the world by knowing it as itself. This contradiction of the spirit, and the transcending of it, Hegel has transplanted into history, which (for him) is the autobiography of God-the-self-conscious-man.

A NEW CONTRIBUTION to the theory of alienation was made by Ludwig Feuerbach. He rejected Hegel's system as so much speculative theology; but on the other hand, he discovered in it an "esoteric" content revealing the truth about man. Hegel's man is God in a state of self-alienation and of return to himself. But in reality—says Feuerbach—it is God who is man in a state of self-alienation, for there are not two worlds, but only one: the real material world. Hegel's self-alienated God-spirit is a mystical portrait of religious man. Being does not proceed from thought, but thought from being. Believing that he perceives God, man in fact perceives his own nature. Through his religious life, man is alienated from himself. History is not the process of God's achievement of full self-consciousness through man, but rather the contrary: the process of man's achievement of full self-consciousness through God. As far as man is concerned, the goal of history is for him to become fully human, to fulfil himself as man. God is only the prototype and the idealisation of man. Instead of wasting his energy on God-the-illusion, man must return to himself, to productive work in real life.

Even from such an over-simplified *exposé*, the direct relation of Marx's thought to Hegel's and Feuerbach's system appears clearly. This was stressed by Marx himself, and moreover

with unashamed youthful pride, at the very time of his formulation of the theory of alienation. In the course of intellectual growth, Marx's philosophy will draw upon other sources as well, notably on the classical English political economy of Adam Smith, and on the French socialists. His theory of alienation, however, is mainly rooted in Hegel and Feuerbach.¹

In Marx as in Feuerbach, man is the supreme being for man. He must strive for the realisation of himself in the real world, and not in religious fantasies. For Marx, the solution to man's alienation in nature (Hegel), or in God (Feuerbach), is to be found in changing the existing world.

The existing world, for Marx, is essentially society. When in 1844, at the age of 25, he formulated in his *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts* the theory of alienation, he already had well-established views on the world, and had accumulated significant experiences from revolutionary socialist groups. Hegel's spirit alienated in nature, and Feuerbach's man alienated in religion, become, with Marx: man alienated in society, man in the service of, and sacrificed to, inhuman social forces. And although he had not had any direct contact with the proletariat, Marx, inspired by Hegel's dialectic and by his new faith, came to see alienated humanity in the proletariat, devoid of property, devoid of rights, and embittered by exploitation.

The alienation of workers appears, according to Marx, in two forms—as alienation of the worker from the product of his labour, and as alienation of the worker from labour itself. Expressed very simply, the product does not belong to the worker, and labour itself does not belong to his essence as a man.

The more the worker spends himself, the more powerful the alien objective world becomes which he creates over-against himself, the poorer he himself—his inner world—becomes, the less belongs to him as his own. It is the same in religion. The more man puts into God, the less he retains in himself. The worker puts his life into the object; but now his life no

longer belongs to him but to the object. . . . Whatever the product of his labour is, he is not. Therefore the greater this product, the less he is himself. . . . But the estrangement is manifested not only in the result but in the act of production. . . . Labour is external to the work, i.e. it does not belong to his essential being; . . . in his work, therefore, he does not affirm himself but denies himself . . . does not develop freely his physical and mental energy but mortifies his body and ruins his mind. The worker therefore only feels himself outside his work, and in his work feels outside himself. . . . His labour is therefore not voluntary, but coerced; it is forced labour. . . . Just as in religion the spontaneous activity of the human imagination, of the human brain and the human heart, operates independently of the individual—that is, operates on him as an alien, divine or diabolical activity—in the same way the worker's activity is not his spontaneous activity. It belongs to another; it is the loss of his self.²

The mature Marx will keep an unbroken link with these views, though in an altered form, and with still other arguments:

There is a physical relation between physical things. But it is different with commodities. There, the existence of the things *qua* commodities, and the value-relation between the products of labour which stamp them as commodities, have absolutely no connexion with their physical properties and with the material relations arising therefrom. There is a definite social relation between men, that assumes, in their eyes, the fantastic form of a relation between things. In order, therefore, to find an analogy, we must have recourse to the mist-enveloped regions of the religious world. In that world the productions of the human brain appear as independent beings endowed with life. . . . So it is in the world of commodities with the products of men's hands. This I call Fetishism which attaches itself to the products of labour, so soon as they are produced as commodities, and which is therefore inseparable from the production of commodities.

Again:

Within the capitalist system . . . all means for the development of production transform themselves into means of domination over, and exploitation of, the producers; they mutilate the labourer into a fragment of a man, degrade him to the level of an appendage of a machine, destroy every remnant of charm in his work and turn it into a hated toil; they estrange from him the intellectual potentialities of the labour-process in the same proportion as science is incorporated in it as independent power. . . . It follows therefore that in proportion as capital accumulates, the lot of the labourer, be his payment high or low, must grow worse. The law . . . establishes an accumulation of misery, corresponding with accumulation of capital. Accumulation of wealth at one pole is, therefore, at the same time accumulation of misery, agony of toil, slavery, ignorance, brutality, mental degradation, at the opposite pole, i.e. on the side of the class that produces its own product in the form of capital.³

¹ On the origins and contents of Marx's doctrine, see the scholarly and stimulating work of Robert Tucker, *Philosophy and Myth in Karl Marx* (Cambridge University Press, 1961), which I have found so illuminating.

² Marx, *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844* (Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1961), pp. 70-73.

³ Marx, *Capital* (Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1961). Vol. I, pp. 72, 645.

If we remember Hegel and Feuerbach, we shall at once see where Marx innovates. At the same time, his deep debt to them is also evident, especially in the schematic comparison between social and religious phenomena, and in the simplified, vulgarised explanation of religion.

Marx explains in a novel way the root of man's alienation. Although alienation reaches a turning point in the proletariat and developed commodity production, it did not start there. The original sin was in the division of labour and the birth of private property. Marx does not consider private property to be the original fount of alienation, but that the former materialises and affirms itself in the latter. The source of alienation is the division of labour which took place (as I understand Marx) in the pre-historical era, in primitive communities where new tools and crafts brought about occupational specialisation and enabled production to rise above the bare needs of man's survival. It was then that the appropriation of man's labour became possible, that the ruling classes emerged, armed with instruments of domination for the defence of the system. But Marx, who in his youth had stressed the greed of man, did not clearly explain why it should have been that men had to invent new tools, and accept the expropriation of their labour, their subordination to other men. . . .

Man's (*i.e.*, the proletarian's) alienation will be eliminated—according to Marx—with the coming of the communist society.

*Communism as the positive transcendence of private property, as human self-estrangement, and therefore as the real appropriation of the human essence by and for man; communism therefore as the complete return of man to himself as a social (i.e., human) being—a return become conscious, and accomplished within the entire wealth of previous development. This communism . . . is the genuine resolution of the conflict between man and nature and between man and man . . . between freedom and necessity, between the individual and the species. Communism is the riddle of history solved, and it knows itself to be this solution.*⁴

As can be seen (but as the “new” theoreticians do not want to see), Marx's theory of alienation is his most general, and at the same

time his most unelaborated—one could almost say: his least original—teaching on communism.

Communist society, however, is not the final goal of Marx's teaching, but the basis and precondition of Unalienated Man, *i.e.*, of man in a new state, of man who will freely develop all his powers, who will produce spontaneously according to the laws of beauty, who will fully achieve his human nature. To effect such a metamorphosis of man has been the aim of religions (to be sure, without “scientific” justifications of the type elaborated by Marx). Commenting on the Fall of Man (the sin of Adam and Eve), Hegel remarks that man, through his overwhelming desire to become like God in knowledge, lost his original harmony; he will achieve a “second harmony” through the philosophical quest for absolute knowledge. Is Marx's communism—“the complete return of man to himself as a *social (i.e., human) being*”—not a return (albeit “on a higher level”) to the lost “original harmony”, *i.e.*, the proto-communist communities in which there was no division of labour or of property?

JUST AS mediaeval Christianity conceived itself and final salvation as a unity of dogma and good works, so Marx proclaims the unity of theory and practice. “The philosophers have only interpreted the world, in various ways; the point, however, is to *change it*”, Marx wrote in his *Theses on Feuerbach*⁵ one year after formulating his theory of alienation. In so doing, he does admittedly limit philosophy and science to utilitarian activities, and in precisely that does he differ from Hegel and Feuerbach, and finally achieve his “own self.” Nevertheless, his insistence on the fulfilment of philosophy, and on the scientific character of his own doctrine, reminds one of Hegel and Feuerbach. The ghost of Hegel's Absolute Spirit, which apprehends the world by knowing it, continued to haunt Marx to the very end, as an integral part of his teaching.

THE FACT THAT Hegel's system is today irrelevant and faded does not in any way detract from the profound significance of his thinking for European culture and society. With his dialectic, Hegel introduced a creative tension and an irresistible dynamic which have not yet spent themselves, and some

⁴ *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844*, p. 102.

⁵ Marx and Engels, *Selected Works* (Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1962). Vol. II, p. 405.

of his insights are among the most illuminating made by man. His theory of alienation, however, is a part of his system that, in spite of its complex splendour, had been undermined by the middle of the nineteenth century.

Something similar can be said of Marx today. His doctrine is kept alive mainly because it has evolved into the preservative of bureaucratic "socialist" structures. Since I have already dwelt upon this, and on Marx's incomparable role in the development of humanity, in my recent book, *The Unperfect Society*,⁶ I shall limit myself here to saying what I think of the theory of alienation, and of alienation itself.

The question is: what is unacceptable today, what is inexact, in Hegel's and Marx's theory of alienation? It is surely a question which can be faced by every person not confused and distressed by the disintegration of totalitarian ideologies, and by the unattainability of the perfect society and of the new, universal man.

First of all, no mentally balanced person feels "alienated" simply because nature is different from him, or because he cannot control the exchange of the products made by his own hands. He merely feels that he is not sufficiently qualified, or that he is inadequately rewarded.

Even this is too generalised to be entirely true, it remains that Hegel's theory of alienation disintegrates if exposed to modern scientific inquiry and even to modern philosophical and religious thought. Can one find nowadays, in any science, references to a spirit which struggles within itself to overcome unconscious alien forces with its own self-conscious forces? Does any creative thinker in our age proceed from an intellectual position which opposes divine wisdom to nature, or one which starts from the absolute, aprioristic dichotomy of man? I know of no philosopher of any significance who would today endorse Hegel's system, of which the very theory of alienation is one of the central pillars. The fact that man apprehends nature ever more intimately can be interpreted more convincingly nowadays as the expansion of his condition in his own world, rather than the spiritual overpowering of alien forces.

The topical actuality of Marx's theory of alienation calls, however, for a fuller refutation.

In the manner of religious people, Marx started by adopting "truths" about the "inevitability" of communist society, a faith in a new, self-realised, and perfect "non-alienated" Man, and only then, carried away by the scientism of his age, did he go on to advance "scientific" proofs of this "inevitability" and of this faith—a task in which (it must be admitted) he invested much effort and passion.

There can be no doubt whatever that man, when he discovers a truth, or when he creates a work of art, or when he improves a skill, puts into his creations, *i.e.*, "alienates" to them, his power, his feeling, his intellect. But he does so for the simple reason that he is *man*. Animals do perceive, and sometimes they innovate, but they are not able fundamentally to alter their condition; and that is precisely what man is doing all the time. He discovers new truths and new forms; he invents new tools, and uses new materials. Man is man in so far as by his actions he moves away—"alienates" himself—from the conditions of life which nature has given him. With animals, adaptation is a gradual, long-term, instinctive process; but with man it is a conscious, daily process. If it were not so, man, as opposed to animals, would not be able to survive in nature. It is true that man's body predisposes him to this (his developed brain, upright position, agility of hands, *etc.*); but the most important is undoubtedly that man *thinks differently*. By thinking, he is able to evaluate his own capacities, and to adapt his activities to the change of circumstances. Therefore, it is not because this or that method of production (his social condition) has this or that characteristic, that man "alienates" himself from it, but because (and perhaps only then) he cannot exist in such circumstances any longer. The ever-greater division of labour does increase alienation, and it makes it more complex; but this does not alter the fact that even primitive man alienated himself in the very act of "starting" to think, and act, differently than animals.

As with many other general truisms, Marx turned this one about the beginning of man and his humanism into a "class" truth, a "proletarian" and communist truth. Hegel was really nearer the truth, even though his conclusion—which was not accompanied by direct social action—had neither such an elaborate scientific appearance nor indeed such a great influence on society.

⁶ Milovan Djilas, *The Unperfect Society* (Methuen 1970).

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION signified an unprecedented scientific take-off. In Marx's eyes, it destroyed traditional structures and relations, and was accompanied by intense exploitation and unbridled brutality over workers and peasants. The class division was sharp and clear. The benefits of technological progress and of market expansion were grabbed by the owners of the means of production and exchange, *i.e.*, by the industrialists and bankers—the capitalists. It was also the age of the creation of a world market, of the triumph of commodity production over natural production. His faith in the inevitability of communism, his belief in the universal validity of Hegelian dialectic and in the absolute relevancy of Feuerbachian materialism, even to society, led Marx to explain the labourer's (man's) alienation by the development of commodity production. And so he believed that, by doing away with commodity production, and with capitalist private ownership, alienation would also be done away with.

The mature Marx does not fundamentally differ in that from the young Marx.

Let us now picture to ourselves . . . a community of free individuals, carrying on their work with the means of production in common, in which the labour-power of all the different individuals is consciously applied as the combined labour-power of the community. . . . The social relations of the individual producers, with regard both to their labour and to its products, are in this case perfectly simple and intelligible, and that with regard not only to production but also to distribution.⁷

But how can one eliminate this execrable and ever-more articulated division of labour—the cause of commodity exchange and of alienation? Marx is not very forthcoming on this point, and one can only surmise that in the communist future, technique will be so developed, and unalienated man so universal, that everybody, by spontaneous activity, will be able to carry out all functions, have all that he desires, and even create what he imagines. This is an attractive hope or vision, but it is devoid of scientific foundations, and modern technology, as well as the course of contemporary revolutions, points to a different conclusion. Division of labour is increasing. Man does less work, but it is more specialised,

more technical. And although it appears probable that exploitation and oppression did start with the division of labour, it is absolutely certain that the change of this or that set of social relations will not eliminate it, since the division of labour arose from man's needs, and from man's power to expand his own human (*i.e.*, non-animal) condition. For these very reasons, the division of labour proliferates.

For the young Marx, the "alienation of man" is basically another expression for the exploitation of labour. We have seen that the mature Marx kept the same views, albeit in generalised form. But Alienation and Exploitation are not, and cannot be, identical; the former is a human characteristic, a state of man, while the latter is an inter-human, a social relationship. Those theoreticians in "socialist" countries who maintain that "the task of socialism is to overcome those forms of human existence which create the alienated man" (*i.e.*, "total state planning, but also the disposal of surplus-value by the state")⁸ blur the real needs of their society, which are freedom of ideas, and freer forms of government and property. As for the "neo-Marxist" professors in the West, it is as though they were unhappy that the working class had lifted itself out of a state of suffering, and "thus" destroyed the conditions for revolution, for which very few of them, anyhow, seem to want to sacrifice themselves. The struggle for a more equitable distribution, and for freer forms, is possible; but it is surely obvious today that violence and injustice have not been eliminated along with the abolition of capitalist private property.

THE LIFE OF NATIONS AND MEN—"history", as Hegel and Marx would say—has not evolved according to Marx's "laws" and "inevabilities", and certainly not according to his theory of alienation. Viewed in long-term perspective, the accumulation of wealth under capitalism has not meant for the workers "accumulation of misery, agony of toil, slavery, ignorance, brutality, mental degradation"; they have acquired possibilities of attaining better standards and a higher position in society. The expansion of community production and the articulation of the production process (*i.e.*, the increased division of labour) have certainly not issued in bliss, but they have brought about an improvement of the human condition, and

⁷ *Capital*, Vol. 1, pp. 78-79.

⁸ Predrag Vranicki in *Socialist Humanism*, ed. Erich Fromm (Penguin, 1967), pp. 282-3.

in that way they have reduced the alienation which Marx had in mind. The "neo-Marxist" theoreticians of alienation thus merely repeat the illusions of their exalted teacher, which have now become (as Marx would have said) farcical. The dogmatic constructions of Herbert Marcuse about the "one unidimensional man" of the "consumer society" are arbitrary and unattractive. Erich Fromm's assertions that "affluent alienation" (*i.e.*, alienation in a prosperous society) can be just as dehumanising as "impoverished alienation" (*i.e.*, alienation in conditions of poverty) are unreal and verbalistic. It has, finally, to come to this: although it cannot be denied that Marx, by coupling revolution and sociology, has contributed to the wider diffusion of socio-economic ideas, it is even truer to say that the aim of his ceaseless endeavours has been—to paraphrase Robert Tucker—not to set out the laws of society, ultimately of capitalism, but to confirm the faith of his youth in the inevitability of communist society, and of the new, universal, spontaneously active and "unalienated" man.

There is no alienation—and there cannot be any—in the sense intended by Marx. Marx has "alienated" the tormented life of men, and particularly of workers, in order to turn them into philosophical "weapons" for his *Weltanschauung*. As far as his New Man is concerned, I would today rather follow St Augustine: better a sinful man than an automaton.

AND YET, man does alienate himself—from society, from nature, from his own self.

Every time that man, by whatever action, achieves something fundamentally or radically new (it might be more exact to say: every time that something new is achieved in man), he alienates himself: estranges himself from the conditions and circumstances in which he has hitherto lived. In other words, whenever he creates, and in so far as he creates, he alienates himself. It is rare to find a great man—in politics, in science, in arts, or in any other sphere—whose work has not been a conflict with established conditions around him, and an estrangement from these. In reality, geniuses create new forms by moving away from the forms they have found. The alienation of great minds is, at the same time, a way for them of uniting with men and with

the world. It is a sacrifice offered by them to their community, or even to humanity.

For such an alienation to come about, more is needed than talent: an inner, intellectual and emotive effort which no outside obstacle, social or material, is able to stop. Great men are like conflagrations; with their work they leave traces of fires in their spiritual homelands. For these reasons, great men are often considered to be mad. (In order that there should be no misunderstanding, I hasten to add that I do not refer here to insanity, to neurotic alienation, but only to alienation as an attribute of sane men.)

History records that, at times, in some nations, there was a dearth of great men, which coincided with periods of decadence. History, nevertheless, also indicates that the human species never ceases to give birth to geniuses, who are simply the protruding summits of its creative powers. For creative alienation—in more humble and less striking ways—is also an attribute of more ordinary men, and a phenomenon of their everyday life. Every human action which creates something new is, at the same time, an alienation from the old, from the existing. No one has really loved a woman without separating from someone else. Nor has any designer, for instance, created a really new model without departing from existing fashion.

Such estrangement is visible, not only in its social aspect, but also as alienation from nature, and from one's own self.

Alienation from nature is obvious as a long-term process, and is nothing else but man altering, through technical and other improvements, the circumstances of his existence. Man alienates himself from the natural circumstances that he has found, at the same time as he adapts to new circumstances. In hitherto unprecedentedly artificial, *i.e.*, alienated, circumstances, the cosmonauts of Apollo 11 have carried out the first human link-up with a celestial body.

In the process of such alienation, man does not stop being what he is, but becomes more independent, more alienated from nature. Man becomes man by alienating himself. "I alienate myself" means: "I am man." History offers innumerable instances of individual nations lagging behind, for various reasons, in technical and other forms of expansion of their conditions. These are, for them, periods of

general decline and decadence. The technicalisation of man's existence and the automation of social functions have altered the old, "idyllic" relations among men; but they cannot abolish these relations as such. On the contrary, alienation itself (*i.e.*, the improvement of technique and of production) is the material condition for the unification of humanity, which thinkers ever since Kant have perceived and prophesied. The unification will take place one day, but not according to the plan of one genius, or the action of a leader, but as a necessity of life, and through the living, conscious, cooperation of nations. There is no end to this alienation from nature, and to that "purely" spiritual alienation, in the same way as there is no end to the universe of which we are part, and in which we exist.

THE THIRD ASPECT of man's creative alienation is alienation from himself, and to me this is its most mysterious aspect, although I am none the less convinced of its manifestation. To put it briefly, man does not achieve spiritual and technical creativeness without a transformation of his own self, *i.e.*, an alienation from his previous self, from his thoughts, actions, dreams. I do not mean that man loses his personality: it is precisely with his personality that he carries out his work. But his personality evolves through a process of agonising and dream-like, but inevitable, creativeness. And this takes place, it seems to me, in a way which makes the already created personality purer and more consequent in its creativeness, more capable of carrying out its work.

This alienation of one's own self, however, has nothing in common with the old-fashioned sermons about the need to change oneself in order to change the world. For that sort of "change" is simply the old promise of a New Man, the perfect man. In the conditions of our time (for we cannot conceive and treat Marx's theories of alienation, and similar theories,

independently of real, social, international, and human circumstances), that sort of "change" is the unfortunate snare into which fall the innocent, misled by the not-so-innocent aims of their preachers and proctors. The change, the alienation of which I speak here, is personal and free—in so far as any human action can be. It has no other aim but the possible liberation of one's own and human creative potential. It is the confirmation of man's humanity—of a humanism based on the human self.

The human being thus manifests itself to us as creative, hence infinite in his creativeness and existence. Alienised, creative man is one of the aspects of mankind, just as Aristotle's man is "social," Smith's "economic," and Marx's "working." But in the same way as none of these aspects have turned out to be absolute, or even predominant, so man the alienised creator cannot be reduced to one aspect only. Even if he came to know what his Being and his Essence were, man could not return to them, for he has never departed from them. He is what he is. He feels, and perceives his attributes, but remains, like the world, inaccessible. For man is also a world, endless within himself.

Finally, there would be no greater and more injurious illusion today than to see in that man a God, however much he may aspire to complete alienation—the absolute dominion over nature. For it is only an aspiration, part of the ceaseless movement into new circumstances and new possibilities. Man is not, and cannot be, a God. Not, however, because there is no God (and someone has to take his place), or because God does exist (and can have no replacement). Even his own spiritual works, man does not create out of his head alone, even less so Nature and his own self. God and Anti-God are also aspects of man's existence. We are part of the world, and in it we can subsist with our mind and work, and with our sacrifice.

James Wellard

“My . . . Hurts Me”

A Glance at the Problems of Sumeriology

Ninhursag seated Enki by her pudendum.

“My brother, what hurts you?”

“My . . . hurts me.”

Translated by S. N. KRAMER from the Sumerian poem “ENKI AND NINHURSAG”.

TO THE ENTHUSIASTIC but non-specialised student of the Sumerians, these lines—and in particular, the three dots which are such a significant part of them—epitomise the enigma of that remote and fascinating people. What, we ask, is going on here? Who are this couple? What is the missing word? Is it unfit to print? Or has the translator met with a genuine difficulty in deciphering the original? Indeed, the impression made on the reader is an ambivalent one, recalling the effect of the nursery rhyme, *Jack and Jill*, when punctuated in a similar fashion:

*Jack and Jill went up the hill
To . . .
Jack fell down and . . .
And Jill . . .*

And yet, one muses, perhaps the Sumerian poem is merely a rough and ready description of a situation more elegantly set forth in Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*:

*Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter;
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her.*

But whatever the poem suggests, it does

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illustrate in a glance the complexity of what used to be called “the Sumerian problem” and, for that matter, the extent to which the problem is still with us.

The problem initially was the doubt as to whether there was any such people as “Sumerians” at all; and, if so, who exactly were they? In justice, therefore, to those scholars who have devoted enormous erudition to unravelling these complexities, we should remember that the science of Sumeriology only became “respectable” less than a hundred years ago when the Sumerians themselves were beginning to emerge from the total oblivion that had befallen them. In fact, the reality of their existence was not universally accepted until 1880 when they were given the name “Sumerian” by the Franco-German Assyriologist Julius Oppert, while the term “Sumeriology” appears to have first been used in 1897. Before Oppert’s nomenclature was accepted, the Sumerians were referred to as “Scyths” and their language as “Scythian”; and even after they had been disinterred (as it were) by Leonard Woolley at Ur and André Parrot at Mari, it was still being asked whether the discoveries of these archaeologists were not given an importance altogether out of proportion to the role they had filled in history.¹ To add to the confusion, the experts have not been able to agree on a chronology, so that the important Third Dynasty of Ur has been dated as beginning as early as 2477 B.C. by one Orientalist (Rogers in 1915) and as late as 2113 B.C. by another (Saggs in 1962).

BUT EVEN MORE CONFUSING to the layman than these historical and philological puzzles is Sumerian literature itself—at least, the

¹ C. Leonard Woolley, *The Sumerians* (1928), Ch. VII, “The Claim of Sumer.”

literature as it is presented to those of us ignorant of the original. For even allowing for the fact that we are hearing the thoughts and sentiments of people who lived 4000 years ago, we have difficulty in attuning our ear to these strange idioms and images, like these from the same "Enki and Ninhursag" poem quoted above:

*Nine days being her nine months, the months of womanhood,
Like . . . fat, like . . . fat, like good princely fat,
Ninmu, like . . . fat, like . . . fat, like good princely fat,
Gave birth to Ninkurra.*

Surely something has gone wrong here, for would a poet even 4000 years ago refer to the process of parturition as "like good princely fat"? Indeed, Dr Kramer, the translator, is fully aware of the difficulty, for he changes the word "fat" in a later version to "cream", so that the birth of Ninkurra reads:

*Ninmu, like cream, like cream, like good princely cream,
Gave birth to the goddess Ninkurra.*

Thus the Sumerians, so *simpatici* with their bald heads, bland faces, crossed hands, and pot-bellies, seem in their literature, as we are obliged to read it, to be writing the kind of gibberish that passes for poetry among the pseudo-dadaists of our own day. What, for instance, is one to make of this?

*Uttu with joyful heart opened the door of the house.
Enki to Uttu, the fair lady,
Gives the cucumbers in their . . .
Gives the apples in their . . .
Gives the grapes in their . . .
Uttu, the fair lady, . . . s for him, . . . s for him,
Enki took his joy of Uttu,
He embraced her, lay in her lap,
. . . s the buttocks, touches the . . .²*

Once again, we wonder whether the dots represent four-letter words, or whether the translator simply could not fathom what exactly was going on. Yet disregarding all those cucumbers, *et cetera* that Enki brought "in

their . . .", it does not seem beyond the powers of invention to fill in the missing words, especially as the Sumerians apparently had no euphemisms for describing sexual congress and no inhibitions about performing it.

Our bewilderment is even greater in those translations where original words are retained, either because they are untranslatable or unknown. Hence, the layman is confronted with lines like these:

*Thy manhu in thy holy giguu dressed not in linen,
Thy righteous enu chosen in radiance, in the Ekissirgal,
From the shrine to the giparru proceeds not joyfully.³*

The mind boggles.

IT SHOULD BE STATED AT ONCE, however, that these examples have not been quoted to discount the work of Sumeriologists who have so painstakingly copied, transliterated, and rendered into the best English they could the thousands of clay tablets that have survived for nearly four millennia. Indeed, one can hardly expect a philologist dealing with an obscure language whose vocabulary and syntax are still not fully understood to be also a poet-translator of the calibre of Edward FitzGerald. Yet one can hope that one day a translator will do for Sumerian literature what FitzGerald did for Omar Khayyam and King James's 47 translators did for the Bible.

Indeed, there have already been several brave attempts at this difficult assignment. One of the first and most interesting was that of R. Campbell Thompson who made a poetical rendering of the *Epic of Gilgamesh* as early as 1928. Campbell Thompson, a Sumeriologist of distinction, has this to say about his translation:

Of the poetic beauty of the Epic there is no need to speak. Expressed in a language which has perhaps the simplicity, not devoid of cumbrousness, of Hebrew rather than the flexibility of Greek, it can nevertheless describe the whole range of human emotions. . . . Whether there is justification for taking the risk of turning it into ponderous English hexameter metre is an open question, but in doing so I have done my utmost to preserve an absolutely literal translation.⁴

Thirty years after Campbell Thompson's translation, Miss N. K. Sandars, though not

² Quotations from "Enki and Ninhursag: a Sumerian Myth", translated by Samuel N. Kramer. *Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research, Supplementary Study, No. 1.*

³ Samuel N. Kramer, *Lamentation Over the Destruction of Ur*, (The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. Assyriological Studies, No. 12.) 11/352-354.

⁴ R. Campbell Thompson, *The Epic of Gilgamesh* (1928), Preface, p. 6.

a Sumeriologist, made a popular version of the Epic of which she says:

It has seemed worth attempting a version which, while adding nothing that is not vouched for by scholarship nor omitting anything of which the meaning is beyond doubt, yet will avoid the somewhat uncouth appearance of the line by line translation and will give the reader a straightforward narrative.⁵

It is interesting and, indeed, illustrative of the enormous difficulties facing the translation of Sumerian, to compare the various versions of the *Epic of Gilgamesh* which has been frequently done into English as into other European languages.

We take as our example the incident from the First Tablet describing the seduction of Enkidu, the prototype of primeval man. This incident is, perhaps, the most significant and dramatic event in the story, since it is the first description in world literature of the myth of the loss of man's innocence. The account, then, of how Enkidu, the Sumerian Adam, met his Eve and how she persuaded him to abandon his carefree life in field and forest for life in the city is a much profounder analysis of man's fate than we are given in the Genesis version of the myth. For even though the language is, by our standards, lacking in refinement, the story itself is beautifully told, and its "moral" powerfully presented. But what is really interesting about it is that for once the primeval Eve is not the villainess she is made to be in the Hebrew (and Greek) myth, even if she is a harlot which, in any case, was no disgrace in Sumer. And how much this tells us about men's attitudes towards women in those far-off days!

Taking all these facts into consideration, there seems to be no reason to be shocked by the literal translation of this episode, though all the translations hitherto have bowdlerised the original, which is rendered by the Danish Assyriologist, Svend Aage Pallis, as follows:

The harlot uncovered her breast and spread her legs, and he [i.e., Enkidu] possessed her luxuriousness. She felt no shyness, but took his

penis, loosened her clothes, and he lay on her. She did a woman's work and made him lascivious, and he mounted her on her back.⁶

Understandingly, most translators have regarded this as pretty strong stuff, though if that is how the Sumerian poet described the seduction, what can we, or need we, do about it? Yet one of the more recent American translators glosses over what he calls "the more objectionable passages" (of which this is one) by turning the Sumerian into Latin—or having a Latinist do it for him. Here is the absurd result:

*Him, the wild [?] man, the prostitute saw,
The savage man from the depths of the steppe.
Is est, meretrix, nuda sinum tuum;
Aperi gremium tuum ut succumbat venustati
tuae.
Noli cunctari. . . [et cetera, et cetera]*⁷

Miss Sandars, who tells us that she used the Heidel translation among others, does not shrink from at least conveying the general idea of the seduction and renders the "objectionable passage" as follows:

She was not ashamed to take him, she made herself naked and welcomed his eagerness, she incited the savage to love and taught him the woman's art. For six days and seven nights they lay together, for Enkidu had forgotten his home in the hills.⁸

Other versions show, too, the problem that confronted the translator looking back over his shoulder at the shade of Thomas Bowdler.

BUT THE MORE ONE SEES to what a level this insipidity has brought Sumerian literature, the more one feels the need for a new and vigorous approach to the subject, for we are not concerned with the niceties of drawing-room conversation, but with what the first civilised people in the Western world had to say to us. *Gilgamesh* is one of the great epics of literature—unique among the Mesopotamian writings, it is true, for it is about man and his fate, instead of about those tiresome local gods and goddesses who are as tedious as their names—Sin, Uttu, Nanna, Ninlil, Ninazu, and Nunbar-sheguna. After all, these deities, being immortal and presumably invulnerable—and dead as a door nail—cannot interest us very much. Moreover, these Sumerian godlings did not have the humour and humanity of the Greek anthropomorphs whose lives seem to have been one long romp.

⁵ N. K. Sandars, *The Epic of Gilgamesh* (Penguin Classics, 1960), p. 49.

⁶ S. A. Pallis, *The Antiquity of Iraq* (Copenhagen, 1956), p. 681.

⁷ Alexander Heidel, *The Gilgamesh Epic and Old Testament Parallels*, (University of Chicago Press, 1946) Tablet o, Column iv, 11/6-23.

⁸ Sandars, *Gilgamesh*, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

But Gilgamesh of Uruk (he is still called "King of Babylon" in the British Museum catalogue) was definitely human: his destiny was the same as ours in that he was born to suffer and die. He is, indeed, the first "tragic hero" on the grand scale, the scale with which the Greek dramatists familiarised us 1500 years later. And for this reason the story of Gilgamesh has the power to move us like that of Agamemnon or of Ulysses whom the Sumerian hero in some respects resembles.

Alas! this is not true of the bulk of Sumerian literature which the scholars have so far given us, and one must admit that the task of "humanising" a great deal of the liturgical poetry is truly formidable. Monopolised, as it were, by a handful of specialists, that literature has hardly reached the outside world. No wonder that one of the most eminent of the Sumeriologists, S. N. Kramer, who has devoted his academic life to copying, reading, and translating the tablets, rather gloomily defines a worker in his field as "a well-nigh perfect example of the man who knows 'mostest about the leastest'—a very limited fellow indeed, who rates 'way down' even among the lowly academicians."⁹ A sad commentary on the state in which this branch of scholarship is held, particularly when one realises the enormous dedication the Sumeriologist requires to wrestle with the grammar, syntax, and vocabulary of the Sumerian language itself. It is not surprising that the best we can sometimes expect of a difficult passage turns out to be:

*May I (too) have a favourable shedu like that before you;
May I (too) have a lamassu like that which goes behind you.*

The unenlightened reader can only grope about in the recesses of his subconscious to guess what these objects, apparently worn front and back, refer to.

However, Dr Kramer explains for us some of the problems he and his colleagues are up against in translating from the Sumerian. He speaks of the complexities, "treacherous possibilities", and sources of error and admits that many Sumerian words can be only vaguely apprehended. He warns us that

⁹ S. N. Kramer, *History Begins at Sumer* (1958), pp. 17-18.

¹⁰ S. N. Kramer, *Gilgamesh and the Huluppu-Tree* (University of Chicago Press, 1938), p. 12.

if the translator starts with a definite bias as to the meaning of the passage, it will often enough be not too difficult to find an equivalent for the particular word involved, which after a superficial examination can be made to fit the sense anticipated.¹⁰

Quite obviously the layman is out of his depth in any discussion of philological niceties of this sort, and all he can do is await the verdict of the experts.

Yet, at the same time, he cannot help feeling that the Sumerians themselves, those shadowy people he wants to hear speak (as we can hear quite clearly Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, and even Babylonians), remain silent. Moreover, if some of these translations we do have are their authentic voices, is what they are saying worth the effort of attending to?

WE KNOW FROM the *Epic of Gilgamesh* that it is. And we know, too, from other sources what we may be missing, for certainly the Sumerians speak to us clearly enough in other artistic achievements—in their portraits, for instance—not so much portraits of the gods and kings as of those citizens like Ur-Nanshe, the singer, with his hair parted in the middle and his eager smile; or Kur-lil, the smug official with his hands clasped comfortably over his paunch. And what they seem to say to us in their portraits and, for that matter, in those snippets of secular literature which resemble proverbs, is twofold: first, enjoy life to the full; and secondly, it is the only life we have: death is the end for us all. The conviction with which the Sumerians held these views pervades all their non-official literature and art, as the convictions of the writers and artists of our own mediaeval period account for the sombreness and mysticism of their productions—and the comparison is valid since both ages had strongly theocentric forms of society and both were deeply religious.

THIS MAY SEEM paradoxical until we see that the difference between the Sumerian culture and that of the Middle Ages is the absence in the Sumerian attitude of a sense of guilt, or original sin.

It is almost impossible for us to conceive of religious conviction without a sense of guilt, for we are conditioned by the Hebrew prophets and the Christian Fathers in matters of

morality. Hence we tend to equate sex with sin, for instance, a moral stance which creates all kinds of problems when dealing with alien cultures like that of Sumer. Moreover, to judge a 4000-year-old civilisation by the ethical standards largely formulated one hundred years ago, can lead us to all manner of historical inexactitudes and misinterpretations. One thinks of those impressive-sounding catch-phrases with which anthropologists "explain away" such phenomena as phallic symbols, temple harlots, and the like as "fertility rites", "maternity cults", "Mother Earth", and so forth. Yet how difficult it is to believe that when a worshipper entered the temple of Ishtar and selected a girl for an hour or so's dalliance he seriously regarded this as an act of piety intended to please the gods or liable to persuade them to fructify the fields. We simply do not know whether this was actually the case, or whether, for instance, the Church was running a licensed brothel as the Methodists, say, might run a charity bazaar, all in a good cause.

The point is, perhaps, that we ought to go and ask the Sumerians themselves their opinion, and we can only have that if we discard our own ideas of what is proper and improper (discard them, it will be understood, for the purpose of understanding another culture); and, in addition, we do need an honest and, if possible, graceful translation of their literature. There are, for instance, a number of Sumerian poems on the subject of death which remind us in their philosophy and imagery of the Elizabethans who had the same melancholy amounting almost to despair at the prospect of "Time's winged chariot." And the Sumerians would undoubtedly have agreed with Marvell's description of the after-world as consisting of "deserts of vast eternity"—in other words, nothing but empty space. A very ancient lament which belongs to a period as early as 2500 B.C. states categorically:

*He who was still alive in the night, today he
is dead;
Suddenly he is eclipsed, swiftly he is crushed.
One moment he is singing and playing,
All of a sudden he howls like a wailing man.*¹¹

¹¹ H. C. Rawlinson, *The Cuneiform Inscriptions* (1861-1864), Vol IV (*Tabi-utul-bel*).

¹² Extracts from S. N. Kramer, Ch. 15, "The First Proverbs" in *History Begins at Sumer*; and from "Sentiments from Sumer", by Nigel Dennis, *Encounter*, May 1970, p. 37.

En passant, I quote these lines as an example of how desperately Sumerian literature needs better treatment at the hands of its interpreters; for the englishing of this lament is manifestly inadequate, even the syntax being false. Unhappy, too, is the choice of words. "All of a sudden he howls like a wailing man" so jars on the ear that we are more likely to think of wolves and banshees than of a man in his death throes.

YET ONE MUST CONCEDE that it is still too early for the outsider to be in a position to deal with the semantic problems of Sumerian. Miss Sandars, of course, has made a splendid beginning in her version of *Gilgamesh*, and it was largely due to her "humanisation" of this ancient epic that our enthusiasm for the earliest of all literatures has been aroused. And as a recent example of what can be accomplished by a translator who interprets the spirit as well as the words of the original (the essence of the translator's art), I quote two Sumerian epigrams adapted by Nigel Dennis from the literal translations of S. N. Kramer.¹²

*My wife is in church (literally, "the outdoor
shrine");
My mother is down by the river (probably
attending some religious rite);
And here am I starving of hunger.*
(S. N. KRAMER)

*My wife is thanking god for all he has given her,
My mother is prostrate beside the sacred river,
There is not, I think, much hope of dinner.*
(NIGEL DENNIS)

and:

*The desert canteen is a man's life,
The shoe is a man's eye,
The wife is a man's future,
The son is a man's refuge,
The daughter is a man's salvation,
The daughter-in-law is a man's devil.*
(KRAMER)

*It is desert fare that makes a man,
It is a shoe that points the way,
It is a wife that writes his fate,
A daughter that consoles his age,
It is a son that shields his head,
A son's wife that breaks his heart.*
(DENNIS)

All the same, it cannot be reiterated often enough that the difficulties attendant upon the presentation of Sumerian literature to the "general reader" are formidable. To begin with, not more than a score of Orientalists can read the tablets in any case, and we must be grateful

to them for their enormous patience as well as erudition in giving us our first glimpses of these strange and attractive people. But we still need to know a lot more about them than their official records concerning the attributes of their gods and the exploits of their kings tell us.

This is why their literature proper¹³ is so important—not so much for its philological puzzles as for the philosophy of life it expresses. That philosophy from the intimations

we obtain of it in the more felicitous translations shows the Sumerians to have a serene and life-enriching view, despite their fatalism about the hereafter—"the house where people sit in darkness, with dust as their food." It is summed up, perhaps, in the advice an old woman gives to Gilgamesh who is in despair at the inevitability of age and death:

Fill your belly with good things. Day and night, night and day, dance and be merry, feast and rejoice. Let your clothes be fresh, bathe yourself in water, cherish the child that holds your hand, and make your wife happy in your embrace.¹⁴

A hedonistic philosophy, perhaps, but one that at least takes into account the happiness of those one loves.

¹³ Admittedly meagre in quantity compared with the "literatures" of Greece and Rome, but sufficient to give us an insight into Sumerian thinking on secular matters.

¹⁴ Sandars, *Gilgamesh*, p. 99.



GILGAMESH AND THE LAND OF THE LIVING
(Nippur tablet).

Tanikawa Shuntarō

Travel 1

On this beautiful picture postcard
I have nothing whatever to say:
Simply this is where I am.

The iced coffee tastes O.K.,
The strawberry cakes are also good,
I have not noted down
The name of the river which, o so slowly,
Sidles through the town.

It's just that I'm here, that my being here
Is so intensely real
That a curious kind of absence
Is all that I can feel.

Later on, remembering,
Then I'll have things to say:
But here and now my only words
Are that I'm here today.

Travel 3: Arizona

The road runs straight to the skyline.
To feel nothing is distress.
When I look back, the road comes running
Straight from an emptiness.

I couldn't tell if the landscape
Were jumbo-sized or small:
It simply fell against my eyes,
It fell and that was all.

Was it some symbol of the world?
Was it, I wonder, I?
These questions that one asks oneself
Have silence for reply.

And I, to myself, no longer matter.
My words, these sentences
Impede me as I strive towards
That core where silence is.

Travel 5: Rome

Round coins of all sizes
Clink in my pocket. Note:
All round the world the word for thanks
Comes quickest from the throat.

Though I am grown so utterly
Exhausted, it is clear
That everywhere the places are
Astonishingly near.

The Child and Virgin statues
Wherever I may roam
Are strikingly inferior
To what I have at home.

They just can't hold a candle
To my own closest kin:
The Romanesque are horse-faced,
The Gothic bone and skin.

I touch the chair I'm sitting on.
Its iron-work, I find,
Is slightly warm. There's nothing now
Superfluous in my mind.

Anonym 6

Things like odour, things that exist
Now, but already cease to be.
Things that do not exist, like time,
Yet have real superfluity.

Things that cannot, come what may,
Ever be snagged on a brick wall.
Things that can't be given names;
Things, like light, innominable.

A horsefly in the flat
Light, its humming wings;
The intonation of things;
It is things like that,
Things that no tongue can utter,
Are the heart of the matter.

GRAEME WILSON's essay on Hagiwara Sakutarō (1886-1942) appeared in the August 1969 ENCOUNTER. He writes, "Hagiwara's popular reputation rests largely on his early 'modern' poetry. Current Japanese critical opinion, however, tends to the view that his finest poetry is that written during his descent, after 1923, into that total nihilism where only the writings of Nietzsche gave him 'the will to struggle to live on.'" The three poems translated here belong to his last period of work. Mr Wilson adds that Tanikawa Shuntarō (b. 1931) "is the most popular and almost certainly the best living Japanese poet. He has worked in the theatre, films and radio, and published love poetry, children's verses, poems of social protest, skits, jazz poetry and travel poems." These four poems, translated by Graeme Wilson and Atsumi Ikuto, first appeared in 1968.

Hagiwara Sakutarō

Club Nogisaka

December has come round again,
How cold the winter's clock.

Last year, living on the seventh floor
Of an apartment-block,
In a big bare room in the western style
How miserably I slept
With the bed pushed up against the wall
And the concrete floor unswept.

What, then, should I think about?

Though wearied of all that
Long nothingness of love-affairs,
Still, like a kitchen-cat,
I hunger after substance
However fierce the cost.

Ah, though I've not lost anything,
All that I have is lost.

Why, like a hunted animal,
Through streets' December stir
Should I now wander gloomily
At the butt-end of the year?
Why am I planning to get plastered,
To sleep myself away
Slumped in a bar-chair, somewhere,
In the mid time of the day?

That feeling, like a bird which drifts
Out of an empty sky,
May similarly slide away
To times now long gone by;
So that I may desert myself;
So that I need not die.

December has come round again.
How cold the winter is.

Friends who come knocking at my door,
Persons, acquaintances,
They note my frowny indolence,
Pity me and leave.

Not a nut of coal, not even
A fireplace to relieve
This big bare room in the western style,
I wake alone to the smell
Of cold cement; and I lie in bed
Dead-weary of this cell
Where, like a bear, I hump to sleep
The whole long day as well.

Pinefield By The River Tone

At noon on Sunday my gay mood pervades
Even the grasses,
Even their dulllest blades.

Though buds have not yet burst, a boy's dis-ease,
His yearnings, burn,
Scorch red the crotch of trees
And that boy's friends, chummed in a common char,
Think about girls,
Their arms, how warm they are.

Come back alone to this old spinney where
Acrid remembrance
Smoulders from the air,
I vent myself in study of that high
Vacuity,
The blue blank of the sky
Where, though the sunbeams furtively glissade
Along my back,
The essence of all shade,
The chill of something darker than despair
Lurks in its blue
Illimitable lair.

Now, in a landscape of late autumn dry
As this burnt stone
My lips are blunted by,
I struggle to gulp down like scalding spit
An unforgotten
Thing; the disgust of it.

Shining Road of Disease

This is the road which I,
Hands trayed head-high
To offer chrysanthemums,
Walk with my load
Of love and tediums.

This is the road which shed
Blood of my kin; the road
Of cabbage, fish and meat;
Road of the sad, perfunctory,
Flat dishes for the dead.

With tramlines in the background
This is the shining street
Of death and sentiment;
Road of disease where day,
Dying in shattered slats
Of light along the sky,
Turns dogs and alley-cats,
All that must die, must die,
Pure silver.

This is the way
That saints, stark-naked, went.

Luigi Barzini

Death of a Bandit

IT WAS in the autumn of 1933 that I saw a bandit killed. His name was Fraticheddu. In Sardinian this means "little monk," and is a nickname given to children who wear monks' habits, to keep a vow made by their mothers to some saint who cured them of some deadly disease. I was going round Sardinia for the *Corriere della Sera*, and journalism was a tricky business in those days. Pretty well every vital and important subject had been banned by the régime at some time or other, for one reason or another, and editors were wary of anything new or out of the way, even subjects that had not been forbidden but had not yet been officially pronounced upon. The papers were filled with endless and beautifully written descriptions of sunsets over the sea and dawns among the sand dunes, endless gloomy scenes of storm or rain (though even descriptions of the weather were not entirely safe, since it was forbidden to mention—say—snow in Naples, if there was any, for fear of harming tourism).

I had left with precise orders: to describe Sardinia without ever touching on three things—poverty, malaria, and banditry, which the régime claimed to have put down long ago. So that when the captain of the *carabinieri* quietly told me to follow him if I

wanted to be in at the death of Sardinia's most famous bandit, I felt annoyed, in a way, at the thought of leaving my lunch half-eaten for something I couldn't write about in the paper anyway. I was lunching, as I did every day, in a small restaurant in Nuoro, near the post office, where I had become friendly with all the local bachelors, officers and clerks and civil servants, and the vet; and it was here that the news was brought by the panting *carabiniere*. His chief listened thoughtfully while the man murmured away, then wiped his mouth without a word, and, taking his cap and belt down from the wall, gestured to me to follow him into the street.

We drove off at once. It was two o'clock on a bright afternoon at the end of September. The bandit, I learnt, had sheltered with one of his men at a farm not far from town. The car took us only part of the way, to a point where horses, already saddled, were waiting for us. In Sardinia the *carabinieri* used to wear huge hooded overcoats, with the hoods flung back, like those of the shepherds; black, and lined with bright red, which showed whenever the wind blew their long skirts. We mounted and began cantering silently through the low, twisted olive trees. The light was clear and transparent, as it is in the mountains, and we were on a high, undulating plain that sloped down to a point where the land opened up, like legs flung apart at the groin, and swooped downwards among untidy clumps of rock and wild olive bushes. We dismounted and left the horses with two men who were already holding the mounts of those who had turned up before us.

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It was then that we heard the first shots: first a few, then more, and finally, after a pause or two, almost continuous firing like hail on a tin roof. Behind the rocks and wild olive trees and in the folds of the ground, everywhere, the *carabinieri* were hiding, gun to cheek. We crept up to the edge of the slope and got them to tell us where Fratcheddu was. But there was nothing to be seen. Two dark rocks, half hidden by wild olive branches, hid the entrance to a cave on the opposite side of the dip. There was the bandit, with his man, observing us and firing at us. He had opened fire first (they told me) as soon as he realised he was surrounded, but he had realised it too late. There was no escape. They could kill him from any side, the moment he appeared. Men were even crawling on the heights above him, on the flat rocks that formed the roof of the cave.

FRATCHEDDU had been taken by surprise, because he had made an inexplicable blunder. He had arrived there a couple of hours earlier, tired after travelling all night, and had stayed in the cave, as he had done before, on the land of a peasant he knew. The peasant hated him for having stolen one of his cows, but was terrified of him. When he arrived the bandit asked for water, bread, wine, firewood and straw, as usual, and for something else as well, something surprisingly useless, frivolous, modern and "continental." It was this request that cost him his life. He had never tasted *Pastiglie del Re Sole*, cough-drops that had been advertised a great deal in the papers just then, and wanted to: perhaps he really had a cough. He told the peasant to send his son straight off to Nuoro to buy him a tin. It is a rule that nobody leaves a house where a bandit is hiding, and, to be doubly sure, no one who enters it leaves again. This time, no one knew why Fratcheddu felt safe, safe to the point that he allowed himself something quite reckless. The son, a boy of thirteen or fourteen, who was now lying flat behind a rock with the rest of us, came back with the cough-drops and the police.

We did not see Fratcheddu die. All we saw was a man standing up on the roof of

the cave, almost on the front edge of it, against the sky, waving his gun. Gradually the firing stopped. Then there was silence. The man, who was one of the Sardinian plainclothes *carabinieri* who carried double-barrelled hunting guns and were dressed for a day's sport, had managed to crawl to the edge of the rock on all fours and from a couple of yards' distance had fired straight into the heads and bodies of the bandit and his man.

WHEN WE ARRIVED on the scene, he was already stripping the bodies. The two men had fallen face downwards on the ground, their guns dropped in front of them, surrounded by cartridge cases. They wore the brown velveteen clothes that peasants wear for shooting, and heavy boots of the kind worn by infantry soldiers and countrymen. From everywhere on the surrounding hills men and women in Sardinian dress came running up, old and young shouting curses from afar and recalling stolen cattle, murdered sons, ruined houses; wild-eyed and shaking their fists, and yelling in an incomprehensible dialect. They too had been hiding there, waiting for the firing to stop. The *carabinieri* officers and I and a number of soldiers were looking in at the mouth of the cave to see the bodies; and in all the uproar, all the cursing and shouting, the plainclothes policeman, the killer, was calmly and coldly turning the corpses over like wax mannequins to go through their pockets. He wore a faded mauve corduroy jacket that had been washed many times and had three round holes, as big as cherry stones, in the back. They told me he had a score to settle with Fratcheddu and refused to let up until he killed him.

Years earlier, he and another man, with their superiors' agreement, had taken to the bush and passed themselves off as "deserters." It was an old trick. Fratcheddu had taken them into his gang and seemed to suspect nothing. After a few days he suggested shaving them and cutting their hair, which had grown extremely long. One of the men sat down on a rock, laughing, and Fratcheddu put a napkin round his neck.

The first *carabiniere* (the one who was now going through the dead man's pockets) had gone to fetch water, and was coming up a slope with the filled buckets when, far away, he saw the same scene he had left a few minutes before, but with one detail of it changed. His companion was still sitting on the rock, with a napkin round his neck. Fraticheddu, with his bandits around him, was still standing behind him, holding the razor and laughing. But the fake deserter no longer had a head. It had vanished, cut off by the razor.

In no time the first policeman had dropped the buckets and started to run. The others fired the shots that went through his corduroy jacket, and chased him, but somehow he managed to hide and reach the main road, where he flung himself down exhausted and bleeding on the asphalt and fainted in his own blood. A car picked him up and took him to a hospital; and so he was saved. And now he was giving a sergeant a list of the contents of the bandit's pockets: a hussif of leather, tanned country-fashion and made by himself, with needles and thread in it, a wallet made in the same way with a few banknotes in it, and a *libro di cabala*, the kind from which peasants deduce the num-

bers they play in the lottery, bound in the same leather. I thought of the long hours of boredom spent by bandits alone in the woods and mountains, often in the rain, hours they got through by making wallets and hussifs, and binding books. The heelplate of his guns, too, had been patiently covered in pieces of old rubber tyres to prevent it hurting his shoulder when firing, and the soles of his shoes were done in the same housewifely, careful way. There was also a prayer book, a religious image, a belt of cartridges, and a full tin of *Pastiglie del Re Sole*, with only a single one missing.

WHEN the *carabinieri* went up the slope again, through the twisted olive trees, carrying the two corpses on their shoulders, the peasants in their local dress surrounded the two groups, completely hiding the bodies, and still shouting curses and shaking their fists. The policemen in long overcoats were holding the horses in two groups by their reins, and at the smell of blood and death the animals started shivering, bucking, neighing and tossing their heads. The men had a hard time controlling them. Before mounting mine I stroked its neck and spoke to it to calm it down.

Land

The harsh parts we've
tamed with roads fit for family
outings and the young ladies'
cycling club, and

after midnight
in deserted landscapes we'll
unconcernedly change a
flat tyre and yawn

amongst mountains.
But off the tarmacadamed
track, or so the locals say,
there lies a swamp

like an ancient
mouth, ringed with white slime, toothless,
filled with snot and careless sheep,
open, waiting.

Wes Magee

George Feaver

The Panther's Road to Suicide

A Black Tragedy

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

STAGE DIRECTION
DAVENANT'S VERSION (1655) of **Macbeth**.

I FIRST CAME FACE TO FACE with Black Power when I bumped into Stokely Carmichael in the lobby of the Regency Hyatt House in Atlanta, Georgia, on the day of Martin Luther King's funeral. It was 9 April, 1968.

At that time of year, Atlantans normally indulge their civic pride in a regionally famous Dogwood Festival, when residents of Buckhead, Sandy Springs, and Druid Hills show off their carefully pressed lawns, resplendent with late spring flowers, azalea bushes and Atlanta's inimitable dogwood trees, to motorists who come from miles around to cruise the billy, hardwood-lined

streets of the northern suburbs, following markers that route them past the choicest homes. But this April, the assassin's bullet which violently cut Dr King down as he stood on the balcony of his motel in Memphis had taken the spirit out of the annual Springtime ritual. As we drove into town from the airport, racing along Interstate 85 past the magnificent new sports stadium and the tall buildings of the burgeoning business district, the city was stilled. Streets which would later be crowded with thousands of mourners were deserted as we turned off the Thruway, and into Peachtree Street.

Atlanta's main thoroughfare is several worlds removed from the description of it given by Margaret Mitchell in *Gone With the Wind*. Nowadays, rapidly proliferating office blocks anchor the southern end of Peachtree Street, and at the northern extremity of its downtown stretch, a wind-swept urban canyon has been created by the flanking white towers of the Peachtree Center, which are joined together above the dusty, mid-city pavements by a narrow pedestrian walkway. The Regency Hyatt House, across the road from the Merchandise Mart, is the most striking unit of the Center. It is a Gardens-of-Balthazar hotel, a huge, hollowed-out square space the four sides of which, soaring twenty-five storeys skyward, make up the rooms. Long vines hang from flower-boxes suspended from interior balconies, and translucent elevators, shaped like amusement park rocketships and affixed to the outside of a single, massive concrete cylinder, climb upwards to the plastic-domed roof, stopping at intervals for the separate floors.

In the last year or two, British publishers have gone out of their way to see to it that our book-shelves bulge with Black Power literature. We have had everything from the required texts of Cleaver and Seale to "Die Nigger Die!", "Picking up the Gun", and "Look Out, Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama!" Alas, there is scarcely a balanced or objective or critical study among them. We have accordingly asked Professor George Feaver, a young Canadian scholar who is now living in London, to try and draw up a balance sheet of all these pamphlets and manifestos. Professor Feaver has contributed the study of Black Power to the volume which Maurice Cranston has edited on "The New Left" (Bodley Head, London, and the Library Press, New York); he usually teaches political science at Emory University in the U.S.A.

Then, they continue on through an opening in the roof, bursting out upon a breathtaking panorama of the city below, before terminating at a revolving lounge which is visible for miles as a blue flying saucer seeming to hover on thin air above the hotel.

The lobby of the Regency Hyatt was packed tight as I entered. Newsmen and camera crews, young activists and civil rights leaders, the famous faces of black entertainers and athletes, politicians, professors and clerics, some doubtless there because they had to be, and others whose saddened features suggested (as I overheard one visibly moved Negro say) they had come because they wanted to walk the last stretch with Dr King. Most jostled together aimlessly, putting in time until the start of the funeral march; others in small groups engaged in subdued conversation. I made my way to the registration desk, catching snatches of small talk as I went: "You'd better believe all hell's gonna break loose in the cities. . . ." Coretta and the children. Mayor Allen's cool. Freedom Now. "Did you hear old Lester's boarded up down at the Capitol with the state troopers?" "Can't you get a drink anywhere in this town today?" Montgomery. Selma. King's assailant still at large, maybe in Canada. And then, as I approached my destination, I bumped right into Stokely Carmichael, nattily dressed and surrounded by half-a-dozen young followers.

At that moment, the full impact of what had happened in Memphis hit home. My mind raced back to the Meredith March when Carmichael had asserted angrily during a speech:

'We been saying Freedom for six years and we ain't got nothin'. What we gonna start saying now is Black Power.'

He told us point blank that the Civil Rights Movement was dead and something more radical was going to replace it.

Since then, we had heard much from this rising star of black militancy: the organisation he dominated, SNCC, had expelled all white members and spawned H. Rap Brown. His *Black Power: the Politics of Liberation in America* had carried to a wide public the argument that "institutionalised racism" permeated American society. And, only a matter

of weeks before King's death, he had been named "Honorary Prime Minister" of the then-emergent Black Panther party, on whose behalf in a California speech he had predicted that the world was headed for a racial war in which blacks would become "the executioners of our executioners."

White liberals, though deeply disturbed, had all along consoled themselves that Dr King's presence effectively blunted the appeal of the militants like Carmichael to the understandably bitter and impatient black youth of America—and indeed, King's *Where do We Go From Here?* still contains one of the best critiques of Black Power. But now King was gone, and Carmichael's defiant expression seemed to say as our eyes briefly met before he moved off, slowly working the Regency Hyatt House lobby, greeting the brothers: "Well, I told you so, man, I've been sayin' it all along. . . ."

Later, on the plane back to Washington, I thought about how Atlanta's empty streets that morning had been like a microcosm of a frightened, apprehensive America; later still, the expression on Carmichael's face kept coming back to me as I drove from the National Airport along the Potomac, on my way to Cleveland Park. Across the river, the sky was stained red and large clouds of smoke billowed up from behind the Capitol, somewhere around 14th Street. The rioting that began soon after King's murder continued for a week across the nation, until the black frenzy had dissipated itself, leaving in its wake huge property damage and the needless loss of thirty lives. Unknown to me at the time, Eldridge Cleaver had sat down at a tape recorder in California that weekend and said grimly:

The death of Dr King signals the end of an era and the beginning of a terrible and bloody chapter. . . . America will be painted red. Dead bodies will litter the streets . . . now all black people in America have become Black Panthers in spirit.¹

What was to come of the impressive gains of the civil rights movement, of the momentum towards reform it had slowly eked out of a stubborn America?² Who would replace Dr King, whose repeated acts of personal courage and his unflagging adherence to non-violence had made him a black leader universally respected in the Negro community?

That question was even more on my mind when I returned to Atlanta some weeks later. I arrived there, as it happened,

¹ Eldridge Cleaver, *Post-Prison Writings and Other Speeches* (1967), pp. 74-75.

² See on this the facts and statistics assembled by Nathan Glazer in his "America's Race Paradox: The Gap Between Social Progress and Political Despair," *ENCOUNTER* (October 1968).

on 6 June, 1968, the day a stunned nation learned that Robert Kennedy, the target of another half-crazed gunman, had died in a Los Angeles hospital. In his mercurial public career, Kennedy had taken on the mantle of a rich white man's counterpart of Dr King. No orator, his acerbic style and steely commitment to the integrationist Civil Rights cause, while Attorney-General, had been an important factor in the successful passage of the major Civil Rights Act of 1964. To students from Mississippi to South Africa Kennedy had become an admired champion of interracial justice, and in his desperate gamble in the presidential primaries of early 1968, had impressed many black Americans, Chicanos, and Puerto Ricans as the only white politician who cared for their interests. Now he too was gone. Two lives—one black, one white—snuffed out: the symbolic apotheosis of the militant integrationist dream. "*We been saying Freedom for six years and we ain't got nothin'. What we gonna start saying now is Black Power.*" Looking back to that Spring of 1968, it did seem, as the *Annual Register* later drily recorded, a bleak time for America.

Stokely and Malcolm

BLACK POWER has deep roots, nurtured in the bitter founding soil of the slave trade. Thus it extends beyond the borders of the U.S.A.: the West Indies raised Marcus Garvey, Frantz Fanon, and Stokely Carmichael, and it was the Cuban poet Nicholas Guillen who, long before America's Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (or SNCC) came into existence, anticipated its nickname when he wrote of his vision of black West Indians revolting against their white slave masters, and "cutting their heads like cane stalks—snick, snick, snick. . . ." But it is in America, in the midst of the jarring contrast between vast material wealth and the recurring spiritual sickness of racial frictions, that the ideology of Black Power has been worked out. Ex-Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. apparently³ first coined the phrase in a Chicago speech of May 1965, and elaborated on it in a Commencement Address at Washington's Howard University on 29 May 1966. Stokely Carmichael then took it up, and in his speech at

Greenwood, Mississippi that June, made it a household word. After that it quickly became something of a catch-all, embracing black separatism, black pride, black rage, black capitalism, and a host of other cultural nationalist and revolutionary doctrines.

A Gallup Poll of mid-1969 illustrates the diffuseness of the concept: nearly half of the Negroes polled said they favoured the idea of Black Power, but 78% of the same sample said they would prefer to send their children to integrated schools, and 74% would rather live in integrated neighbourhoods. Such surveys suggest that "Black Power" had become a popular lip-service slogan used by many who would hardly condone some of the specific meanings attached to it by its more extreme ideologists.

Most of the leading ideas of the Black Power Movement are reflected in the writings of one of its leading ideologists of the mid-'60s, and a key figure in the transition of Negro politics from the integrationist to the militant nationalist phase: Malcolm X. In a flaming speech on "Black Revolution",⁴ delivered in New York on 8 April 1964, Malcolm X had drawn a contrast between two different types of Afro-American: "Civil Rights Negroes," who perceived themselves as a permanent minority on the predominantly white American stage, and who were in his judgment adherents of a political approach that was "begging, hat-in-hand, compromising", and the "Black Nationalists", who (according to Malcolm X) "look upon themselves as a part of dark mankind. They see the whole struggle not within the confines of the American stage, but . . . in the world context [where] the dark man outnumbers the white man." He said the struggle for black freedom must be expanded "beyond the level of civil rights to human rights", and the door opened "for all of our brothers and sisters in Africa and Asia, who have their independence, to come to our rescue." He warned that a new generation of blacks was arising which would do "whatever is necessary to see that what they should have materialises immediately." This meant they were prepared, if necessary, "to forget the ballot and start using the bullet." Less than a month earlier, on the occasion of his break with the Nation of Islam, he had told a press conference that "The political philosophy of Black Nationalism means: we must control the politics and the politicians of our community. They must no longer take orders from outside sources." And he added:

³ Harold Cruse, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* (1969), "Postscript on Black Power", pp. 544-565.

⁴ *Two Speeches by Malcolm X* (Merit Publishers, 1969).

Concerning non-violence: it is criminal to teach a man not to defend himself when he is the constant victim of brutal attacks. It is legal and lawful to own a shotgun or a rifle. We believe in obeying the law.

Malcolm X has been claimed as their chief ideological forbear by spokesmen for both the Cultural Nationalist and the Revolutionary Nationalist lines of post-integrationist black militancy. The confused mixture of vagueness, generality, and naïvety in these quoted passages—the return-to-Africa idea, the racial separatism, the rejection of moderation, and the threat of retaliatory violence—suggests why both camps, who in important respects differ from each other, can make such claims. The Cultural Nationalists—from SNCC under Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown, to CORE, to LeRoi Jones and the Black Arts Theater—have traced the new spirit of black assertiveness and cultural pride to the influence of Malcolm X:

Whites can help us [Malcolm wrote], but they can't join us. There can be no black-white unity until there is first some black unity. . . . We cannot think of being acceptable to others until we have first proven acceptable to ourselves.

No matter that he never quite worked out whether his notion of black separatism meant the imminent redistribution of land through a socialist revolution in America (there is some evidence that he grew sceptical of this idea just before his murder), when an autonomous black nation would link hands across the seas with coloured revolutionaries of the Third World, or whether his rhetoric represented merely a variant of that symbolic, psychological separateness and emigrationism which has been a recurring dream in Negro-

American history. The main point, as Julius Lester said in his *Look Out, Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama!* (1970), is that "More than any other person, Malcolm X was responsible for the growing consciousness and new militancy of black people."

Moreover, because he was the first major black leader explicitly to reject non-violence, and to urge black retaliation against white injustices ("the time has come", he wrote in 1964, "for the American Negro to fight back in self-defence whenever and wherever he is being unjustly and unlawfully attacked"), Malcolm X is regarded by Revolutionary Nationalists as their founding father. Eldridge Cleaver recalled that during his years as an inmate he was "the universal hero" of black prisoners. While still in jail Cleaver wrote that "Black history began with Malcolm X." In this seminal ideologist of Black Power, then, at once a black American "cultural separatist" and a "revolutionary internationalist", simultaneously a prophet of racial withdrawal and of black "defensive violence", an often inconsistent, often half-baked and enigmatic rhetorician of Afro-American political salvation, are to be found

the intertwined themes of the two leading contemporary schools of black radicalism, between which there has been precious little love lost.

Culture and Violence

THERE ARE AN estimated 22 million Negro-Americans. Formed into a single nation, they would comprise, after Nigeria and Ethiopia, the third largest black country in the world. Their estimated combined wealth of 35 billion dollars⁵ would make them the 15th richest nation on earth. But America's Negroes, no matter how deep-seated in their history as "a captive people" the idea may be, do not (as Theodore Draper has recently reminded us in his timely and closely argued critique of black separatist nationalism),⁶ com-



From: *The Black Panther* (1970)

⁵ *Congressional Quarterly*, December 4, 1970, pp. 2903-2906.

⁶ Theodore Draper, *The Rediscovery of Black Nationalism* (1970).

prise a single nation. They make up some 13% of the population of a great continental power, scattered across a vast land, irretrievably integrated (however badly treated they may have been, and are) into the American way of life. It is, in the end, as countless Negro servicemen and travellers (Malcolm X himself among them) have discovered, the word "American" in the phrase "Afro-American" that really counts.

Yet demographically, black Americans are to a large extent separate from other Americans. Increasingly, they are found living out their lives in isolated inner-city enclaves. In 1970, at least three major American cities had black majorities: by 1980, there may perhaps be as many as twenty. This separateness has only heightened the sharp contrast between the disproportionate sharing of blacks and whites in the material benefits of the American Dream. It has also contributed substantially to the resurgence in recent years of the African Dream—of various types of cultural nationalism, reflected in *dashiki*-wearing Negro youth, Afro hairdo's, and Black Studies programmes in America's universities.

America [Malcolm X said in 1964, is an early formulation of what has come to be a standard

⁷ See, for example, Herbert Hendin, *Black Suicide* (1969). Marcus Cunliffe has quite rightly pointed out in his "Black Culture and White America", *ENCOUNTER* (January 1970), that there are healthy aspects to this new Negro cultural awareness, and suggests it is a sign that black Americans are on the road to greater self-respect. But whether Black Studies is the best way to proceed is a question on which there is by no means universal agreement, even among Negroes. Bayard Rustin has said that Black Studies programmes are politically rather than educationally motivated, "thrown together like sausages by universities afraid of riots", and that they will produce little more than "sophisticated rappers" ill-prepared for jobs after graduation. At any rate, the *N.Y. Times* reported in December 1970 that no more than 10% of all black college students are majoring in Black Studies, and that on most of the 170 campuses offering courses in the field, it is white students rather than blacks who have been most keen to take them.

⁸ Calvin C. Hernton's wildly conjectural *Sex and Racism* (Paladin Books, 1969) is another recent example of this resurrection by black nationalist writers of the old myth, once universally regarded as an ideological weapon of white racialists, of the superior penial endowments of the Negro stud. Such views are clearly inconsistent with the claims of black extremists that they are "the natural allies of the Women's Liberation Movement," one of whose chief grievances is that women are tyrannised by precisely such fantasies of "male sexism."

⁹ See, for example, Joel Kovel, *White Racism: A Psychohistory* (Allen Lane, 1970).

caveat of black nationalists] is a colonial power. She has colonised 22 million Afro-Americans by depriving us of first-class citizenship. . . . She has deprived us of the right to be human beings, the right to be recognised and respected as men and women.

The immediate task, he insisted, was to take steps to see that blacks regained their self-esteem as "a people."

THERE HAVE BEEN two main varieties of cultural nationalist theories: those which are psychologically-based, and those which are institutionally-based. "Black is beautiful" is a psychological slogan symbolising a concerted effort by blacks to overcome their feeling of psychological marginality⁷ in the American social landscape, by encouraging the development of "black consciousness." Inevitably the more superficial of these attempts to demonstrate that black rhythm, style, and soul are every bit as worthy as their white counterpart, end by imitating the sins black writers hope to expunge. Julius Lester, for example, in an offhand remark that reveals how easily the earnest tone of culturally-separate-but-equal turns into that of racially-parochial, notes that

Men's fashions invariably come from the ghetto and generally there is a two year lag before they enter white America. In women's fashions . . . the February *Harper's Bazaar* featured clothes modelled on African dresswear. The clothes were beautiful, but those white skins killed the vibrancy of the colour. . . .

Similarly and with greater portent, black racial superiority is plainly evident in the early Eldridge Cleaver (whose first book, *Soul on Ice*, is closer to the Cultural Nationalist than to the Revolutionary Nationalist position), especially those of his essays in which he explores the notion that male Negro sexuality holds the key to the emancipation of both whites and blacks from the "sterility" of American racism.⁸

Institutionally-based theories of Cultural Nationalism have taken their cue from Malcolm X's demand that blacks must control their own communities, and they typically shade off into questions of economic and social organisation. Like so much in Black Power imagery, these demands have a long pedigree in Negro protest literature, linking Booker T. Washington's National Negro Business League of 1900 to Marcus Garvey's Black Star Line in the '30s and through Malcolm X to the present. "Institutionalised racism"⁹—so the argument runs—is a product of the white capitalist exploitation of the Negro community: because

it has no indigenous wealth, it is unable to hold out the promise to succeeding generations of any marked improvement in their lot, or to eradicate its dehumanising dependence for survival upon paternalistic white welfare services.

"Black Capitalism", espoused by sources as diverse as Harold Innis's CORE and the Nixon administration, has been one leading reform suggested in recent years as a remedy for this state of dependency, though the notion has been the subject of virulent attacks from radical black writers who see it as merely a subterfuge of white corporate America, whose real goal, they claim, is to use black businessmen, acting as their managerial instruments, to head off the truly militant advocates of black community control.¹⁰ Other suggestions for fostering black economic independence of white America have included rebate schemes (Stokely Carmichael's *Black Power* advanced the view that merchants in the black community should be required to reinvest 40-50% of their profits in the black community); black economic cooperatives (an idea which originated with W. E. B. Du Bois and has been acted on by the Black Muslims); and, as a means of rapidly establishing a capital base for the creation of Negro-controlled businesses, white reparations (celebrated examples being the National Black Economic Development Conference demand that white churches and Jewish synagogues give 500 million dollars in reparations for their part in the exploitation of black people, and CORE's demand that U.S. bankers turn over 6 billion dollars in reparations for black business development).

Yet even assuming that these schemes found support among a large segment of the black minority and that their concerted action could alter the prevailing social and economic arrangements in America without at least the tacit support of substantial numbers of white moderates, there remains a major theoretical difficulty in the various formulations of Cultural Nationalism. While leading spokesmen agree on the need to substitute for the unnatural racist separation of Negroes and whites a more natural black cultural separation, they cannot agree on what constitutes the basic ingredients of their separateness.

¹⁰ See, for example, Robert L. Allen, *A Guide to Black Power in America* (Gollancz, 1970).

¹¹ Earl Ofari, *The Myth of Black Capitalism* (Monthly Review Press, 1970), p. 122. See also James Boggs, *Racism and the Class Struggle* (Monthly Review Press, 1970).

For the Muslims, it is a matter of achieving their historically frustrated nationhood by pressing their claims to a separate share of the land. The nationalism of an organisation like CORE, on the other hand, is more rooted in purely racial considerations, urging Negroes to assert their blackness amidst the irreducible racial divisions that, they believe, will forever separate Negroes from white Americans. Still others, like Earl Ofari in his *The Myth of Black Capitalism*, argue that white racism springs from the class struggle and assert that Negro cultural autonomy will only become a reality "when the black liberation movement begins to take on a class look"¹¹—an argument which, because it rests on a total rejection of current institutions and calls for their replacement by a radical socialist regime, carries cultural nationalism over into the revolutionary nationalist camp.

NO SOBER OR SENSITIVE OBSERVER of the American scene would want to deny that there is a great deal of evidence that lends plausibility to the charges of the black cultural nationalists. Negroes have been miserably treated in America. Figures drawn from the 1970 Federal Census tell a gloomy tale:

The median family income for blacks is still only about 60% of median white family income. Of some 3,000 mortgage banking firms in America, only 16 are owned by blacks, and these between them handle less than 1% of total mortgage business in the nation (Negroes own only 3½% of all housing equity). Blacks own only 2% of all business enterprises. They account for upwards of 20% of total unemployment. They make up only 6% of total college enrolment, and have been the recipients of fewer than 1% of all doctorate degrees awarded by American universities since 1964. . . .

But do such figures entitle the cultural nationalists to draw the conclusions which they have? Martin Luther King believed that, in rejecting the imperfect achievements of militant integrationism in the world of real political events for the fantasies of black cultural autonomy and economic separatism, cultural nationalists, in utter disregard of the complex economic conditions of modern America, were pursuing a defeatist line that amounted to "a dashing of hope, a conviction of the inability of the Negro to win, and a belief in the infinitude of the ghetto. . . ." So too, while recognising the obvious appeal to many adult "Afro-Americans" lacking in self-esteem of the psychological notion of black pride, two Negro psychiatrists, writing in a recent issue of *Redbook* magazine, have warned that so

far as the schooling of black children is concerned, an exaggerated concentration on themes of Negro separateness may actually do more harm than good to their psychological development. "Those who teach by rote the slogans of black dignity—I am Afro-American", 'Black is Beautiful'," they submit, "may be too extreme in their approach. . . ."

Black nationalists underestimate the effect of reforms which have been carried through to date on the prospects for long-range improvements in race relations: the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the Open Housing Law of 1968, have already resulted in removal of most of the blatantly segregated facilities of the past, and have opened the road to Negro participation in political affairs on an unprecedented scale.

According to the Southern Regional Council, there were before 1964 fewer than 100 black elected officials throughout the entire South; today, in Alabama alone, the home state of George Wallace, there are 105 blacks in elective office. Over a million Negroes have registered to vote since passage of the Voting Rights Act. The electoral results are beginning to be felt; in the newly elected 92nd Congress, there are twelve black House members—three from districts in which Negroes comprise less than half the population. In California, a Negro candidate, Wilson Riles, defeated Max Rafferty (an arch-conservative and a favourite Panther example of the kind of public official foisted on blacks by "white racist" America) to become State Superintendent of Public Instruction, a key statewide election he could not have won without bi-racial support. Carl Stokes, despite politically damaging riots in Cleveland's black ghetto, became, with white aid, the first Negro mayor of a major city to win re-election to office—the list could

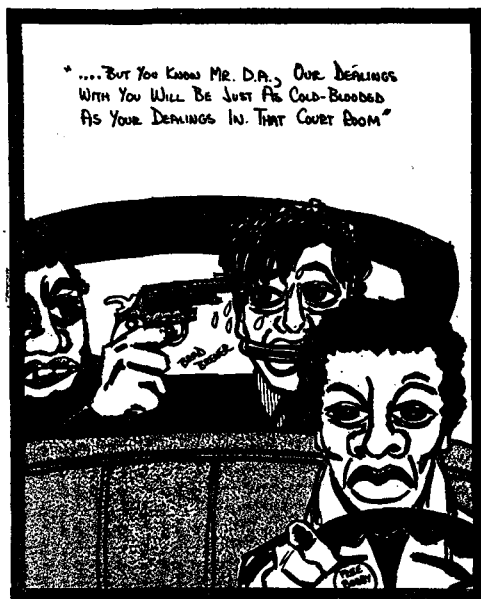
be extended to include a number of other gains for black elective and appointive officials.

Moreover, these gains have been accompanied by general changes of attitude on racial questions which defy very exact measurement. I remember a colleague, at an impeccably liberal Southern institution, rising to speak last year during a heated faculty debate over the merits of the latest student demands (it was the ROTC issue: they had already won their battle for a Black Studies programme). He recalled that when, six years earlier, the faculty had voted overwhelmingly to admit

Negro students for the first time, a poll of the student body had rejected the proposal by a substantial majority (only, fortunately, to be disregarded in the decision finally taken to proceed with the reform). Six years. The pace may seem slow, but recent efforts have had results.

AND YET, visible change, concrete improvements, seem painfully slow to the ghetto dweller. Legal barriers may have fallen, but the social residue of second-class citizenship largely remains. The rich suburbanite and the ghetto tenant inhabit different worlds, and by mid-1970, Negro youths made up over 30% of America's unemployed in the 16-21 age cohort. "The white man's system may change in time, but in time we'll all

be dead" is a sentiment widely shared among young blacks. The seething discontent of black youth has been a factor in the recurring upheavals that, beginning with the uprising in the Watts district of Los Angeles (it was the week of the passage of the 1965 Voting Rights Act), have hit most major American cities. "America's very existence offends me", said Rap Brown in his *Die! Nigger Die!*, and his sentiments reflected those of many aimless blacks on ghetto street-corners:



FREE ALL



POLITICAL PRISONERS

From: *The Black Panther* (1970)

This country was born of violence. Violence is as American as cherry pie. . . . Violence is a necessary part of revolutionary struggle. Non-violence as it is advocated by Negroes is merely a preparation for genocide. . . . We must be prepared to fight anyone who threatens our survival. Black and white. . . . The very fact that white folks fear guns shows the value in being armed. Power, indeed, must come from the barrel of a gun.¹²

The last demonstration in which Martin Luther King Jr. participated (a sanitation workers march in Memphis on 28 March 1968), only a week before he was shot, was marred by looting and violence. "*We been saying Freedom for six years and we ain't got nothin'. What we gonna start saying now is Black Power.*" By 1969, racial violence had spilled over from the big city ghettos into smaller centres, like New Bedford (Mass.), Augusta (Georgia), and Lawrence (Kansas), and bombings and shoot-outs between police and ghetto snipers had become a commonplace occurrence.

"Black people throughout this country", Eldridge Cleaver asserted in October 1968, "have turned away from the bootlicking leadership that we've been having for so long. They're turning to the streets." And, in a speech before a predominantly white audience at New York University at around the same time, he said:

We need a Boston Tea Party from one end of this country to the other. You'd better be ready because the pigs are ready. And if whites are not yet ready, niggers are going to create a situation where you'll have no choice; you'll have to move for your liberation or get into the pig pen with the oinks. Today, you're either part of the solution or part of the problem.

To a small but committed following of black youths and their white radical supporters, the urgent message of "Black Power" had quite drowned out the old rallying cries of "*Freedom Now*" and "*We Shall Overcome*" in the aftermath of the assassinations of Dr King and Senator Kennedy.

Black Chic, White Fashion

THE BLACK PANTHERS did not invent Black Power, but it has been the Black Panther Party which, during the past two years, has worn the mantle of the militant wing of the Black Power Movement, and has carried its slogans to a wide public. The

Panthers, moreover, have been generally seen as the linchpin between the slogan "Black Power" and the ideology of revolutionary racial violence. In January of 1970, the *Wall Street Journal*, conducting an "admittedly unscientific" poll of Negro-Americans in four major cities, found to its surprise that some 60% of their sample expressed full support for both the philosophy and tactics of the Panthers, including their well-publicised willingness to resort to violence if necessary to achieve their ends. In May, a more rigorous Louis Harris survey found that some 60% of whites viewed the Panthers as "a menace", and upwards of 80% thought the shooting of Panthers by police officers had been "mainly the result of violence started by the Panthers themselves." Yet only 30% of the Negro respondents blamed the Panthers, and 25% of these (43% among black teenagers in the poll) said "the Black Panther philosophy is the same as mine." 64% of the blacks agreed that the Panthers had given them "a sense of pride", and 80% felt the shoot-outs confirmed their belief that "blacks must stand together."

The racial division reflected in the two polls suggests the extent to which the Panthers had fulfilled Julius Lester's prediction that "The race war, if it comes, will come partly from the necessity for revenge. You can't do what has been done to blacks and not expect retribution." Like the "panther which fell into a pytte" in Caxton's *Fables of Aesop*, the Black Panther Party has sought vengeance on its black and white detractors. Cruelly beaten and left to die by ruffians, Aesop's fictional beast had a miraculous recovery, climbed out of his pit and annihilated his attackers. Our real-world Panthers, assuming themselves to be the revolutionary vanguard of an oppressed people, had likewise urged their fellow blacks to rise up out of the pit of second-class citizenship in which a "racist" society had imprisoned them, and strike down their oppressors.

And indeed, until well into 1970, as these polls suggest, the Panthers seemed to have succeeded brilliantly in their plan. Their exclusively black party, though never exceeding 1,500 members, had through a combination of near-suicidal courage and California-style theatricality, achieved a kind of ideological vengeance on America—the vengeance of contributing substantially to the polarisation of a nation already badly divided over its purpose and direction. As a result of a number of lethal confrontations between themselves and

¹² H. Rap Brown, *Die Nigger Die!* (Allison & Busby, 1970), pp. 105, 112.

policemen, they had become martyred heroes not only to black ghetto youngsters but also to white college students, who—presumably “loving life” and “hating murder”—unthinkingly supported their policy of “offing the pigs.” In the aftermath of the police slaying of two prominent Panthers in Chicago late in 1969, sympathy with the Panther cause had spread to a broader spectrum of moderate opinion, disturbed by what seemed to be a Federally-coordinated police vendetta against them.

At least eight inquiries were held into the Chicago killings and these have produced quite differing accounts. Of these, the official local reports by the Chicago Police Department and City of Chicago placed the responsibility for the bloodshed on the Panthers, who they claimed shot first. The ACLU, on the other hand, in its brief to a special commission headed by Arthur Goldberg and Roy Wilkins (which has not to date filed a final report) charged that “law enforcement as applied to Black Panthers is a pattern of provocative and punitive harassment”. (*N.Y. Times*, 23 December 1969). Yet the Justice Department, while sharply critical of the police handling of the raid on Hampton’s apartment, later concluded its 250-page Grand Jury report by noting that “Panther tactics and policies help create much of the tension and conflict they have complained of in this and other cases. . . . Certainly, gathering large numbers of unregistered firearms and ammunition is not an act of peace. Public advocacy of violence toward policemen is not an appeal for justice.” (*Washington Post*, 25 May 1970).

On the broader charge that not only in Chicago but throughout the country “the police and FBI, obsessed with the confrontation tactics of the Black Panthers . . . began their systematic attempt to wipe the party out” (to quote from a leader in the *Times Literary Supplement* as recent as 12 Feb. 1971), there has been notoriously little agreement on the facts. The Panthers’ white lawyer, Charles Garry, claimed in December 1969 that “the pigs” had killed 28 Panthers. Jean Genet (who has been a leading champion of the Panthers in his recent writings and on a lecture tour of America) embellished this account in the June 1970 *Ramparts* magazine where, writing on the “massacre” of the Panthers by the police, he submitted that, in addition to the killings, more than 400 Panthers had been arrested and 868 called in for questioning in the period May 1967-December 1969. He

ingeniously calculated that during that time “police repression” of the party had increased “in a direct proportion of one to seven.” The police roundly denied the charges and substituted their own figures of 10 police killed and at least 50 wounded by the Panthers.

BUT SOMEHOW IT WAS the Panther “statistics” that caught on. The national press uncritically regurgitated them throughout 1970 without bothering to make their own independent tallies. That oversight has now been remedied by Edward Jay Epstein (the iconoclastic author of a critique of the Warren Commission’s Kennedy Assassination report). Writing in *The New Yorker* (13 Feb. 71), he argues that the Panthers have deliberately perpetrated the erroneous view that large numbers of Panthers have been murdered by the police. Epstein has gone through the list of 28 Panthers claimed by Garry to have been killed by police up to the end of 1969 and arrived at the following conclusions: on the original list there were not, in fact, 28 names, but 19, and one of these was killed by a merchant during a burglary attempt. Epstein’s research makes it clear that eight of the remaining 18 were definitely not killed by police, but rather died in fights with other Negro extremists or in accidents. Six of the remaining ten died in Panther v. Police gun battles in which the Panthers began the shooting. One more was shot in circumstances in which no one is certain who started firing (two police were killed in the same incident), and another was shot when he refused to drop a cocked rifle he was pointing directly at an officer. . . . On the basis of Epstein’s documentation, the *Washington Post* was forced to admit it had been wrong all along in relying in its news reports on figures ranging as high as 30 Panthers killed by police, and the *New York Times* did a similar *mea culpa*. According to the London *Sunday Times* (21 Feb. 1971) Charles Garry charged, in a recent television debate with Epstein filmed for the David Frost show, that Epstein was an FBI and a CIA agent.

BUT THIS SEEMED like a last attempt to hold fast to a melodramatic romanticism which once dominated the American atmosphere. In January 1970, Richard Harwood, in a dispatch from Oakland, California, recorded in the *Washington Post* the “PANTHERS’ CLIMB IN INFLUENCE.” On the Eastern seaboard, Leonard Bernstein and other prominent New Yorkers were giving parties in aid of the Panther

Defense Fund.¹³ In last year's best-seller¹⁴ Charles A. Reich romanticised black revolutionaries like the Panthers' Eldridge Cleaver as the first "to discover a radical view of America and an alternative culture and life-style." Heady with the discovery that the springs of social progress lay in a Black and Youth-inspired Consciousness III, Reich predicted that "when the white man discovers his servitude, we will see a real explosion in America. Black rage, black pride, black militancy, give us some idea what it will be like."

NOW, HOWEVER, ONLY a year later, events have dealt a dramatic reversal to the position of the Panthers in public esteem. In his 1970 Annual Report, J. Edgar Hoover barely noticed the Panther Party, though his previous report had singled them out as "the greatest threat to the internal security of the country" among black extremist groups. Tom Milstein, writing in *Commentary*, September 1970, attacked the Panthers as an anti-Semitic "totalitarian organisation of black nationalists which identifies with branches of world Communism", and courted wholesale political repression in America. John Corry, in an article written for the November *Harper's* (and later widely reproduced in newspapers across the United States), called the Panthers "black Stalinists", and characterised them, more with pity than contempt, as "the natural sons of Stepin Fetchit" in their role of

"furnishing entertainment for the white radicals." *Newsweek's* Stewart Alsop observed on 14 December that the Panthers had become "more pathetic than heroic", and asserted that "Radical Chic is Dead." As if in agreement, the *New York Times*—once so uncritically enthusiastic on all radical chic matters—printed a long article in its final

Sunday of the year, captioned "BLACK STUDIES TAKE HOLD, BUT FACE MANY PROBLEMS". It followed this, during the first week of the new year, with an equally lengthy piece, which seemed to mark the shift in fashion, entitled "NEW COLLEGE TREND: WOMEN STUDIES."

Losing Everything

WHATEVER HAPPENED to the Panthers? The simplest explanation is that a series of events which occurred during 1970 led to the gradual disaffection from the Panther cause of large numbers of previously sympathetic onlookers.

Firstly, the pro-Panther sentiments traceable to the treatment of Bobby Seale during the Chicago conspiracy trial were largely dissipated in more recent court-

room proceedings, where evidence came to light that painted the Panthers in a very bad light. In the so-called New York Conspiracy Trial, a number of Panthers are accused of plotting to blow up police stations, railways, department stores and the Bronx botanical gardens. Prosecution testimony to date has been based on the recollections of a group of police officers who infiltrated the New York Panthers as early as 1968. They have told how they drilled, in para-military operations, in city parks, taking turns pinning paper targets on their chests and dry-firing at each other. One

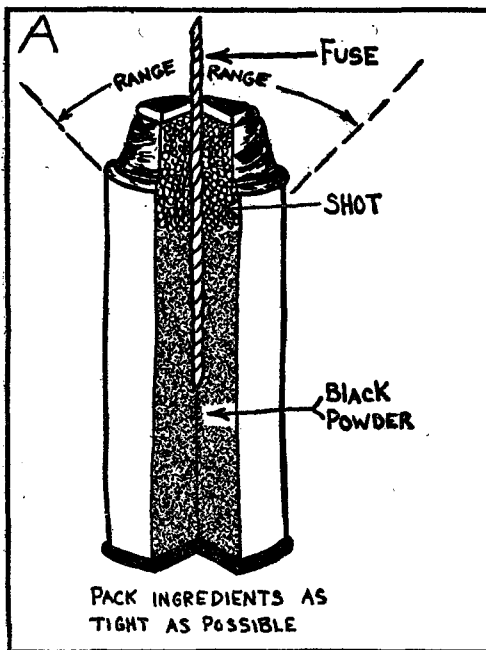
ATTENTION IMPOR— TANT COR— RECTION

(A) THIS DRAWING IS INCORRECT

Points of correction are as follows:

1. Shot or scrap metal if packed tightly as shown below would put fuse out before it got to the powder.

2. The range to kill or injure would be less because the shot is all at the top and not divided as shown in drawing (B).



From: *The Black Panther* (1970)

¹³ So brilliantly satirised in Tom Wolfe, *Radical Chic and Mau Mauing the Flak Catchers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1970).

¹⁴ Charles Reich, *The Greening of America* (Random House, 1970, and Allen Lane The Penguin Press, 1971), pp. 288, 294.

of the defendants is alleged to have written a manual on "Urban Guerrilla warfare", in which an imaginary city ("Delta") with a population of eight million, is depicted as the theatre for widespread terrorist attacks. The jury has seen issues of the incendiary party newspaper, *The Black Panther*, containing articles and drawings on how to make crude bombs and hand grenades. Judge Murtagh has had a viewing of the movie *The Battle of Algiers* (a semi-documentary film on the FLN) which the prosecution contends has served as a blueprint for the Panthers. Detective Ralph Smith recounted in his testimony that, disguised as a member of the party, he found 24 sticks of dynamite behind the refrigerator in the home of one of the defendants. This he carried to bomb squad experts; they replaced it with simulated dynamite; this was subsequently used in attacks against police stations in Upper Manhattan and the Bronx, and a school in Queens.

Even greater public interest has been aroused by the New Haven Murder Trial, in which a number of Panthers, including national co-chairman Bobby Seale, are charged with conspiracy to murder one of their fellow members, Alec Rackley, whose tortured and bullet-riddled body was found in a swamp near New Haven on 19 May 1969. At first the now-standard radical charge of "a police conspiracy to silence the Panthers" went up, and a huge May Day rally of 15,000 supporters was held in support of Seale, and attended by a number of leaders of prominent radical groups, such as the Yippies and the Weatherman faction. The tense atmosphere of the university-dominated town at the time has been vividly recreated in John Hersey's *Letter to the Alumni* (1970). As early as 27 April 1970, the *National Observer* noted that "The murder issue is a serious one that most students would prefer to ignore . . . most . . . seem content to work for 'vigilant' trial-watching to ensure that 'Bobby gets a fair trial'." But as the trial proceeded (and Gail Sheehy has provided a full account in a brilliant two-part series on "Panthermania" published in *New York* magazine late in 1970), the Panthers have been revealed as almost suicidally extremist, hampered as much by their own paranoia, internal squabbling, cruelty and stupidity as by external harassment, a development which has not been lost on many student moderates (a few of whom have now dared to speak of "black fascism").

¹⁵ *The Trial of Bobby Seale* (Priam Books, 1970), pp. 22-23.

THERE HAS BEEN A SUBSTANTIAL difference between this and earlier trials in the genre. As Norman Dorsen has pointed out,¹⁵ the Chicago conspiracy trial was the first of a number of trials in which radicals, viewing the law as an extension of the political process, have regarded courtroom proceedings as "a symbol of an oppressive 'system', and . . . make their tactical decisions, including their statements to the court, less to influence appellate tribunals than public opinion, or a particular segment of that opinion." But in the New Haven trial, unlike earlier proceedings, three of the accused Panthers entered guilty pleas. Secondly, as a result of an important Supreme Court ruling of early April, *U.S. ex rel. Allen v. Illinois*, in which the Court held that obstreperous defendants could be tried *in absentia*, much of the steam has gone out of the militants' strategy—inspired by the symbolic figure of a gagged and shackled Bobby Seale in the Chicago trial—of obstructing courtroom proceedings. In the case of the New York Conspiracy Trial, the *New York Times* commented (12 April) that as a result of this ruling "What was billed as a sequel to the trial of the Chicago Eight has lost its rhetoric." This, combined with the more determined efforts of court officials to ensure juridical impartiality, has tended to allay the fears of those who, like President Kingman Brewster of Yale, had earlier expressed doubts that black radicals could find the conditions for a fair trial anywhere in America. Whatever the eventual outcome of the New Haven trial (and Seale's own case is still in progress), developments to date suggest good reasons for remaining hopeful of impartial results. Thus, in the trial of one of those who pleaded guilty in New Haven, Lonnie McLucas, who admitted having fired the "make sure" bullet into Rackley's chest, some 242 prospective jurors were questioned before the panel of ten whites and two blacks was finally chosen. In the outcome, McLucas was found guilty of conspiracy to murder, but acquitted on three other charges that carried heavier penalties. Meanwhile, in the New York trial, which is also still in progress, 212 men and women were questioned as potential jurors, and the final panel chosen included five blacks and a Puerto Rican. That there has been a grudging acceptance, even by the originally sceptical, of the impartiality of these latest trials is perhaps reflected in the contrast between the huge May Day rally at the outset of the New Haven proceedings, and the scene on 17 November, 1970, when Seale's own trial began. Only 60

supporters showed up to fill the 32 public seats, and there were no demonstrations, except for one held two weeks earlier, when some 600 supporters (75 of them wearing Timothy Leary masks) turned out for a rally.

Mention should also be made of the pending trial of Angela Davis, charged with complicity in the wild-west scheme of 17-year-old Panther Jonathan Jackson to spring several black "brothers" in the course of a courtroom hearing during August 1970. The plan backfired and Jackson, two convicts and the presiding judge, who had been taken as a hostage with a gun barrel taped to the side of his head, were mowed down in a hail of bullets outside the Marin County House of Justice in San Raphael, California, as the trio tried to make their escape in a police van.¹⁶

The Panther image has also suffered through developments on other fronts. Foremost among these has been the débâcle of the so-called Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention.

On 19 June 1970, David Hilliard, standing on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, the very spot from which Martin Luther King had in 1963 delivered the famous "I Have A Dream" speech that climaxed the integrationist Civil Rights Movement, told a crowd of 1000 supporters that the party was going to hold a convention to write a new

American constitution "that will guarantee us a society in which human rights are supreme." In a special centrepiece which accompanied copies of *The Black Panther* newspaper following Hilliard's announcement, a "Message to America" proclaimed that "Black people can no longer either respect the U.S. Constitution, look to it with hope, or live under it."

We live in a lawless society where racist pigs have usurped the Legislative, Judicial and Executive branches of government. *We repudiate, most emphatically, all documents, Laws, Conventions, and Practices that allow this sorry state of affairs to exist—including the Constitution of the United States.*

The manifesto broadsheet, headed by a poster of Seale strapped into an electric chair superimposed upon which was a picture of a gun-toting Huey P. Newton, was accompanied by a statement from Eldridge Cleaver, "On the Constitution", and another, "Towards a New Constitution", by Newton. Cleaver's main point was that the Panthers had already "proposed a method for dealing with the system" and must now "articulate a rational and positive alternative to that system. It is not enough just to say that we're going to have Socialism. . . . We must also point out . . . how we go about getting it." To Newton, whose tone was less restrained, fell the task of suggesting guideline proposals for the consideration of convention delegates. He called for "proportional representation in a socialist framework", the nationalisation of industries "now held by a small ruling circle", and a "dictatorship by the people", under which ethnic groups would control their own communities "in a cooperative fashion." The only alternative, he concluded, was for blacks "to declare a Republic and . . . face the cowardly imperialistic army, and thereby either defeat them or suffer Revolutionary Suicide."

A plenary session was held at Temple University in downtown Philadelphia over the Labour Day weekend, attended by a predominantly white crowd estimated to be as large as 8000 strong. Michael Tabor (one of the defendants in the New York Conspiracy Trial)¹⁷ harangued the delegates in a two-hour keynote address in which he urged that

Everyone dedicates himself to the proposition that the only good pig is a dead pig. America had left people with this choice:

You will endorse racism and capitalism or you will pick up a gun and get what's yours. Referring to his own past history as a heroin addict, Tabor asserted that the Rockefellers, Fords, Mellons and Pews were addicts too:

Their addiction is money. An injection will cure them—from the end of a barrel of a gun.

¹⁶ For the Panther background to this, see *Soledad Brother: The Prison Letters of George Jackson* (Bantam Books, 1970). After the bizarre shoot-out the *Black Panther* newspaper asserted that "brothers like Jonathan Jackson are and were justified in their assaults on the pig judge, the racist jurors, and the fascist police of Marin County. Revolutionary suicide is the new educational tool for the people!"

¹⁷ *The Times* (London) reported on 11 February 1971 that Tabor and a co-defendant in the New York trial, Richard Moore, had jumped bail of \$150,000, and fled to Algeria, taking with them Huey P. Newton's personal female secretary. The move revealed a gaping split in the Panthers.

A statement issued by Newton denounced Tabor and Moore as "enemies of the people" and summarily expelled from the party nine of the 13 defendants in the Conspiracy Trial, who in recent months have accused the National leadership of a "lack of militancy". This move angered Eldridge Cleaver who, in an interview broadcast over a San Francisco radio station, demanded the reinstatement of the New York Panthers and the removal of David Hilliard, the Panther Chief of Staff. Cleaver asserted that Hilliard had been instrumental in leading the Party away from its original revolutionary aims. Newton replied by expelling Cleaver. Cleaver then countered by expelling Newton, Hilliard, and other members of the Oakland branch of the party, whom he denounced as "the right wing of the party". Now the feud has been brought into the open.

Characterising the U.S. Government as "a government of the pigs, by the pigs, and for the pigs", he insisted that the Panthers' opponents

are not human beings, they are not people, they have forfeited any claims to being a member of the human race . . . anything the people do to gain their freedom is justified.

It may be that all this is, as Martin Kilson has argued in *ENCOUNTER*, "The Put-On of Black Panther Rhetoric." But real violence has been the sinister qualifier of his otherwise plausible theory of the therapeutic function of polemical excess. Corpses alter cases. The recent "purge" (as they call it) among the Panthers is no mere figure of speech. As I write the AP reports (10 March) the murder in Harlem of a Cleaver supporter by (allegedly) the Newton faction's "mad-dog assassins." To adapt Marx's famous aphorism, what began as farce ends as tragedy.

THE PANTHER CONVENTION stood in contrast to two others held that same weekend which pointed up the deep split which had occurred among militant black factions. In Atlanta, the Congress of African People drew 2500 delegates to their meetings, which, though including such well-known integrationists as Whitney Young Jr. of the National Urban League, was dominated by cultural nationalists and Pan-Africanists. In Mobile, Alabama, some 600 delegates attended the annual CORE convention. There was some show of solidarity in the fact that CORE's Roy Innis journeyed to Atlanta to address the CAP meetings. According to the *Christian Science Monitor* (10 September 1970) the black poet Imaru Baraka (LeRoi Jones) took a swipe at the Panthers in the course of his Atlanta speech when he asserted that "I would rather make alliance with Whitney Young than with Abbie Hoffman . . . because Whitney Young controls the minds of black people." From Philadelphia the Panthers retorted that the Atlanta group were "cultural nationalists more interested in wearing *dashikis* than making revolution."

The Panther convention reflected an attempt by the Party not only to "clarify its programme", but to "broaden the coalition" of its supporters. The delegates included members from such dissident white militant groups as the Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation movements, SDS, the Weatherman faction, the

Progressive Labor Party, Revolutionary Youth Movement, Youth International Party,¹⁸ as well as from the Puerto Rican militants, the Young Lords. Some 100 pages of recommendations for the new Panther constitution were produced during the meetings: these included proposals that would make it "unconstitutional for one man to oppress another", or mandatory that "Children must be loved in a true revolutionary fashion." Other less general recommendations included the community control of police, the courts, the educational system and the "means of production"; support of the Vietcong and Pathet Lao; the return of Taiwan to Communist China, and the liberation of Palestine from "Zionist Colonialism." Bernard Nossiter, who covered the conference for the *Washington Post*, wrote wearily at its conclusion:

For a reporter who has watched the Panthers intermittently over the past year, a curious impression of innocence emerges. Everything that has happened this past week reinforces it. Despite the Panther talk of leading a revolution, they appear incapable of organising much more than sandbags and rifles. . . . The convention here was a shambles, a thing of constant improvisation, more like a dopeless rock festival or a love-in of sloganeers.

IF THE PHILADELPHIA MEETINGS were "a shambles", the November meetings in Washington, where a final version of the new constitution drawn up by a steering committee was supposed to be presented to the delegates, were (according to the *New York Times*) "a complete flop." The Panthers, who were denied the use of the University of Maryland and the D.C. Armoury, could not find a meeting place, and still did not have one by the designated date for reconvening the meetings. Howard University, the capitol's prestigious black university (and *alma mater*, coincidentally, of Stokely Carmichael, a convinced Pan-Africanist who had latterly broken with the Panthers, calling their revolutionary pipe-dreams "dogmatic" and their tactics "dishonest and vicious") offered the use of their gymnasium on condition they pay the \$7,300 rental fee in advance. But the Panthers, who had seemed willing to pay \$30,000 for the D.C. Armoury, refused. Instead, Elbert ("Big Man") Howard, Panther Deputy Minister of Information, told a crowd of reporters and Panther supporters:

We will hold our convention on liberated territory in Washington, D.C. We call upon the people of the community to liberate Howard University and to make that institution serve the needs of the community.

¹⁸ On the Panther/Yippie tie, see Jerry Rubin, *Do It! Scenarios of the Revolution*, with an Introduction by Eldridge Cleaver (Cape, 1970).

But in the nation's capitol, where upwards of 70% of the population is black-skinned, no one paid any attention. Many of the delegates, bitter at the lack of organisation on the part of the Panther leadership and tired of mulling around doing nothing, left the city in disgust. The National Park Service, on condition that the Panthers would tell those who remained that "the convention has been cancelled and that they should go home" (a promise subsequently disregarded by the Panthers), gave special permission for them to use Meridian Hill Park for a rockfest and rally, where they were entertained by *The Lumpen*—the Panther rock band. The meetings fizzled out next day in aimless sessions at several small churches. Those who stayed on to hear a despondent Huey Newton speak that evening were told by him that since the Panthers had "lost everything" there was nothing left for them but "total rebellion."

The Road Not Taken

"A REVOLUTIONARY", Eldridge Cleaver has said "is a doomed man . . . if

¹⁹ Lee Lockwood, *Conversation With Eldridge Cleaver: Algiers* (McGraw-Hill, 1970), p. 37.

²⁰ James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time* (1963), p. 77. Baldwin himself in recent years seems to have lost hold of this distinction between reality and fancy, apparently preferring a dubious black-philosophical approach that anything is true if you think (or write) that it is true and, even more, if you are afraid (or say you are afraid) that it is about to become true. In his latest overseas manifesto, written from his literary headquarters somewhere in Europe, he appeared to be calling on all American blacks to fight to the death on behalf of his "sister", Angela Davis. This was obviously *la lutte finale*, for her judicial murder in California would be the signal for the Nazi-like genocide of all Negroes in the U.S.A.: "We must fight for your life as though it was our own—which it is—and render impassable with our bodies the corridor to the gas chamber. For, if they take you in the morning, they will be coming for us that night." "An Open Letter to Angela Davis", in *The Guardian* (London), December 1970 and the *New York Review of Books*, 7 January 1971, pp. 15-16.

²¹ *The Trial of Bobby Seale*, pp. 11-12.

²² Earl Anthony, *Picking Up the Gun: A Report on the Panthers*. (Dial Press, 1970).

²³ Chuck Moore (ed), *I Was a Black Panther* (Doubleday, 1970), p. 144.

²⁴ *The Panther Paradox: A Liberal's Dilemma*, (McKay, 1970). Other first hand accounts include R. M. Baruch & P. Jones, *The Vanguard: A Photographic Essay on the Black Panthers*, (Beacon Press, 1970), J. A. Kugelmass, *The Black Panthers*, (Award Books, 1970), and Philip S. Foner (ed.), *The Black Panthers Speak*, (Lippincott, 1970), a very pro-Panther collection of documentary materials.

you're not able to come to terms with the prospect of death, then you have no business at all in defying or confronting or even arguing with the power structure."¹⁹ 1500 doomed black men. Janus-faced desperadoes—panto-players in a half-absurd charade, yet deadly serious haters too, afflicted with the disease of "Now-ism", caught up in a mindless rush to burn America to the ground, so psychologically crippled that (as James Baldwin said of other Negroes victimised by racialism in his *The Fire Next Time*) they find it "almost impossible to distinguish a real from a fancied injury."²⁰ Thwarted on the American stage, the Panthers have recently been following their exiled Minister of Information on to the international circuit, where they occupy their energies in playing diplomacy (a recent offer of 50 volunteer Panthers for the North Vietnamese effort was politely declined by Hanoi) and, from their lair in Algiers, elaborate upon their scenario for an impending American Panti-socracy. The outlines of their vision are fairly clear: first, a right-wing *coup d'etat* which they are convinced will take place in America by 1972; next, a violent Left upheaval involving a "North American Liberation Front," composed of Panthers, other militant minority groups and white revolutionaries, who are to spearhead a wave of bloody urban guerrilla warfare; finally, Pantherine Utopia.

It is hardly the first time desperate men have had prophetic dreams of cataclysmic events. Julian Bond rightly detected in the thinking of the Black Panther Party an old pattern, and he warned that if the radical community

insists that the Panthers are "the vanguard" and that all other groups, therefore, have less revolutionary validity, then the Panthers begin to approach that dangerous abyss in which they and all their supporters are always right, and all others are always wrong".²¹

Events of the past several years have borne out his point. Earl Anthony, an early member of the party who was later expelled, recounts how he came to a bitter realisation that the Panthers, goaded on by white radicals (and their hopeless fantasies of a black uprising), had through their growing dogmatism destroyed the basis of a united front of black American organisations.²² Another former member, who resigned in disillusionment when he realised the Party had left him stranded in jail following his arrest, complained that the Panthers were "all muscle and no brains."²³

And in the most valuable first-hand report to appear to date, Don A. Schanche²⁴ recounts

how his loving efforts to understand the Panthers resulted in a "deeply disappointing acquaintance." Like many white American liberals, Schanche began by giving the Panthers the benefit of the doubt because he was as concerned as much over police brutality as by Panther extremism. His dilemma was that "to defend the Panthers' rights is to hasten their apocalypse, and to deny them is to hasten

another, the destruction of everyone's liberties". Yet a closer look changed his mind. Although an early admirer of Eldridge Cleaver, Schanche found himself disenchanted during their last meeting in Algiers.²⁵ Cleaver struck him as completely trapped in ideology, more like "a head of state beginning a press conference with a prepared statement" than a gifted creative writer and intellectual. The Panthers, he concluded, "are both politically and socially unsalvageable", and their tactics nothing short of "suicidal acts of doomed revolutionaries. If the will to suicide is insane, then the Black Panther Party is insane without doubt . . ."²⁶

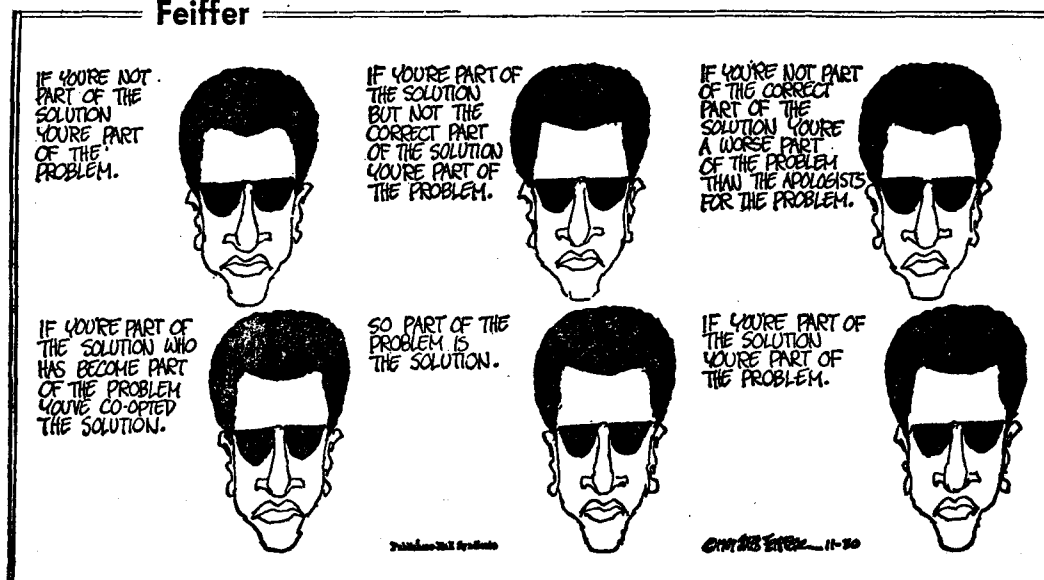
The Panthers seem determined to lose. In his autobiographical *Seize the Time!*, Bobby Seale says revealingly that it is not the successful black, the "college boys...the bullshit, jiving dudes who articulate bullshit all the time" whose support the Panthers seek, but the *lumpenproletariat*, the dispossessed—"the brothers off the block—brothers who have been out there robbing banks, brothers who have been pimping, brothers who have been peddling dope, brothers who ain't gonna take no shit . . ."²⁷ For "once you organise these brothers, you get niggers, you get black men, you get revolutionaries who are too much." The Panther dream has become a nightmare of symbolic redemption for lost lives to be regained through the muddled dialectics of self-destruction. "I would rather be a soldier", Eldridge Cleaver said recently in answer to a question about the enforced idleness of his exile: "I have a real desire to pull some triggers

²⁵ It was to the Algiers headquarters that Dr Timothy Leary's liberators (from a California prison) finally brought him. His new liberty was quickly interrupted. The Panther leadership found the "high priest" of LSD to be wanting in "serious work discipline", and they confined him to a house (and office) arrest, almost as if they were an established authority embarking on a programme of corrective labour camps. They also announced that all U.S. tourists in Algiers would have to register with them and be subject to their "jurisdiction." *Daily Telegraph* (London), 29 January; *International Herald Tribune* (Paris), 4 Feb. 1971.

²⁶ In his own flight from the "suicidal" implications of the Panther strategy, Stokely Carmichael—once the honorary Prime Minister of the Black Panther party but since "purged" (having been denounced, along with his wife, Miriam Makeba, as a "CIA agent")—has re-settled himself in "Mother Africa." He lives in Conakry, the capital of Sekou Touré's Guinea, as a neighbour of Kwame Nkrumah. Certainly not the best auspices under which "the revolutionary will strive for the best in humanity." Nor is his formulation of his new-found Pan-African faith any more encouraging: "It means one country, one government, one leader, one army. . . ." *The Guardian* (London), 9 February 1971.

²⁷ Bobby Seale, *Seize the Time! The Story of the Black Panther Party* (Hutchinson, 1970), pp. 34, 64.

Feiffer



... out there are a lot of targets that I actually want to aim at and I want to pull the trigger."

THIS MURDEROUSLY SELF-DESTRUCTIVE tendency in the Panthers, combined with their frequent rhetorical imagery of a "final showdown" with "racist America", has become increasingly pronounced. The new defeatism is especially evident in an interview which Huey P. Newton accorded to the Liberation News Service in early September 1970. "At this point in history", he told the interviewer,

the people in general and black people in particular have little alternative. We can choose between revolutionary suicide and reactionary suicide. And what I mean by reactionary suicide is suicide caused by a reactionary set of conditions. When a corrupt régime strips a man of all dignity and crushes his spirit, and he kills himself, this is reactionary suicide. Or else if he does nothing and is killed by that reactionary set of conditions, through a spiritual kind of death, this is suicide inasmuch as he's doing nothing to stop it. I'm contending that he has an obligation to preserve himself, you see, so it's suicide if he doesn't.

On the other hand, I think we all have to realise that the enemy we're fighting is very strong, very powerful, and as far as our individual chances of surviving, it's very slim. So when we take action, when we take our destiny in our own hands, and try to change that reactionary set of conditions by going in a head-on conflict with those forces, then this is edging upon suicide, but I call it revolutionary suicide, because there's a small chance we'll actually succeed, I mean individually succeed.

Revolutionary suicide, he continues:

is sort of symbolic, it shows that we're being destroyed, but it also shows a redemption, because in the new world people will only live to love each other anyway, you see? We won't be concerned about those material things and so forth. So I'm contending that the thing that sustains the revolutionist is the love that he has for the people, and this motivates him to try to destroy all those things that have stripped everything else away. So it's a destruction and a redemption.²⁸

Newton here seems to be hinting at something like the symbolic apotheosis of his revolutionary nationalist dream: the end of the struggle; a final stillness, and death.

Writing in the *New York Post* shortly after the mid-term congressional elections of last

autumn Roy Wilkins emphasised that Negro Americans had made some clear gains, but that they had to build on them. He reiterated the conviction of a lifetime of public service that "there is no permanent percentage in rocks or bombs or guns. There is no percentage in apathy, in refusal to register and vote. Where the population ratio is 90 white to 10 black, there is no future in the super-foolish talk of 'going it alone'." That such advice was even necessary is a reflection of the long and diverse ideological routes which Negro militancy had travelled in the short period of time since the murder of Martin Luther King in April 1968.

Black cultural nationalists hoped that through a diversionary journey to their African past they might succeed in restoring to health their mutilated self-esteem. But the route they chose to follow merely put off the question how, on their inevitable homecoming, black and white Americans might better learn to live peacefully together.

The Black Panthers, impatient with the loss of time entailed in following the cultural nationalist by-pass and dogmatically certain of their own special knowledge of a short-cut to a New World, advocated revolutionary nationalism, but have had their plans disrupted by the obvious consequences of violence and counter-violence.

Yet a third Black Movement—certainly much larger, though less heralded and seldom in the headlines—has kept to the main road. This was the road recommended by Martin Luther King and other impassioned Negro reformers. Though much maligned by white and black political nympholeptics who espouse facile solutions to racialism, they have set an example infinitely more to be admired. They have accepted with quiet courage the difficult truth that there are no easy political answers to deep-seated racial enmities and that the going may indeed seem painfully slow. This has not deterred them in attempting to make a reality of their belief that the American democratic system, imperfect though it is, offers hopeful prospects for wide-ranging improvements. On their high road steady (if hardly miraculous) progress has been made towards greater socio-economic justice and expanded civil rights for the American Negro population. It remains the only viable path towards an historic reformation of American inter-racial institutions, along which "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey" may mingle.

²⁸ *Hard Times* (87), September 7-14, 1970, pp. 1-3.



Column

THAT UNIQUE MEDICAL phenomenon, "The English disease", has by now become a favourite topic of conversation and comment abroad, and

especially in Europe and the United States. Identifying the symptoms has become the basis of a kind of parlour game, like monopoly or canasta, and more and more people are taking to it as the disease itself becomes more mysterious and, presumably, more dangerous. Mr Dean Acheson was one of the earliest, and most expert, converts to the game. Mr Anthony Lewis, of *The New York Times*, has had some notable coups, at the fashionable gaming houses he frequents. The Paris weekly *L'Express* has several promising young players coming along. Mr Henry Ford III is said to have staked enormous sums on a recent hand.

The only trouble is that nobody quite knows what the game's about, because the symptoms of the English disease are so various, variable, and incalculable that it is very difficult to give them the numerical and statistical status which is essential to any decent game of chance. One of the oddest of them, for instance, is frequently ignored altogether; that is to say, the patient's refusal, except under the most vigorous examination, to recognise that there is anything wrong with him. He continues to eat well, sleep well, feel well, up to the very moment when he passes into what appears to be, but never actually is, the final coma. In this sense, the disease may be considered relatively benign. Even in its most acute stages, the patient, though greatly debilitated, still retains the illusion of good health, talks hopefully and cheerfully about his future and continues to deny that there is anything amiss; indeed, at such moments, he has been known to pass into a state of delirium in which he claims that everyone is sick except himself.

There are other symptoms which complicate diagnosis. One is that the patient himself appears quite incapable of describing his own symptoms; there is considerable disagreement among physicians about whether this is an effect of this disease or should be rather considered one of its originating causes. Another complicating factor is that England

provides the only known example of the disease in the past half-century and, since it has not yet proved fatal, it has been impossible to dissect the corpse and obtain a comprehensive pathological analysis. Other cases, which might provide a basis for comparison, are fortunately or unfortunately rare during the last one hundred years. There was of course the famous one of Turkey, who for decades occupied that position of "the sick man of Europe" which England has now inherited; also that of Austria-Hungary, which was in many ways strikingly similar to England's. Both cases proved fatal. Unfortunately, the state of medical knowledge at the date of death was so primitive that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to draw any valid conclusions which might throw light on the English disease of today.

THERE ARE EVEN DIFFICULTIES of nomenclature, which, although they simply reflect the fact that we really know so little about the disease, in themselves hinder a comprehensive comparative study. Thus, the very phrase "the English disease" suggests that it has a specific geographical, perhaps climatic, origin; at the same time, it raises the problem why the disease would appear to strike less severely at the patient's Celtic extremities. The further one travels from the central nervous system, the less virulent it appears to become. There are indeed statistics which suggest that in origin it is highly localised in a relatively small area centred around the London borough of Westminster, and this has led some to advocate that the area should be isolated by surgical means, if necessary amputation.

However, the one thing which seems to be known with certainty is that the course of the disease is an extremely protracted one; there are close relatives of the patient who have been hanging around his bedside for years in the hope, or fear, that his death is imminent. But if death has not in fact supervened, it is equally true that the patient still shows no signs of recovery. The most some doctors hope for is that he may be able to be maintained in a state of semi-animation for the rest of his natural life.

OTHERS BASE A MORE HOPEFUL PROGNOSIS on the underlying vitality which has so far enabled the patient to survive all the critical changes in his condition which have taken place during the course of his painful ordeal. For it is one of the remarkable features of the disease that over the years the patient continually developed new and alarming symptoms, of which one would once have

confidently said that they could not all have afflicted the same human organism. Thus there have been occasions when doctors have pronounced the patient to be suffering simultaneously from inflation and deflation, both acute conditions which were once considered mutually exclusive. At such times, the patient is apt to become highly excitable and even violent, and to insist vehemently that he should be treated for one or other of these conditions but not both at once. In our present state of ignorance, strong sedation is probably the only palliative which medical science can offer for such paroxysms, but no one pretends that it is anything more than a palliative, or that it can do anything to promote ultimate recovery.

A different, and more promising line of approach has been suggested by those observers who have noted that, at this stage of its development the English disease presents features which are strikingly akin to those of schizophrenia and this has helped to strengthen the view that it is essentially psychosomatic in origin. Some indeed go so far as to assert that it is the treatment, mostly extremely unpleasant, to which the patient has been subjected, rather than the disease itself, which accounts for the deterioration in his condition. Like psycho-analysis it is itself the disease it pretends to cure, and all that is required, it is claimed, is some violent shock which will stimulate him to stand on his own feet again. Experimental treatment on these lines, however, does not as yet appear to have had any beneficial effect; it seems only to have weakened the patient still further.

Prognosis is therefore at the present time a difficult and highly controversial matter. The only safe conclusion that can probably be drawn is that at present our scientific knowledge is hopelessly inadequate for dealing with the unique medical phenomenon of the English disease and that its mysterious, and even bizarre, features constitute a challenge which is not likely to be met successfully in the foreseeable future. To say more would certainly go beyond the observed facts of the case. In the meantime we are proposing to issue a series of bedside bulletins which we hope will provide a valuable record of the progress, or otherwise, both of the disease and of the patient.

★

ENCOUNTER, of course, can claim to have been one of the first to recognise the existence of the English disease and to have taken it sufficiently seriously to have attempted to diagnose it. I have been looking again at *Suicide of a Nation?* which, under the

editorship of Arthur Koestler, was published as a special issue of the magazine in 1963, and re-published later in book form by Hutchinson in London and Macmillan in New York. On that occasion it met with considerable criticism, and even abuse, from reviewers, as a flagrant and totally unnecessary exercise in the art of what Mr Wilson used to call knocking Britain. It was condemned, among other things, as unpatriotic, hysterical, and chiliastic and most of all perhaps as undermining confidence in Britain's future and thus directly contributing to producing the very results which it claimed to be trying to avert.

Suicide of a Nation? was in fact *unzeitgemäß*, a word uttered out of season, and this is never very welcome to listeners, though it is also, I think, the kind of word which a magazine like ENCOUNTER should very much devote itself to pronouncing; one can safely leave to others the task of speaking the words which everyone wants to hear. But reading the special issue again today one is surprised, not by lack of patriotism, or exaggeration, but by how soberly and accurately the contributors analysed the conditions obtaining in Britain at that date, and, even more, by how valid and topical the analysis remains today, even after there have been so many social and political changes which, one would have thought, might have made much of it no longer applicable.

For in 1963, after all, we were still in the golden days of Supermac, that now almost mythical figure who remains the *beau idéal* of every ambitious politician; and for most people at least there was not much reason to believe that they could not continue "having it as good" as they had it under Mr Macmillan. It was before the failure of Britain's first attempt to enter the Common Market. It was before Mr Wilson's white-hot technological revolution had cooled into a slag-heap. It was before the balance-of-payments crisis, and devaluation, and before unofficial strikes became the most characteristic feature of British industry. It was before the student revolt and the full florescence of the permissive society. It was before almost any of the things which have led some observers to believe that the 1960s were a period of revolutionary change in English life, without noticing that it was at the most a *Scheinrevolution*, a sham revolution, a Sunday supplement and pop-group happening, which did nothing to alter the fundamental social and economic conditions which determine the lives of the great majority of the people of these islands.

Suicide of a Nation? did not foresee or pre-

dict all or even most of the developments which gave the '60s their own particular flavour. It was concerned with analysis, not prediction, though it is worth noticing that Mr Aidan Crawley, in his essay on the Trade Unions, described a situation which seems to belong even more to today than yesterday. Mr Crawley, in his account of left-wing penetration and militant manipulation of the unions, was at the time mocked at for "finding a Red under every bed", as a kind of English Joe McCarthy trying to make our flesh creep by inventing spectres which had no existence outside his imagination. Yet no one who has followed the affairs of the electrical trades union, or who listened to the speeches of Mr Hugh Scanlon and Mr Jack Jones at the unions' special T.U.C. conference last month can have much doubt that in the years since Mr Crawley wrote the spirits he was accused of conjuring up have become a formidable reality and threaten to disrupt, not only British industry as a whole but the labour movement itself.

INDEED, ONE MIGHT PERHAPS SAY that *Suicide of a Nation?*'s view of Britain's future, dark as it may have seemed at the time, would be even darker if the book had been written today. For its forebodings were in many cases tempered and alleviated by an underlying assumption that many of them would be falsified by British entry into the Common Market at some none-too-distant future. If ENCOUNTER's contributors had known that eight years later Britain had still not succeeded in achieving that end, and that her prospects of doing so at a second attempt were still highly precarious, they would almost certainly have found the future even more threatening than they did then.

But the picture they drew was not in fact predicated upon Britain's success or failure in her dealings with the outside world, whether with Europe or the United States or any other geographical, political or economic area. The common assumption shared by most of our contributors was that Britain's own institutions, political, social, economic, educational, had developed fundamental weaknesses and vices, such that unless they could be corrected in a relatively short space of time, they threatened her continued prosperity, and even survival as an advanced, modern state. The sense of danger, and of urgency, was strengthened by the belief that these weaknesses were the result of long-standing historical conditions, deeply embedded in Britain's past and therefore all the

harder to reverse; so much so indeed that without some immediate programme of drastic and fundamental reform there was the danger that they would become irreversible and self-perpetuating. There are some diseases which so reduce the patient's vitality that he cannot, or will not, resist their further progress; it was some such possibility as this that *Suicide of a Nation?* envisaged, and eight years later I myself cannot see that anything has happened in the interval which has fundamentally changed the situation.

In one respect, indeed, one might even say that it has changed for the worst. When *Suicide of a Nation?* was written there still remained the hope that a change of government might release the energies required to arrest Britain's decline. This hope was strengthened, not only by Mr Wilson's electoral victory in 1964, and his much greater one in 1965, but by the manner in which they were won, and by the policies on which they were based. For Mr Wilson, it seemed, fully appreciated the dangers emphasised in *Suicide of a Nation?* and was fully determined to put an end to the forces which, in so many spheres, obstructed Britain's entry into an age of modern technological efficiency. That ENCOUNTER shared this hope is shown by the views expressed in the symposium "New Britain", published in December 1964, and the welcome which our participants extended, with whatever reservations, to Mr Wilson's new government. That welcome was largely conditioned by the belief that Mr Wilson in particular accepted the kind of analysis offered by *Suicide of a Nation?* and was prepared for drastic action, amounting, if not to a revolution, at least to something approaching it.

ALAS! Mr Wilson quickly proved that if he were any kind of revolutionary, he was a revolutionary of the word and not of the deed, and during the five years of his administration the hopes engendered by his victory were relentlessly destroyed; they were lost in the ever-widening gap that appeared between his professions and his actions. In this sense one might say that since *Suicide of a Nation?* the situation has altered for the worse rather than the better; for even illusions have their value when they inspire hope. Nor does it seem to me that one can find any substitute for the lost illusions of Mr Wilson's régime in Mr Heath's grim belief that all that this country needs is as drastic an application of Manchester School economics as it can endure without succumbing totally under the treatment. R

H. T. Pledge

Maxims

THE TOPER is at least willing to trust his unguarded moments to his friends.

CONSIDERING men's minds, their bodies are remarkably healthy.

AN IDLER is one who has taken care not to be important.

PERVERSITY is wanting to do one thing and *therefore* doing another.

CANNIBALISM is a very serious compliment. There are few of my friends whom I could consent to eat.

HUMAN BEINGS are rather like poodles: at intervals over their bodies they have tufts of hair.

OUR ONLY INDIVIDUAL contribution to peace is simply an urbane and tranquil mind.

EMOTION, not reason or morality, starts wars and should end them.

ONLY AN IDEAL of chastity can give fullest significance to the sexual act.

But should the sexual act be given the fullest significance?

CHASTITY should not mean the ability to remain cool, but the ability to remain hot.

A SCEPTIC is one who has a loose hold on reality, who *cannot* believe, even though he has seen.

NOT UPLIFT but hard-hitting marks the words of saints.

LOVE IS THE interest of two in one another: cooperation, the interest of both in something other.

COOPERATION, like hatred, is an opposite of love. It has no value in itself. It is as good as its object.

ONLY A CLEAR thinker can see mystery; can see when he is *not* clear upon a point.

ALL INTENSE passion must have been restrained. For it must have accumulated.

SELF-CONTROL is the personality triumphing; inhibition, fear that it might not triumph.

IF MEN SERVE corrupt masters, they will serve them corruptly.

THE BEST THING to do with government is to make it unimportant.

THAT A THING inspires eloquence is serious evidence of its truth.

AT THE LOWEST LEVEL of want, men are not so much miserable as numb.

IF MEN REPORT a thing honestly, they will report differently. Absolute agreement is conspiracy.

REALISTIC ART is a slight to a civilised public: as if we needed to be told all that.

IN EVERY SPHERE the second best are professionals.

A RESEARCHER is one who is not interested in the truth—once he has found it.

WE HAVE TOO little femininity in science, too much in letters.

A THEORIST is one who does not value theories enough to test them.

THE COMPLEXITY of our technique is the measure of our distance from reality.

A MAN IS NOT an animal, he is a zoological garden.

EVERY FAINT IMPULSE in ourselves is dominant in someone else.

IT IS ANY PASSION, not only the passion for truth, which intellect serves.

THOSE WHO ARE wise enough to deserve praise know enough to discount it.

WE SPEND FEW HOURS in this world. The rest we spend in our imaginations.

GAMES ARE THE most philosophical thing that most men do. Every cricket stroke is a concealed proposition in physiology and aesthetics; the theory of probability took its rise from games of chance; every gambler's throw is an awful consultation of the oracle of the universe; every ancient game is a sensitive index of the desires and limitations of the human mind.

IMPORTANT PERSONAGES are rarely atheists. It is intolerable to them that the eye of the universe should not be upon them.

WITHOUT REPETITION, no enjoyment.

WAR IS PROBABLE in proportion as there are men and passions unemployed.

NOT ASSURANCE, but reassurance, is the delight of the lover.

SCEPTICS are the most credulous of mankind. If a theory is sceptical enough, they believe it without evidence of its truth.

IF I HAD HAD the making of the universe, I should have made it as it is: a place of real—irrevocable—acts.

THE LEAST PAINFUL thing to do with pain is to give all or none of your attention to it.

WHAT IS intolerably awful is not the burning of saints but the burning of ordinary, lymphatic men. The true martyr is already aflame. Nothing less than the auto-da-fé is adequate to his theme.

RESPONSIBILITY, when divided between more than two people, vanishes altogether.

THE REAL COMMUNISTS are not individuals who have joined together, but individuals who have never yet thought of themselves apart.

THE INTIMATE LIFE is after all the only life. Be a "mere cog in a machine": be deeply engaged.

THE WORST of vagabondage is not that it is a bad life, but that it is a good life.

ONE OF OUR SILLIEST ideas is that the crafts were rural. The best workmen always went to the towns. It was *factories* which began in the country.

A SHIFT is too long when the worker feels its length, not the job, to be the problem before him.

THE LEAST tiring thing to do with a continual noise is to listen to it. It is divided attention which is tiring.

ONE CAUSE of long life is poor health.

"EXACT SCIENCE" is interesting not only because the result is exact but because the method is not.

SCIENCE, like art, is sympathy with one's medium. Do not observe the electron, swing with it, be it.

WE PROGRESS among slag-heaps; we philosophise among ruins.

THE TRUTH (about me) is a shrug.

FILM

How Not to Love Music

By John Weightman

IT IS A PERPETUAL CAUSE of astonishment to those of us who have no talent that people with talent should so often waste their gifts. A few months ago, I intoned a lament over Jean-Luc Godard, whose latest film, *Le Gai Savoir*, struck me as a pretentious nothingness masquerading as a political or intellectual statement. Why should a man who showed exceptional wit and sensitivity in parts, at least, of his earlier films, commit artistic suicide in this way? Only someone who knew the details of the tensions between his personal life and his social conscience could answer the question. All the outside observer can say is that at least he has not gone commercial, so there may be some hope of a return to artistic validity in the future. But, after *The Music Lovers*, I suppose it is too late to start a society for the salvaging of Ken Russell. The bad taste has flowered so horribly and the manipulation of fact is so hopelessly unscrupulous that one can only wave a definitive farewell. Strangely enough, I heard Mr Russell say in a television interview that "he hoped he had grown up a little." This would seem to suggest that he has no suspicion of the artistic absurdity into which he has fallen, or that he sees it, incomprehensibly, as a form of progress. How can this be so, when he was responsible for the good bits in *Women in Love* and, still earlier, for the remarkably subtle television study of Delius? Why should he have reached this state of bloated over-ripeness so soon?

One explanation might be, perhaps, that *The Music Lovers* is not to be taken seriously; that it is really a spoof, like *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. The maker of the latter film, Russ Meyer, has obviously said to himself: "How can I, a professional pornographer, take a corny old show-business story about the rise to fame of a rock group and give it all the lurid trimmings of pot and porn, while showing that I see through the clichés of the mass media? . . ." This was a nice idea; moral clichés are, in the last resort, just so much dead wood like mechanical eroticism, and if Mr Meyer had managed to poke fun simultaneously at blue films, Peyton Place, and tooth-paste adverts, his picture might have been a riot. As it is, most of the jokes are not as pointed as they might be, and he wobbles uncertainly between satire and seriousness and so blurs the general effect, although there are some telling scenes.

Similarly, Mr Russell may have been profoundly amused, years ago, by *A Song To Remember*, with the unforgettable sequence in which Liszt and Chopin shake hands in the middle of a piano duet, and he may have thought: "Why shouldn't I make just as absurd a film about Tchaikovsky, whose life is at least as full of dramatic incident as Chopin's? I can bring in homosexuality and nymphomania, madness and drunkenness, the first performance of the B flat minor, cholera, fireworks and Mother Russia. I can drench the whole thing in Tchaikovsky's music,

impeccably guaranteed by a fashionable conductor. I can have saintly Dr Kildare in the main part and a tempestuous actress as the female lead, and with luck I'll produce a winner. It'll be *The Sound of Music* all over again, but turned upside down. . . ."

If he did in fact reason like this, I breathe a sigh of relief. The film is just camp nonsense put together for money-making purposes. It is despicable, but not intellectually or aesthetically offensive, or at least no more so than any other would-be commercial rubbish, such as the preposterous adaptation of *Myra Breckenridge*. If, however, it is meant seriously, it illustrates two philistine principles which have often been damned before but need to be damned again.

THE FIRST IS THE NOTION that an adaptor is entitled to mess about with the works of previous artists or the lives of famous people just as he likes. Its prevalence in the modern world is due, I suppose, to the generally accepted view that there can be no single absolute interpretation of a work of art, just as there is no absolute historical truth about the life of a given person. All interpretation and all history is imaginative. But a lot of people seem to take this to mean that anything goes, which is a quite unjustifiable conclusion. The fact that there is no absolute truth is no excuse for the abandonment of relative truth. I complained bitterly about the wilful and incoherent distortions introduced into *Women in Love*. It is obviously impossible to be completely faithful to a novel in transferring it to the screen, but why be deliberately unfaithful, and in such a way as to destroy the structure of the original? This is to murder the existing work of art, without transmuting it into something new and independent.

It is surely not pedantic to insist that there is a reality of a given artist's work or of a given life which should be respected, if we are to maintain any standards at all in the fluctuating mass of experience. Or, to put it more precisely, either there should be some attempt to respect the reality, as it can be ascertained, or the whole issue should be reconceived as myth. There is nothing wrong with an obvious fantasy, such as *Caesar and Cleopatra*, since Shaw is not writing history but expressing his philosophy by means of mythic characters. (There may be something wrong with the philosophy, but that is a different matter.) Hochhuth's *The Soldiers*, on the other hand, was morally indefensible, because

it blackened the characters of two well-known contemporary figures on the basis of no evidence at all, and with the appearance of presenting an historical truth. At a pinch, one could accept Jonathan Miller's transposition of *The Merchant of Venice* into the 19th century as an interesting exercise, because no new words were added to Shakespeare's text, and Shakespeare's themes are, in any case, ready-made myth. But some parts of *Women in Love* had nothing whatever to do with Lawrence and were impertinent and unnecessary embroidery on his text. Similarly, such virtues as were present in the original text of Giraudoux's *Madwoman of Chailot* were completely ruined in the film adaptation, which missed the central point of the play. One can only go on protesting indefinitely about this sort of thing. There is no point in having a university system, if dons don't continue to make the obvious distinctions which may be unwelcome but are always in season.

WHAT WE ARE PRESENTED WITH in *The Music Lovers* is a grotesque simplification, according to Hollywood cliché, of the facts of Tchaikovsky's life. The biographies tell us that he was an unhappy homosexual, who tried to achieve respectability by contracting a disastrous marriage with an unbalanced woman. He left her almost immediately and she later went completely mad. Mr Russell said on television that "he drove her mad", but I can find no evidence for this. For many years he had a platonic relationship with a rich patroness, Madame von Meck, who suddenly abandoned him for reasons which remain unexplained. He died prematurely during a cholera epidemic after drinking a glass of contaminated water, again in rather mysterious circumstances. Even in the most sober account, the details are sufficiently peculiar to need no enhancement. The problem is, rather, how to do justice to their Dostoevskian complexity. Now one might have expected Mr Russell to manage this well, since it was he who gave such a memorable account, in his television reconstruction, of the relationship between Delius and his strange Yorkshire admirer; whether that account was strictly true or not, I don't know, but at least it was convincing and delicate. In the Tchaikovsky film, almost everything is not only coarse but wildly inaccurate: the composer's main homosexual relationship is with a sinister young man who pursues him and denounces him to Madame von Meck; he drinks the glass of water deliberately in order to commit suicide; his mother-in-law is a procuress; his wife is subject to

universal rape in a lunatic asylum; his brother, Modeste, is a crude and grasping impresario, and so on. In short, the story is told in terms of goodies and baddies, with sickeningly spiritual smiles and appalling leers. There is no attempt at all to say anything true or subtle about the problem of homosexual genius, either in particular or in general.

THE SECOND REPREHENSIBLE principle is that an artist's work is a direct reflection of the events of his life. One would have thought that, since the impact of Proust's famous essay on Sainte-Beuve, no educated person could ever again believe in the biographical fallacy. Art is never a straightforward expression, but always at best a transmutation, of lived experience. Actually, Mr Russell *invents* episodes more or less on the basis of Tchaikovsky's life and then attaches the composer's music to them. Wild and stormy passages are used to emphasise Tchaikovsky's horror of female sexuality, while the sleeping compartment occupied by the newly-married couple rocks madly in such

a way as to give one a very low opinion of the Moscow-Petersburg line in 1877; pretty, pastoral interludes usually refer to his idyllic relationship with his sister in childhood and adolescence; a dashing sequence in the B flat minor piano concerto allows his future wife to imagine that she is drinking champagne with a sexy hussar. This is to take all the music as "programme music" and then to fill in the programme with any fancy that occurs. I suspect that a lot of us do this, although we may attach no particular importance to the images; for instance, whenever I listen to the allegro passages in Beethoven's piano concertos, I usually have the sensation of running up and down sublime staircases in heaven, but I don't flatter myself that Beethoven thought that way when he was composing the music. The better the music, in fact, the closer it is to the inner springs of vitality and emotion, which are beyond any facile, pictorial image; music, in other words, is its own truth and to equate it directly with a lot of pseudo-poetic or hysterical images is to desecrate good art with bad. Mr Russell may admire Tchaikovsky, but I am sure that in the light of eternity he has done him a disservice.

Suicide of a Female Poet

Up through days
Down into nights
Spitted on earth
I fall, rise—

Unmeet, unseasoned
Seek my maker
This lack of savour
This slack side.

Seared at birth
Perhaps by love;
Sealed intact,
Unflavoured, pure
For God's fine palate—

Who takes the sweet
The winter-bitten
The fat, the rich
Contesting flesh,
Muscle and bone
Their own ways driven:
Me he rejects.

I hear the grinding
Wheel, the screws
The calibrated
Grate of time
Clicking out years—
Whose meat am I?

Thinking of peace,
Stopped, like a table,
Mute as plate
I wait; I can wait—

But here is the bridegroom:

Take and eat.

Judith Hindley

NOTES & TOPICS

Literary Resistance

THE MOST ALARMING PARADOX about the Colonels in Greece is that no one respects them, no one wants them, and yet they survive. Writers in particular are solidly opposed to them, so is the whole legal profession, so are the nerve-centres of the provinces, so are the young. Because there is, and can be at present, no alternative political leadership, the intellectual resistance of the writers and lawyers has acquired a more powerful importance than it is easy for a foreigner to understand. In a country where very few people buy books and modern literature has been almost completely esoteric in the last fifteen years, a literary anthology by eighteen writers who have publicly opposed the government has sold twelve thousand copies. It was published last year with the title *Eighteen Texts*, and is the only important literary event since the Colonels drove into Athens in 1967.

This has now been followed by a new anthology, called *New Texts*,¹ which includes writers further to the left than the original eighteen, so that the list of contributors now covers practically the whole range of intellectual opposition to an old-fashioned clerico-fascist régime. This is important in a number of ways; it is evident that these anthologies are very widely read and they must inevitably be influential on a new generation. It is impressive, and very unusual in Greek literary politics, to see the line-up of every decent writer in Greece in one undertaking; liberty and liberation, ideas of justice and decency, are the atmosphere and often the subject-matter of their writings. In *New Texts*, there are fewer veiled and allegorical criticisms of reality; but we are beginning to see essays on social and economic questions, written at one remove from contemporary Greece, but quite plainly and openly written. The first piece is a sombre and powerful dramatic poem by the distinguished left-wing poet Yannis Ritsos, who has recently been released from prison and who is now writing with greater strength and darkness than ever before. There is a short

essay by Pavlos Zannas, a political prisoner, which is at the same time Proust-like and absolutely modern; it is so delicately and decently written that there is no English analogy. Surely the survival of literature and of sane values and creativity in a Greek political prison is a victory to be celebrated. And happy the country and the young generation that have writers like these for their examples.

The colonels are not best pleased by these anthologies, but short of prosecuting all the contributors at once there is not much they can do; and if there were a prosecution the literary opposition might well become the centre of a more dangerous whirlwind. The first contributor to *Eighteen Texts* was George Seferis, of whose reputation the government is terrified. There is also the likelihood that the Government would lose their case in the courts: it would not be the first time they had failed with a literary prosecution. Petty harassment, which of course does occur, is no solution; and in spite of every difficulty the anthology continues to sell in a quantity quite unheard of in Greece. The Minister of Information, Mr Yorgalas, was trained as a Communist propagandist behind the Iron Curtain, and has behaved as one might expect a cool-headed commissar to behave in these circumstances. There has been a series of attempts to split the intellectual opposition on ideological grounds, particularly by inspired criticisms from the left, but these have been unsuccessful. Then Mr Yorgalas has given credit to the régime for *Eighteen Texts*, the existence of which he has adduced as a proof of his liberalism. This has, of course, deceived no one inside Greece. The unanimous opposition of the whole of Greek intellectual life was a difficult nut to crack, and the Colonels have not succeeded in cracking it.

TO JUDGE from *New Texts*, Greek writers are as open as they have always been to European influences: these are translations of Enzensberger, Yevtushenko (on courage) and Vasco Popa; an essay on Solzhenitsyn; and a particularly wide set of references (to Bonnefoy, Beckett, Breton, Pound, etc.) in the essay by Pavlos Zannas. If this were not so, if Greek writers were sinking into a closed circle of ideas, there would be cause for worry. But it is also a relief and excitement to see them mining into their own past, giving good reasons for hope that the future in Greece will be something Greek. There is a most interesting study

¹ *Nea Keinmena* (Kedros, Athens, 1971).

of Seferis as a Greek traditionalist by Spyros Plaskovitis, called "The Just Reason in Seferis", which seems to make his point. George Seferis would be the last person to suppose that Greekness and Tradition are simply a matter of poetry. All that a writer can do, as a writer, is to write, and different kinds of writing are in order; but Greek tradition is wider than literature, and human liberty is wider than Greek tradition: only that to be embodied, to have any definite meaning, a wide idea must be locally fixed in language, and this is close to the task of writers in Greece.

The fact that writers are fulfilling that task and that they are playing their hand so well, offers an insight into the history of Greece in this century. Bad as the conditions of public intellectual life and of education may be, there are very strong underground streams and cisterns; conditions have been appalling on and off for so long that Greek writers are

better able to cope with them than English writers would be. My impression is that the literature of the French resistance during the War took slightly longer to be mobilised; in quality and tone it is the closest analogy to the kind of writing now being produced in Greece. Paul Eluard visited the Communist army at Mount Grammos during the Greek Civil War, and he has had an influence, but neither Aragon nor Eluard is as great a poet as George Seferis. What we are presented with in *New Texts* is the intellectual life of a people in the last stages of political anguish and boredom, but not of despair. Reading it, one would rather be a Greek writer at this moment than a writer in most European countries: but to choose that would be to choose one's past, and the past is never something chosen. It is hard enough to believe that one can choose the future: these writers make it more possible.

Athenian

Khrushchev & the Experts

Having a Crystal Ball—By ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

THE PUBLICATION of the purported reminiscences of Nikita Khrushchev¹ proved to be a godsend for experts on Soviet affairs. It provided them with an unparalleled opportunity to test their skills and apply their esoteric knowledge to a question that seems to have aroused the intense curiosity of the general public as well: *who* has brought this volume to life (and *Life*)—and *why*? To an American Sovietologist, accustomed to seeing his colleagues' writings almost exclusively in professional quarterlies or—at best—monthlies, the appearance of so many long, detailed, and fiercely disputatious reviews in the British

daily and weekly press (a total of eighteen in one single week, January 21-28), seemed positively overwhelming. Yet quantity does not always turn into quality, and a second reading brought to light a surprising number of flaws, inconsistencies, and *non sequiturs* which, in the first flush of professional enthusiasm, I had neglected to see. What follows, then, is not so much yet another answer to the Khrushchev "whodunit," but rather an inquiry into the validity of some of the answers presented by the experts thus far.

I begin with the first question asked by all the reviewers: Is *Khrushchev Remembers* "authentic" or not—that is, have we been offered the actual reminiscences of the former Soviet Prime Minister or one of those bogus compilations like the notorious "Litvinov Diaries"?² Now, surely, if something is either a

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG, one of the leading younger American authorities on Russian affairs, is at present living in London. He is completing a book on the current political opposition in the Soviet Union, and was for many years the editor of the bi-monthly journal "Problems of Communism". Among his books are "Russia under Khrushchev" (1962) and "In Quest of Justice" (1970); he has also recorded (with Joe Glazer) a popular disc of humorous "songs and ballads" entitled "My Darling Party Line".

¹ *Khrushchev Remembers*. Translated and edited by STROBE TALBOTT, with an Introduction, Commentary and Notes by EDWARD CRANKSHAW, London, André Deutsch, £3.50; New York, Little, Brown, \$10.

² Maxim M. Litvinov, *Notes for a Journal*, with an introduction by E. H. Carr (André Deutsch, 1955).

forgery from start to finish or—as the Litvinov volume—a pastiche in which it is impossible to untangle the genuine from the fraudulent article, then it cannot be at one and the same time a trustworthy source of historical information. Yet not everyone subscribes to this simple proposition. Take Mr Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times*, the only American participant in the British debate. “First things first,” runs the opening sentence of his article in *The Sunday Times*. “This is Nikita S. Khrushchev speaking.” Authentic, then, one would think. But wait—only three paragraphs later we read:

We are dealing here with a corpus which began as an inchoate jumble of rambling family-taped conversations. These raw notes . . . have been censored, patched, excised, potted, twisted, distorted and strained through a variety of “editings”.

In other words, we are dealing with Mr Khrushchev speaking in a censored, patched, excised, potted, twisted, distorted and strained fashion.

Or consider Sir William Hayter, former Ambassador to Moscow, in *The Observer*. “For what such impressions are worth,” he says, “my impression is that these memoirs are basically genuine. Of course,” he goes on, “there are odd and sometimes inexplicable mistakes,” some of which can be explained on one ground or another, while for others no “explanation seems to fit.” What, then, is “basically genuine” and what is not? Sir William is hazy on this score. “Though not so wholeheartedly convinced as Mr Crankshaw” (if not, why not?), “I strongly incline towards authenticity.” Odd indeed, even inexplicable.

C. P. Snow, on the other hand, writing in *The Financial Times*, would seem to argue, at first, that the book cannot be considered genuine. “Right from the beginning it is important to realise that, wherever the original came from and whether it is genuine or not, we are not seeing it in anything like its pristine shape.” A few sentences later, this rather mild formulation gives way to stronger stuff: “Forgery,” Sir Charles notes solemnly, “is not difficult” in such cases—indeed, it is more than probable. All of which leads him to conclude that there must have been *two* sources “behind this material: a kind of *Q* source which comes direct from Khrushchev,” and a *P* source, responsible not only for “some editing, supplementing and glossing before the Russian text ever reached Western hands,” but even for having “written . . . a certain amount of the book.”

But if so much of the book is *suspect*, then why should we treat the whole “with deepest interest,” why should it be “studied for years” (certainly a long time for one book)? What criteria for authenticity does Lord Snow employ, one would like to know, in selecting certain parts as “the frankest and most valuable”—parts which lead him to describe Khrushchev as “surprisingly realistic . . . possessing a dash of genius” and which presumably justify our “right to admire him”?

For the most astonishing example of tortuous reasoning, however, I must turn to Mr Geoffrey McDermott in the *New Statesman*. “The question: is the book ‘authentic’?”, he writes, is not “the right question. No memoirs by famous statesmen ever tell ‘the whole truth’ . . .” Fair enough. But Mr McDermott goes further: the book contains not only omissions (he asserts) but outright forgeries. Some are clearly attributable to the KGB and some, he notes, ever so darkly, to the CIA—the latter perhaps acting in a kind of unholy alliance with its Soviet counterpart. (“This would not be the first example of a curious crypto-relationship of this kind.” One can only wish he had provided some examples.) This does not deter Mr McDermott from describing the book as a “valuable historical source,” commenting on various passages (which presumably were *not* furnished by either the Soviet or the American intelligence services) as being of “great interest.” He concludes with this touching tribute to the erstwhile leader:

He kept the peace on earth. He was a lover of the arts, an *uomo universale* of our epoch. To adapt his exuberant valediction to some of his friends: Nikita Sergeyevich, may you live a hundreds, or even a thousand years.

WHAT PARTS OF THE BOOK (which, according to the authors cited above, is either “basically” genuine, or simultaneously authentic *and* fraudulent) are especially “new” or “revealing”? Here, some of the experts betray not only a certain disdain for logic but even gaps in their knowledge of history. Two examples will suffice. First, Sir William Hayter, hardly an admirer of Khrushchev (the latter’s description, he writes, “of the annexation of the Baltic States . . . is a mixture of nauseating hypocrisy and straightforward power politics”), was nevertheless impressed by Khrushchev’s “personal conviction that only if a leadership is under public control will it be protected from actions which are incom-

patible with our socialist doctrines and harmful to our socialist way of life." The trouble with this commendable view is that Khrushchev (we are told) had reached it in 1952 after Stalin "concocted the Mingrelian affair"—an alleged nationalist conspiracy in Georgia, which resulted in innocent people being "led to the slaughter like sheep" (*Khrushchev Remembers*, p. 312). Yet three years later, Khrushchev tells us, he was still wondering "whether all the arrests and convictions [under Stalin] had been justified from the standpoint of judicial norms"! Indeed, it *still* hadn't occurred to him that Stalin "had been capable of abusing his power." Three years after the slaughter? Less than three years after the notorious "Doctors' Plot," which Khrushchev also knew, at the time, was "a cruel and contemptible thing" (p. 287)?

Similarly, Sir William maintains that Khrushchev's "advocacy of freedom to travel and emigrate for all Soviet citizens contrasts favourably with his successors' current refusal to allow Jewish emigration." Indeed it does (assuming that Khrushchev actually voiced this sentiment); but if so, it also contrasts (again favourably) with his own policies when he was in power. One might also add that ringing denunciations of Stalin's anti-Semitism sound odd coming, as they do, from a man who himself was not averse to using Jews as scapegoats (e.g., during the campaign against "economic crimes" in 1962-63), and who on more than one occasion delivered himself of unpleasant anti-Semitic homilies.³ Sir William chooses to regard these as examples of "inconsistencies." I should prefer to call them either lies (assuming that they do emanate from Khrushchev) or forgeries—or possibly even a combination of both. In any case, these examples certainly bear out Professor Leonard Schapiro's contention (in *The Sunday Times*) that in view of the fact

that we do not know which portions [of the book] are genuine and which are false . . . for the serious student of contemporary history they are totally worthless.

SO MUCH FOR authenticity and the value of *Khrushchev Remembers* as a source of historical information. Now to turn to the central problem: Who wrote (or compiled—or "edited") the book, and to what purpose?

³ See, for instance, Lionel Kochan (ed.) *The Jews in Soviet Russia Since 1917* (Oxford University Press 1970), pp. 91-92.

⁴ See *Problems of Communism*, Nov.-Dec. 1969, pp. 68-69.

Some of the reviewers reviewed here have refused to commit themselves firmly on these questions, especially those who maintain (all their qualifications notwithstanding) that its author is "basically" Khrushchev. One, Mr David Floyd (in *The Daily Telegraph*) is convinced that the book was compiled in the West—though he has refrained (wisely, I think) from identifying the culprit(s). The others fall into two categories: those who claim that the "job" was done by the KGB (Messrs. Tibor Szamuely in *The Spectator*, Leonard Schapiro in *The Sunday Times*, and Robert Conquest in *The Listener* as well as the anonymous reviewer for *The Economist*); and those who point their fingers at the CIA—partly Mr McDermott in the *New Statesman*, and unreservedly and voluminously Mr Victor Zorza, in six successive issues of *The Guardian*. Let me first examine the "KGB theory."

To begin with, says Mr Szamuely, one of the most articulate proponents of the KGB theory, let us firmly reject the notion that the "memoirs" were produced in the West. Why? Because the American publishers, having spent "gigantic sums of money" on this venture, "clearly . . . had good reason not merely for confidence, but for *absolute certitude* regarding the source of the 'memoirs'." In other words, Time Inc. purchased the material (tapes, notes, or what-have-you) directly—or at the least *knowingly*—from the Soviet secret police. This rather startling assertion admits of one of two possibilities: either that the American publishers did not know that the KGB is (to use Mr Szamuely's phrase) a "rather tainted source"—which is to say that they are abysmally innocent; or that they *did* know—which means that they are unscrupulous cynics. Mr Szamuely does not choose to spell out these conclusions, but I don't see how he can escape them. I find it difficult to accept either one or the other.

This is the evidence adduced in favour of the KGB theory:

1. The role played by the Moscow correspondent of the London *Evening News*, Mr Victor Louis. Having already documented my own case against Mr Louis⁴, I quite agree with Mr Szamuely's description of the latter as a man "who has in recent years carried out a number of delicate jobs in the field of misinformation on behalf of the Soviet authorities." It is also true that Mr Louis was involved, at least at one time, as "an intermediary between Time Inc. and the KGB." However, there is no evidence either that Mr Louis sold the whole "package" to the Americans, or that

his employers secured exclusive control over the final shape of the book. In fact, Time Inc. let it be known that *they* had turned to Mr Louis for assistance (principally in procuring pictorial material), and that the initiative, therefore, had not come from Moscow. In any case, Mr Louis' role, however unpalatable, does not seem to constitute proof of KGB authorship.

2. The admission by Mr Louis Heren, a Deputy Editor of the London *Times* (which carried serialised excerpts from the "memoirs"), that the "manuscript" was sold to the Western publishers by the KGB. Now had Mr Heren *actually* made this disclosure, it would have surely obviated any further discussion on the provenance of *Khrushchev Remembers*. Think of it—straight from the horse's mouth! Alas, he didn't *exactly* say that (*The Times*, Nov. 20, 1970): it was all, Mr Heren allowed, a "surmise." He *did* make a number of rather peculiar statements—e.g., that the KGB has been attracting "into its ranks increasing numbers of highly intelligent and cultivated Russians," (a statement based no doubt on a glimpse into the KGB personnel files), and that the memoirs were released to the West in an effort to embarrass Khrushchev's neo-Stalinist successors.

3. There is the serious matter of omission and dilution. The book, as Mr Szamuely demonstrated in devastating fashion, not only contains a staggering number of errors (even including the misplacing of Mr K's own birth-place!), but is strangely silent on Khrushchev's own domestic policies during his ten-year tenure; furthermore, it waters down his earlier denunciations of Stalin and Stalinism. All of this, argue Messrs Conquest and Szamuely, would be perfectly congruent with the KGB's determination (1) to stifle any memories of Stalin's crimes, and (2) to prevent the rehabilitation of Khrushchev personally or of his anti-Stalinist views and policies. A strong piece of evidence—but hardly conclusive. True, the omissions would seem to indicate KGB complicity—but then, they might also be explained on other grounds (of which more below). And as for Mr Szamuely's assertion that the KGB, having "bugged" Khrushchev's "desultory, rambling conversations at home", eliminated from them "anything that might cause embarrassment to the present Soviet leadership," it simply won't stand up to

examination. *Khrushchev Remembers* contains an overwhelming amount of material (however apocryphal) that should cause no end of embarrassment to the men in the Kremlin. Mr Conquest has no doubts, apparently, that the KGB is responsible for the book. "It seems wholly established," he writes, "that the manuscript came through Soviet official channels, with all that that implies." If this is so, then how can Mr Conquest maintain that *Khrushchev Remembers* gives us "a view of the oafish conduct of the whole Stalinist ruling group, the gloomy, illiterate squalor of the Kremlin way of life"?

In contrast to Messrs Conquest and Szamuely, who argue from evidence (such as it is), Professor Schapiro, an equally firm adherent of the KGB theory, argues from plausibility. There are three reasons, he says, why the Soviet secret police wanted to bring out the book: (1) money, (2) "disinformation," and (3) the desire to sow confusion—and thus to discredit—any genuine "underground" documents emanating from the USSR. He admits, with characteristic frankness, that he was unable to spot many passages that would lend themselves to the purpose of "disinformation." As for money—well, it is hard to believe that the Soviet authorities would wish to circulate what amounts to a caricature of themselves merely for the sake of some *valuta*. And why resort to a spurious work by Khrushchev in order to discredit *samizdat*?⁵ Why not, instead, forge a book that would purport to speak not for a discredited Soviet leader (whom the Moscow and Leningrad dissidents don't very much like) but for the "true" representatives of Russia's Democratic Movement? To the best of our knowledge, there have only been a few "underground" documents whose authorship might possibly be traced to the Russian secret police. To think that the KGB would concoct a book by a man who had nothing whatsoever to do with Russia's dissenters in an effort to blemish their image in the eyes of the West strikes me, frankly, as quite beyond belief.

AND SO, FINALLY, to the "CIA theory," propounded, with enviable industriousness, by *The Guardian's* indomitable Kremlinologist, Mr Victor Zorza. To begin with, let us give credit where credit is due. Who but Mr Zorza would devote at least four weeks of his life to a painstaking effort to unravel the mystery of one single book, make a lightning trip

⁵ "Self-publishing", from the Russian words *sam* and *izdanie*.

to the United States, interview dozens of people, subject the text to the most minute exegetical scrutiny, and finally produce not one, but six mammoth-size articles in a daily newspaper—while knowing full well that his labours would produce a storm of indignant reactions from friend and foe alike? Surely at least on this score Mr Zorza deserves (at any rate from those of us on whose toes he did not tread) a point or two.

Second, I think that on the face of it Mr Zorza has a better case than the proponents of the “KGB theory.” Insofar as *Khrushchev Remembers* presents, in his words, a “picture . . . of a leadership made up of thugs and gangsters, always at each other’s throats, ruling blindly and inefficiently a mation of slaves”, his contention that it could have been produced only by the enemies of the Kremlin is plausible. But the trouble with Mr Zorza, if one may say so, is that he never leaves well enough alone. The reason for this is, no doubt, his unappeasable passion for the tools and methods of Kremlinology. The “operative assumption” of a Kremlinologist is that nothing that happens or is printed in the Communist world is to be left to mere chance—or accident—or such human frailties as stupidity or ignorance. Every word uttered by a Soviet statesman, every article that appears in the Soviet press has a “hidden meaning,” represents a move in an elaborate and cunning political struggle between “hawks and doves,” “liberals and Stalinists,” “reformers and conservatives,” the military élite and the party *apparat*. And if this assumption applies to the Communists, then why not to their enemies as well?

The first task, then, was to establish, beyond a shadow of doubt, that “much of the material” in *Khrushchev Remembers* “was not authentic”—which he did (as did his critics). The second was to reject the KGB hypothesis, which he also did, on the basis of the argument cited above. The third question he asked himself was: If not the KGB, then who? Some less hardy souls, as we have seen, shrunk from providing an answer, but not Mr Zorza. A confirmed believer in the conspiratorial view of politics, he came to the conclusion that “an operation of this magnitude could only have been mounted by one of the Western intelligence services.” For a while he toyed, he tells us, with a number of possibilities. The British? The French? The Germans? He dismissed each one (nationals of these countries will be pleased to know) not only because he could find no plausible motives, but because their “governments would certainly have stopped

any such operation before it got very far.” Apparently, no such scruples would have deterred the Israelis, also on Mr Zorza’s list of suspects (because of “the attention which the book gives to Russian anti-Semitism and the Middle East”). But there was not enough there, so he was inexorably driven to the one and only alternative: the CIA.

From this point the “scenario” (to use Mr Zorza’s term) unfolds with breathtaking sweep and ingenuity. The original material was furnished to *Time-Life* by “some member of the Khrushchev family circle acting for the KGB.” Why the KGB? Because it wanted to score yet another victory similar to the one in 1967, when it succeeded in selling to NBC (through the intrepid Victor Louis) a “film interview” with Khrushchev, generally favourable to the Soviet point of view. The Americans bought the material in good faith, without knowing the real identity of their client (why they should have displayed such ignorance when dealing with Mr Louis is not explained by Mr Zorza). In the course of things the CIA learned of the transactions, decided to turn the whole venture to its advantage, and began to “feed to *Life* appropriately doctored ‘Khrushcheviana’”, purveyed by agents “masquerading” as “members of an ‘anti-Stalinist faction’ within the KGB”. Poor *Time-Life*—hoodwinked not once, but twice, first by the KGB, and then by its sworn enemy! But not only *Time-Life*: the whole operation, says Mr Zorza, was placed in the hands of a small group of men, who worked in conditions of such extraordinary secrecy that the U.S. Government as a whole, and even the CIA’s “own Soviet affairs analysts”, were presumably not aware of it. Part of the elaborate “hoax” was to concoct an “official version” to the effect that the memoirs were “genuine”—which the State Department “swallowed . . . hook, line and sinker.” Worse, so fearsome is the power wielded by the CIA, that even those government officials who had “serious doubts” about the authenticity of the “memoirs” dared not voice them—except, that is, to Mr Zorza (in some noisy bar, I take it, where they could not be overheard).

Yet nowhere are Mr Zorza’s Kremlinological proclivities more evident than in his attempt to prove, by citing and analysing sundry passages of the book, that the one and only purpose of *Khrushchev Remembers* is to “promote” the interests of the United States.

Both American diplomacy and propaganda have been making considerable exertions in recent years to get across to the Russians the

view that a victory for Hanoi would work to the long-term advantage of China and to the detriment of the Soviet Union. Is it a coincidence that the Viet Nam chapter in the Khrushchev book is dedicated almost entirely to this proposition?

Of course not. In fact, nothing in the book is a coincidence. Everything in it has the same devious purpose behind it. For example, the references to "Asiatic cunning". These are clearly bound to "infuriate," says Mr Zorza, "every Asian reading the book," thus helping to drive a wedge between the Soviet Union and developing countries—which would rebound to the "benefit" of the United States. Or Khrushchev's advocacy of the complete rehabilitation of Soviet leaders liquidated in the 1930s—something which Western Communist leaders have long clamoured for but to which Brezhnev *et al.* are adamantly opposed.

There is even something for the Chinese who claimed that the Russians had stolen Vladivostok, the main Soviet city in the Far East, from them. "It's true," Khrushchev says, just like that.

Nothing, Mr Zorza assures us, has escaped the wily authors of *Khrushchev Remembers*. What about the obvious errors, the patent falsehoods? All "deliberate," he says airily, inserted by the forgers in order to provide a "cover" for the mistakes they knew they were "bound to make." The same goes for statements that cannot possibly be said to accord with any US interests—these, too, are part of the same diabolical plot.

WHAT ARE WE TO MAKE of all this? It's a puzzlement. Take, for instance, the extraordinary secrecy of the "Khrushchev operation," which Mr Zorza compares with that of the "CIA-sponsored invasion of Cuba." Both of them, he says, were supposedly "confined to the smallest circle at the highest level." Where was Mr Zorza in those heady days of 1961? The preparations for the ill-fated invasion, as it happens, were among the best open secrets in the history of Western intelligence. For several weeks preceding it, the *New York Times* and other newspapers ran colourful stories about the training of troops in the jungles of Guatemala and mysterious goings on among the Cuban exiles in Miami. Several years later some of the CIA's most costly projects were rudely exposed by a number of enterprising American journalists, which resulted in the most frenzied waves of unfavourable publicity ever

experienced by Mr Dulles and his colleagues. Is it reasonable to assume that his successors would risk yet another scandal, yet another blow to their prestige, both within and outside the United States?

Or take Mr Zorza's story about the awe-inspiring "official version" of the Khrushchev volume. The idea that the US Government as a whole would subscribe to only *one* interpretation of its provenance, and that no American official would dare to disagree with it is not only preposterous on the face of it, but plainly incorrect. I happen to have seen the minutes of the "high level" conference in Washington which had presumably formulated the official US attitude, and I can assure Mr Zorza that its participants differed as widely and as loquaciously as did the British experts in the pages of the press. True, they all agreed that the book contains a hard core of genuine "Khrushcheviana"—but then, so does everyone else—possibly, I suspect, even Mr Zorza himself. Anyway, the American Government is not quite the Politburo, and it is not wont to lay down any "party lines" on matters historical and literary.

But the weakest link in Mr Zorza's argument, it seems to me, is his contention that *Khrushchev Remembers* contains (in his words) "something for everybody," that it represents a brilliantly conceived and orchestrated opus in which every paragraph, every sentence, every word had been carefully weighed and considered both for its overt and "subliminal" effects. One would think that the book's contradictions and inanities speak for themselves. But then, Mr Zorza, of course, has a ready-made answer for each error and contradiction: they are all, he maintains, deliberate, part of an elaborate fabric of "covers" and "contingency positions." But this convoluted reasoning, after all, can be used to advance *any* theory: Zorza's own thesis could be a KGB plant (for doesn't it, "objectively speaking," help to discredit their chief adversary?). Even assuming that the CIA is as astute and adroit as Mr Zorza thinks it is, even assuming that it is within its means to enforce a "line" upon the American Government as a whole, even assuming that it would be willing to risk yet another round of embarrassing and damaging exposures, why on earth would its superiors—as well as (Mr Zorza assures us) Mr Nixon's closest advisers—conclude that the rambling, incoherent, and frequently patently absurd remarks of a man long shorn of any political influence whatsoever would be read so avidly and be taken

so seriously as to cause international upheavals, heated debates, acrimonious exchanges, and agonising reappraisals of the foreign policies of all the leading Communist powers and parties throughout the world? Zorza believes that "the perpetrators of the present Khrushchev hoax" had indeed been impelled by such grandiose and far-fetched expectations. They "appear to hope for great things from it," he asserts, "to judge from comments often heard in Washington". *Whose* comments, one wonders—for if they come from "the smallest circle at the highest level", then the secret is out—but if not, then we are back in the vague world of Kremlinological conjecture and Pentagonological hearsay.

IF *Khrushchev Remembers* was not composed by Khrushchev himself—if it was not concocted by the KGB in an effort to discredit *samizdat* and bamboozle the West—if it is not the product of an anti-Brezhnev faction within the Soviet elite—if it hasn't been fabricated by the CIA—then who, good grief, *did* do the bloody thing?

Well, of course, I don't know. Nor, let me say (however defensively), do I see why I should be expected to succeed where others, far more distinguished and knowledgeable than I, have failed. Still, lest I be accused of brazen irresponsibility, let me offer an hypothesis.

The hard core (if not the bulk) of *Khrushchev Remembers* consists of genuine Khrushchevian memorabilia, supplied to *Time-Life* by somebody close to the deposed leader, masquerading as himself, and motivated by a desire to clear Khrushchev's name in the eyes of the world.⁶ The transactions—not inconceivable in the fluid conditions which prevail in the Soviet Union today and which facilitate the circulation of voluminous "underground" literature—were eventually discovered and decisively terminated by the Soviet authorities. This could well explain (1) the absence of material reflecting favourably on Khrushchev's domestic policies and damagingly on the policies of his successors (though it is also possible that these are subjects which Khrushchev would be reluctant to discuss even within the privacy of his exile

dacha); and (2) the fact that Khrushchev did not denounce the book as a whole, merely describing the "rumours" that he had "passed on any material of this nature" as a "fabrication." Victor Louis got into the act either in an effort to purvey additional material tending to discredit the tapes (or notes, or what-have-you) already in the hands of *Time-Life*, or in response to a specific request from the American publishers (who had known of his role in the 1967 "television interview", and of his undisputed "reliability" in providing relevant illustrative material).

Once in possession of such "hot stuff", the *Time-Life* publishers were confronted—if my "scenario" is right—with the choice of either discarding it as sparse and insufficient, or (to use a sturdy American expression) "beefing it up" for purely commercial and (hopefully) lucrative purposes. It takes little imagination to understand why they opted for the latter. However, they were immediately faced with the question of whom to trust with the task of sifting through the accumulated material, adding bits and pieces from published sources (as we know had been done), cutting, shaping, and moulding it into a saleable product. The greatest of secrecy was maintained in the *Time-Life* headquarters; not even their own staff experts were brought into the picture: it would have, presumably, endangered the success of the whole operation. (Even now no outside scholar, not even Mr Edward Crankshaw, has seen the original "manuscript".) They might, instead, have turned to a handful of ex-Soviet citizens—perhaps to some who have actually toiled in the vineyards of "émigré Sovietology". They know the language and jargon—in itself a valuable asset. They are acquainted with many of the appropriate sources. They are not necessarily more greedy than any other group of mortals, but their needs—as of any exiles—are perennial. And they could also be expected to keep silent about the whole project—which would suit their employers admirably.

But the trouble with some Russian émigrés (and I speak from a certain experience) is that they have a notoriously cavalier attitude to the essentials as well as to the trappings of Sovietological scholarship. Also, they have their own political axes to grind. This may well account for the numerous contradictions, errors, easily detectable piratings. It would also explain such peculiarities as attributing to Khrushchev statements about General Vlassov, the Soviet commander who had collaborated with the Nazis during World

⁶ One plausible theory, advanced by the United Press' long-time correspondent in Moscow, Henry Shapiro, is that the original material came from Khrushchev's son-in-law, the late Lev Petrov.

War II, which had been lifted out bodily from a biography published by his followers in Frankfurt in 1948! And it would also explain the tenor of the book as a whole which is, as I have already indicated, far from flattering to any Soviet leadership, past or present.

Once the raw bundle was ready, it was presumably turned over to Mr Strobe Talbott, a young and rather inexperienced scholar, whose task was merely to edit and put it into printable shape. At the same time, Mr Edward Crankshaw was asked to check

on the accuracy of the text and to provide a running commentary plus an introduction. Mr Crankshaw, of course, found a huge number of inaccuracies. But even when these were compounded by the researches of Messrs Schapiro, Szamuely, and others, it still did not shake his conviction that the book was "basically authentic" (*The Observer*, January 31). I happen to respect and admire Mr Crankshaw (as well as the other distinguished Sovietologists with whose views I have dealt so unkindly in these columns). But I don't think he is right—"basically", that is.

E. M. Forster and "Morgan"

Notes & Memories—By K. W. GRANSDEN

MR PETER USTINOV ONCE DID A television sketch in which he played a minor British composer reminiscing about "The Elgar I knew." "Or rather," he mandered, "perhaps I should have entitled these reminiscences 'The Elgar who Knew Me', since I have to admit that Elgar knew me rather better than I knew him." I knew Forster very little, and only in his last years. But since this is not the same as having been a friend or as having not known him at all, I should like to add a postscript, not from the field or the grandstand but perhaps from the touchline, to the Morgan legend.

My first acquaintance with Forster occurred when I was a Cambridge undergraduate (not at King's): date, *circa* 1950. It was (appropriately as I now think) encompassed without the necessity of a meeting. I had recently read for the first time *The Longest Journey*: heady stuff for a romantic Cambridge undergraduate shivering before an inadequate fire during the Attlee power-shortage in rooms to which the porters failed to deliver private meals. Anyway, I had written an article on Forster's work, breathless with decorous admiration, for an undergraduate paper. Decorous, too, though far from breathless, was the polite acknowledgment sent by Forster to the paper's editor. "Thank you for printing that very gracious article about me." This note was duly passed on to me by the editor, a friend of mine, and I still have it, sentimentally glued to the fly-leaf of a copy of *A Room with a View*.

During the next seven years or so Forster was not much in my mind. Such writing as I

did concerned an earlier literary period. Then I was appointed literary editor of *The Listener* in succession to J. R. Ackerley, who was retiring from the BBC. Some time after that I met Professor A. N. Jeffares at a literary party. We talked of a series called "Writers and Critics" which he had begun to edit for Messrs Oliver & Boyd. At that date not many titles had appeared; among the absentees was Forster, and in a resurgence of Cambridge nostalgia I suggested I might like to write about him.

I re-read the novels and stories I knew—I rather think I read *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and much of the later non-fiction for the first time. I gradually accumulated a small list of problems and queries, mainly factual, about which I proposed to tackle Forster by post. Meanwhile, it was suggested—probably by me to Stephen Spender rather than the other way round—that I might do a piece for *ENCOUNTER* to mark Forster's eightieth birthday, which fell in January 1959. My plan was to sketch out a preliminary approach to the author and then to "interview" him—not in the systematic way already undertaken by Messrs Furbank and Haskell—but in a more desultory fashion.

AN INVITATION to visit King's was duly solicited and obtained. I remember getting into trouble with the Head Porter for parking my car in a place reserved for Fellows, and how kind and concerned Forster was when I arrived late, having had to walk from half-way to Trumpington. I took notes, got answers to some, though not all of my queries, was taken to luncheon in the Fellows' Combina-

tion Room, was introduced to Lord Annan and to various legendary figures who had once lectured to me. Discovering that Forster had to be in London that evening, I offered to drive him up, not without some trepidation: I wasn't a terribly good driver, and I remember thinking how one might go down to fame in the literary reference books. "Forster, E. M. Died 1958, killed in a car crash by a critic called Gransden."

The reader will, however, know, that we arrived safely in London. As I was then living in Hampstead I suggested that my wife would be very pleased if Forster would have a cup of tea with us before going on to his destination. (It so happened that there was a family link here of the kind Morganites like. One of Forster's closest friends at Cambridge had been Arthur Gillett, who had lived at Street in Somerset near my wife's family. There is a seat inscribed to his memory at the Street swimming pool, which I have often put my towel on; the pool itself was built by my wife's family firm, Clark Son and Morlands, and my wife's father and half-brother had both been Kingsmen, the latter having known Forster.) Our daughter Katherine, then two years old and a lively conversationalist, insisted on showing Forster, on the floor, a book of hers; she had been told he was a famous writer and naturally thought he would be interested. It is called social sense, but my wife and I didn't get much of a look in.

My book appeared in 1962. I may have met Forster again during these three years, but if so I do not remember the occasion. Most of the time our acquaintance flourished by letter. He was kind enough to tell me, and several of his friends, that he preferred my book on him to others of its kind.

TO RETURN to *The Listener*. My predecessor, J. R. Ackerley, was one of Forster's closest friends. Because of this, Forster had reviewed regularly for *The Listener* for a quarter of a century, though less frequently in Ackerley's last years and less frequently still during my three-year reign, partly because he was getting old and partly, no doubt, because I was not Ackerley. Through Ackerley I also inherited as reviewers several other friends of Forster's (all of them his juniors by between twenty and thirty years). They included W. J. H. Sprott, Geoffrey Gorer, William Plomer and John Morris.

In 1965 I joined the staff of the University of Warwick. There I met another of Forster's closest friends, R. J. Buckingham, a Coventry probation officer. Unlike the friends listed

above, he was a married man, and his house became Forster's second—indeed perhaps his first—home during the last five years of his life. King's was becoming a lonely place for him as his coevals died off and as more married Fellows were appointed, who lived out of college. So he used to spend Christmas and the New Year at the Buckingham's house. His birthday was on January the first, and I remember calling in for a drink on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, meeting two American friends who had flown the Atlantic specially for the celebration, Tom Coley and Bill Roerich. The latter's is to my mind the best contribution included in the commemorative volume published to mark the birthday.

IT WAS IN the Buckingham's house, and not in Cambridge (as stated in *ENCOUNTER* last November), that Forster died. He had no family, but in the Buckingham's—and especially in the devoted nursing of May Buckingham during his last weeks when he was virtually bedridden—he found a family, and it was there—in suburban Coventry, far from Bloomsbury and King's—that he chose to die.

Thus of all Forster's friends it was the Buckingham's whom I came to know best. In their house I met Forster perhaps a dozen times during the last few years of his life. They told me many stories of his kindness, generosity and shrewdness, including sad ones about the last years, when Bob would visit King's regularly to find letters unanswered, unopened even, and cheques unlogged. All this will doubtless appear in P. N. Furbank's biography. I will put in one story, to illustrate his unhandiness in practical matters, before I forget it. He once broke an ankle and had to have crutches. He couldn't easily co-ordinate physically, and seeing his helplessness, Rose Macaulay (his senior in years) seized the crutches and gave a demonstration, hopping nimbly round the room. Occasionally in my presence, Forster himself, half-dozing in an armchair, would reminisce. I recall his describing a ride in a horse-drawn carriage with the daughters of Mrs Gaskell, "rather silly girls", when the carriage overturned but no one was hurt; it sounded exactly like an episode from one of the early novels. It must have taken place in the 'nineties.

Last November a memorial concert was given in the hall at King's (Forster had forbidden the use of the chapel for any purposes connected with his memory). The audience consisted mainly of King's undergraduates and their girl friends: all young and attractive, as he would have liked. My wife and I were

invited to stay for supper afterwards. About thirty people, most of them elderly, congregated in the supper room. Somehow the atmosphere at the supper was less happy than that at the concert. Forster had been present at the concert, in the readings from his works given by George Rylands between the musical items. Somehow he was not present at the supper. After the concert he had, characteristically, slipped away, and nobody seemed to notice his absence.

The previous August, when Forster died, I was invited to take part in a discussion on Radio 3. In this, Lord Annan emphasised the fact—not previously stated before so wide a public—that Forster was a homosexual. This fact might be deduced from his early writings, though I said then, and still think, that it is not a fact of the greatest importance when considering *Howards End* and *A Passage to India*. But to the devotees and acolytes of the Morgan cult it is clearly of paramount importance. The fact that he was a homosexual is central to the cult. It sanctifies, authorises as it were, a philosophy and a life-style. But what effect has it had on Forster's reputation among those who knew him only by his works?

THE PRIVATE LIFE of a writer or other public figure is always intriguing. We all like gossip, anecdotes, even scandal or the hint of it if we can get it. I remember the first time I read Rayner Heppenstall's memoir of George Orwell, in which he revealed that Orwell once hit him with a shooting-stick (rather like Charles Wilcox hitting Bast in *Howards End*?). But I don't know that it has made any difference to my view of Orwell, though it has certainly enlightened me about Mr Heppenstall. One wonders if all famous writers aren't well advised to pray "God preserve me from my friends."

We get along happily enough knowing little or nothing (except what we deduce, probably erroneously, from their writings) about the sex-lives of Shakespeare, Spenser, Donne, Sidney and so forth. But with modern writers it obviously can't work that way. We are going to have to know. And what we know may depend on what the writer's friends want to tell us, as well as on what the writer himself chooses to reveal—or conceal. Forster's reticence of life and style—the suppressed novel, the cloth cap, the deep sense of social propriety (e.g. the distress he always evinced, according to Bob Buckingham, whenever any of his married friends contemplated divorce), the quietness—this reticence was *chosen*. Nothing could be further from the flamboy-

ance of high camp, the "Homintern" described in the Radio 3 discussion. And this reticence may have lost an ally for the cause. Perhaps Forster's friends now feel the balance should be redressed—even that Forster always wanted it to be posthumously redressed—and a leader claimed. But again, the manner of making this claim may tell us more about the friends than about Forster. It is even, conceivably, Forster's last irony: to make the friends responsible for speaking out where he had preferred silence.

So a kind of cult has grown up. Evidence of its existence had always been available to the initiated, and had gradually spread outward into public consciousness: the publication of autobiographies by Ackerley and John Morris, for instance, had prepared the way. Other writers, influenced by Forster, have been bolder in their use of homosexual themes: the later Isherwood, Angus Wilson. But social climate changes, and authors can take advantage of this. In the '20s and '30s homosexuality was illegal and had to be kept covert or underground—as it is, for instance, in Auden's early work *The Orators* (which is almost written in code) or the first novel of Isherwood, where the homosexual relationship is implied rather than stated.

THE PEOPLE in the supper-room at King's were predominantly elderly. Natural enough—after all, Forster was 91 when he died. But there was something slightly macabre about those elderly people stuffing themselves with cold chicken and proclaiming "we were Morgan's closest friends, that is why we are here." It was a party without a host. Their friendship with Morgan was the only factor which had brought them together in that room on that November evening. Perhaps it was enough. Yet somehow it did not seem enough to make them happy. And I am sure this was not because they were mourning in the conventional sense. As we drove home I said to my wife: "Isn't it odd that the American word for it is *gay*?" No word seemed less appropriate.

I FIND MYSELF continuing to speculate as to the link between Morgan's friends and their cultic sponsorship of his "elusive" personality (it didn't elude *them*) on the one hand, and the million people who have now bought the Penguin *Passage to India* on the other. Many Americans, I have been told, have been shocked at the posthumous revelations about Forster. We may smile in thin-lipped superiority at such transatlantic innocence, but is it, I wonder, so wide of the mark

after all? Those literary critics who reject biography as an aid to the understanding of the words on the page are sometimes sneered at as purists or Leavisites: a bit of background does help after all, why be so austere, etc. But I suggest that this kind of purism is the ultimate tribute we can pay to a writer for what he has chosen to be judged by: perfection of the work. If Forster had not been a distinguished novelist, would the religion of friendship have deified him? The Morgan cult seems to me in danger of swamping a small but valuable oeuvre in a welter of in-group sentiment, if not sentimentality. "You may criticise him", say the friends, "but we loved him."

Perhaps there's something very English about all this. Did the French have a Gide-cult? We have had Austenites, and Wordsworthians who go and live in the Lake District so as the better to commune with the beloved spirit. Perhaps we like our writers lovable. But I must say that there are times when I feel that if Forster had been a bit less lovable in the 20s and 30s—when most of the friendships began and when he was, of course, already a famous novelist in middle age—then perhaps he might have gone on writing fiction.

THIS MAY SOUND grumpy but certainly isn't meant to. Of course one is glad when a creative artist has a sunny old age instead of

coughing himself to death at 45 (though Verdi, Tennyson, Vaughan Williams, offer a third way). One is glad Forster had so many people to make him happy and to whom he brought happiness. Perhaps the combination of a few books and many friends—devoutly prayed for by so many poets from Martial to Cowley—is so rare that we haven't yet a critical technique for evaluating it. Perfection of the work *and* of the life? Perhaps Forster is neither the author of *A Passage to India* nor Morgan, but both. Perhaps. But if both, he was not—and this is my point—both simultaneously, but first one and then the other. Morgan did *not* write *Passage*. If he had, the chummy, overrelaxed note of the later essays might have flawed a masterpiece. And even more certain is it that Morgan did not write the earlier novels, those extraordinarily cruel, ruthless, elegant books so full of *claritas* and so devoid of the "muddle" he later came to place among the cardinal virtues. Who now alive can say he was a friend of the man who wrote them? Morgan was born, I think, *circa* 1925, after the death of the novelist E. M. Forster. Morgan wrote *Abinger Harvest*, *Two Cheers for Democracy*: the friendliest of books, yet like the essays of Elia or Stevenson or Chesterton their tone is ultimately unsatisfactory. They insinuate themselves too much, they lean a little too near one's face, whispering "Let me be your friend."

International Commentary

Is Germany's "Ostpolitik" Dangerous?

A Diplomatic Balance-Sheet — By FRANK ROBERTS



from the catastrophic results of the last German-Soviet treaty of 1939 signed by Molo-

THE current discussion of the German-Soviet treaty of 1970 took my mind back to Moscow a quarter of a century ago. I was a witness of the emergence of the Soviet Union

tov for Stalin and Ribbentrop for Hitler: the event which triggered off World War II. I had been in Moscow myself shortly before as a member of the Strang Mission for the first of many diplomatic visits and periods of service there. We, and our French colleagues, had unsuccessfully tried to negotiate an alternative treaty with the Soviet Union which would have protected Poland from Hitler and prevented a world war, not started one and resulted in the partitioning of Poland yet again. But other memories also take one back to the earlier Soviet-German agreement nearly 50 years ago signed at Rapallo shortly after

World War I. This was in itself a relatively limited affair, but its repercussions have been considerable and lasting, and it is in fear of "another Rapallo" rather than of another Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement that some observers today tend to think of Soviet-German *rapprochement*.

Most of my diplomatic career—since I went to Paris in 1932 and until it ended with Ambassadorial posts at NATO, Moscow, and Bonn between 1957 and 1968—has been concerned with British relations with either Germany, first in very bad but now happily in good days, or with the Soviet Union, first in the relatively good although always peculiar conditions of the war-time alliance, and later in the harsher and more suspicious climate of the Cold War and of the present period of so-called Peaceful Coexistence. I can, therefore, understand the doubts and anxieties felt in certain quarters in the West, and indeed by some of my friends in Germany, about the latest developments in German-Soviet relations. I do not myself share them, partly because so much has changed within Germany itself since the 50-year period of the two World Wars and their aftermath, and still more because the position of Europe itself (and therefore of Germany) has changed so much within a very different world balance of forces and interests. These are, I think, even better reasons for the widespread British support—from all political parties and from all sections of informed public opinion—for the German *Ostpolitik* than a natural welcome for Willy Brandt's alignment of Germany with the prudent pursuit in recent years by her leading Western allies of policies aimed at reducing East-West tensions.¹

I think it is important to see the German-Soviet treaty not as an isolated bilateral agreement but as only one element, however important, in Germany's *Ostpolitik*, just as this *Ostpolitik* as a whole remains only one element, however important, in Germany's overall foreign policy. This, as the German Government and Opposition both insist it

should, continues to give priority to the American connection within NATO in the security field and to the consolidation of Western European unity in the political and economic fields. The present German leaders—and in particular Willy Brandt, Helmut Schmidt and Walter Scheel—have shown by their words and actions that they really believe that progress in their Eastern negotiations is only possible—and indeed that to negotiate at all with Moscow is only safe—from a basis of Atlantic unity in NATO and of Western European unity within an expanding European Community. It was, after all, Brandt who played the main part at The Hague last December in getting the European Community on the move again (both as regards the consolidation of the Six and their proposed expansion into the Ten), and it is Brandt who has indicated that he is holding himself ready for action again if and when the negotiations between the Six and the Four reach a difficult stage in the summer of 1971. Similarly it has been Helmut Schmidt who has not only warned against the dangers of U.S. force withdrawals from Europe but has taken the lead in organising European measures to strengthen the hand of the U.S. Administration in resisting Congressional pressure for such withdrawals.

IT IS ALSO THE GERMANS THEMSELVES who are most conscious of the major changes I have already mentioned in the world balance of forces and within Germany itself—and this despite the amazing economic recovery and strength not only of the Federal Republic but also in a lesser but still significant degree of the German Democratic Republic within the COMECON bloc. When the Soviet and German Governments of the day signed the Rapallo agreement in 1922 their countries had been bled dry by World War I. Their surprising understanding was that of two main losers anxious to show the Victor Powers that they could no longer be ignored or taken for granted. They were, however, even then the biggest, potentially if not actually the strongest (and certainly the most dangerous, because internally the most explosive) societies in Europe, itself still militarily and even economically the central and most influential of the continents. Above all, there was rough equality between the two in strength and resources. By the time of the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact of 1939 the strength of both countries had grown immensely; but it was Germany which then seemed (and was clearly so regarded by Stalin) the stronger of the two.

¹ I should note that British support has been clearer and less affected by doubts and reservations than has always been the case in the U.S.A. or France. Indeed the *Ostpolitik* evolved by the present and previous Federal German Governments, and the support which this policy has enjoyed in the U.K., have completed the process of consolidating good Anglo-German relations begun with the Queen's visit to Germany in 1965; it has continued since then in an increasingly close and effective (but not exclusive) cooperation in a NATO still depending upon the U.S.A. and in the expansion of the European Community to include the U.K.

Hitler's Germany was capable of conquering and dominating Europe very nearly from the Atlantic to the Urals. Today, for all its economic and financial strength, the Federal Republic is hard pressed to provide 12 effective divisions and a comparable air force for NATO. With no nuclear weapons, it is alone very far indeed from being a match for the Soviet Union, now one of the two Super Powers. Internally, Germany, having lost the extensive Eastern territories it had preserved even under the Versailles settlement, is divided into Communist and non-Communist parts by a continuous minefield and barbed-wire. Its capital, Berlin, is also divided and dependent upon the U.S., U.K., and French garrisons for its continued existence as a democratic island within the Communist East.

But this truncated and divided Germany, unlike the Germany of 1921 or 1939, is a prosperous, stable, and respected member of the Western democratic world with none of the social and political strains and stresses which undermined the Germanies of Weimar and of Hitler. Such a Germany is under no compelling pressure or temptation—nor is it strong enough even if by some aberration it felt it were—to think in terms of a reversal of alliances or even in Bismarck's terms of preserving an equal balance between its Western and its Eastern interests and commitments.

I cannot therefore myself see any parallel between the new Soviet-German treaty and either Rapallo or the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact, still less between it and General Yorck's sensational transfer of the Prussian army from the French to the Russian side in 1813. Nor do I see any danger for European or Atlantic policies and interests in the German *Ostpolitik*, provided of course European and Atlantic policies continue to be pursued on present lines and Germany does not risk isolation, either through the withdrawal of the U.S.A. from Europe and the consequent collapse of NATO, or through the failure of the present renewed attempts to complete and enlarge the European Community. Germany, like her allies, has had to adjust herself to a different world climate from that of the immediate post-War period, in which trench warfare has to some extent been replaced by manoeuvre. This does not mean that the Russians have no dangerous long-term hopes and intentions in pursuing a new variant of their *Westpolitik*. Nor that there are no rocks and shoals to be avoided by the Germans (and their allies) in the navigation of a new course in squally and possibly dangerous waters. German and Soviet objectives in signing the

recent Treaty are very different and even conflicting. This fact is so obvious that the first question must be what they really are—the second, whether they can be reconciled—and the third whether the Germans can hope to secure as much from the treaty as the Russians expect to gain for themselves.

TO UNDERSTAND the development of German thinking one only has to look at the map and to reflect that 25 years after the War, and with a new generation which had no personal connection with Hitler and no experience of the war years moving into positions of responsibility in German life, there is still no Peace Treaty or comparable settlement in Eastern Europe. Germany, even deprived of its former Eastern territories, is still in the centre of Europe. Historically, it has not thought (nor can it be expected in future to think) of its foreign policy in purely Western terms—least of all when all its NATO allies, starting with two of its closest allies, the U.S. and France, are themselves increasingly pre-occupied with Russia and Eastern Europe and are either already negotiating or are contemplating negotiations with the East. Economically, also, there is an increasingly widespread interest in East European trade with which Germany is particularly closely concerned.

During the 25 years since the War the Federal Republic has had great achievements to its credit in the West and also in the Third World outside Europe. For young and old alike there has been, in my view, a genuine reconciliation. There has been a new partnership with Germany's neighbours and former victims on her western, southern, and northern frontiers—above all with France. Here lies, on the German side, something to appeal to the emotions and sentiments—indeed to the idealism and youthful enthusiasm which has been a marked feature of the German character. But to the East and above all in regard to Inner German questions—Berlin and German Reunification—there has been no progress whatever to record. On the contrary, there have been serious setbacks, e.g. the Berlin Wall, the growing political independence and economic strength of the D.D.R., and recurrent Berlin crises (the blockade of 1948-9, or the Khrushchev threats from 1958 to 1961, and even today interference with the access routes to Berlin). So it is natural that national emotions as much as geography or self-interest should have impelled Germany to strive for a similar reconciliation with the nations of Eastern as with those of Western Europe.

THE GERMAN *Ostpolitik* is not, as some in the West seem to think, a relatively recent invention of the Brandt Government. It began in the early 1960s when Dr Schroeder was Foreign Minister in the Erhard Governments and it was he who, with the special backing of the F.D.P. and the support of the S.P.D. opposition, began the so-called policy of "little steps" (*kleine Schritte*). The first results were the exchange of trade missions with Poland and a solemn German declaration on the renunciation of the use of force. Nor should it be forgotten that it was Konrad Adenauer himself who visited Moscow in 1955 and established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union in defiance of "the Hallstein doctrine" which made the absence of diplomatic relations with the D.D.R. the condition for diplomatic relations with the Federal Republic. And it was Adenauer who kept a very controversial Ambassador, Hans Kroll, in Moscow against the wishes of the German Ministry for Foreign Affairs—because of Kroll's good relations with Nikita Khrushchev and in the hope that the opportunity for serious discussion might arise (as he then expected) because of growing Sino-Soviet tensions.

But throughout most of Adenauer's Chancellorship (1949-1963) the prevailing climate, with some interruptions, was that of the Cold War. The prevailing mood associated particularly with Adenauer himself and his most trusted foreign colleague, John Foster Dulles, was to build up Western strength and unity to the point where the Iron Curtain could be rolled back from Eastern Europe—including, of course, East Germany and Berlin. It is just possible that Beria in 1953, shortly after Stalin's death, was prepared to gamble the East German bird in the hand for two birds in the bush: i.e. a reunited Germany *outside* the Western European communities and, above all, *outside* NATO (although Adenauer himself never thought in such terms). But this danger—or opportunity, according to the point of view—passed with the repressed June rising of the workers in East Berlin and with Beria's subsequent disgrace and death. By the end of the 1950s the "roll-back policy" also vanished with the death of Dulles and the approaching departure of Adenauer from the political scene. What passed with it—a fact of great importance for the future of Germany's *Ostpolitik*—was the principle to which all NATO policies had been anchored: namely that progress on German reunification was the essential condition for any progress towards the reduction of East-West tension and, therefore, for any other settlements with Eastern

Europe. Throughout the 1960s the opposite principle has come to be accepted in Germany as in other NATO countries: that the best and only hope of eventual German reunification lies in the gradual reduction of East-West tension through agreements on other matters.

ANOTHER GREAT CHANGE which has rendered possible the development of the German *Ostpolitik* has been the evolution of German public opinion. As the 12 million refugees from the East have been absorbed into West German society a public opinion—which, in the '50s, was in its majority naturally inclined to be suspicious of and to put brakes upon any Government initiatives towards the East—has, throughout the '60s, tended increasingly to support such initiatives and to criticise them rather for their caution and inadequacy. In this climate in the mid-'60s the German Catholic Bishops approached the Polish Catholic Church on the occasion of its Millennium; the German Evangelical Church similarly approached their co-religionists in the East; the S.P.D. tried to start a dialogue with the East German Socialist Unity Party; and, on the wider international stage especially affecting the Soviet Union, Dr Schroeder was able to overcome political opposition to Germany's signing the Test Ban Treaty in 1963 (just as Willy Brandt was able to commit Germany to the Non-Dissemination Treaty at the end of the decade).

Throughout the 1960s, however, Germany was unable to reconcile her desire to improve relations with her neighbours in Eastern Europe (especially Poland and Czechoslovakia) with the overall objective of reaching some settlement with the Soviet Union. It was the Russians who held the key to German reunification and had the last word on all matters in Eastern Europe. Until recently the Russians were unwilling to talk. They rebuffed every gesture from Bonn. These gestures came not only in the days of Dr Schroeder's tenure of the Foreign Ministry under Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, but also in the subsequent Kiesinger-Brandt Coalition between 1965 and 1969 (especially in the far-reaching policy declaration of the then new *Grosse* (big) coalition Government representing over 90% of the German Parliament in the autumn of 1965).

I RECALL SEVERAL TALKS in Berlin in the mid-'60s with the Soviet Ambassador in East Berlin, Mr Abrasimov. My expressions of conviction that the sincere desire of Bonn was to reach accommodations in Eastern Europe were met with the old accusations of

West German "revanchism and militarism." I heard the official demand that Bonn must not only give up "all nuclear pretensions" (which it most obviously publicly had done), recognise the Oder-Neisse frontier and the non-validity of the Munich agreement (both clearly negotiable topics) and abandon her claim to represent all Germans, but must also give diplomatic recognition to and exchange Ambassadors with the D.D.R. as a separate nation (a demand no longer pressed during the negotiation of the recent Soviet-German treaty). The Soviet attitude remained equally hard against allowing some degree of human contact between West Berliners and their German neighbours and relatives in East Berlin and the D.D.R. The Soviet slogan was "recognition of realities."

Behind this Soviet refusal to respond to overtures from Bonn lay pressures from Herr Ulbricht. But there was also concern over the position in Eastern Europe, which was obviously interested at least in increased trade with and credits from affluent West Germany. Just as the Erhard-Schroeder Government had exchanged trade missions with Poland, so the Big Coalition of Kiesinger and Brandt achieved the restoration of diplomatic relations with Rumania and Yugoslavia. But these were Pyrrhic successes. They must have confirmed a Soviet leadership (increasingly concerned over developments in Dubcek's Czechoslovakia) in their fear that the German aim was to attract the other members of the Warsaw Pact away from the Soviet Union just at a time when tension with China made stability and the maintenance of the European status quo more important than ever.

The special feature of the German *Ostpolitik* as continued by the Brandt-Scheel Coalition lies not so much in its novelty or its content, important though German acceptance of existing frontiers is to Eastern Europe and the mutual renunciation of the use of force to us all. The two previous German Governments had prepared the way for this. In my view Dr Adenauer would probably have pursued a similar policy had he been Chancellor today. Brandt and Scheel have, however, felt able to accept the existing situation as the basis for treaty commitments, without renouncing the ultimate goal of reunification. Above all, they have ceased to hesitate between Moscow and Eastern Europe. By pursuing simultaneously a co-ordinated *Ostpolitik* over the whole front—Moscow, Warsaw, and even Pankow (Prague would no doubt have had equal priority had it not been for the aftermath of 1968)—they have lessened suspicions

everywhere (except of course in Pankow). This approach has enabled Treaties to be signed more or less simultaneously in Moscow and in Warsaw with, as a result, the renewal of direct discussions between Bonn and Pankow and the prospect of exchanges with Prague and Budapest.

The real significance of the Soviet-German Treaty lies less in its actual terms—since Germany is unable, and the Soviet Union in present circumstances unlikely, to resort to the use of force in Europe—than in the fact that without it Poland and eventually the other states in Eastern Europe would never have been allowed to improve their own relations with the Federal Republic.

TWO SERIOUS QUESTIONS remain, however, to be discussed. First, why has the Soviet Union, so cold and hostile hitherto, changed its position so suddenly? Secondly, what has been gained by the parties concerned, the Federal Republic on the one side and Moscow and its allies on the other?

To understand the Soviet attitude even partially we should, I suggest, look further back into history than the recent period of the two World Wars, with all the horrors which the Germans and the Russians inflicted upon each other and which their populations have not forgotten. The mutual involvement of Germans and Russians goes back a long way. For much of modern Russian history (at least since Peter the Great), Germans have played a considerable part at the Imperial Court, in the Armed Forces, in the education system and in industry, engineering and even agriculture—in administering, developing and modernising the country. While Germans in Russia have not usually been popular, their efficiency and hard work have long been respected. When I had a long farewell conversation with Khrushchev in the autumn of 1962 (I was leaving Moscow for Bonn), he talked much of Germany in *these* terms and not in the usual propaganda idiom of "revanchism and militarism." Nor should we forget how much the Marxist philosophy and Lenin himself and the original revolutionary leaders owe to German colleagues and forerunners. Not all Germans are bad Germans in Soviet or Russian eyes. Nor are all the good Germans in the D.D.R. It is not, therefore, surprising that a Soviet leadership conscious of its increasing need to develop its economy and technology on more efficient lines should look again to the European country for which it has long had a great, if reluctant, admiration in these particular fields.

I should, myself, however, attach even greater importance in the new Soviet thinking to two other factors, neither of which is so reassuring. The first is the desire of the Soviet leaders—while they strengthen the Soviet position overseas, in the Middle East, against China and even in the Indian Ocean; while they continue to lessen the American lead in nuclear weapons and to negotiate with them on SALT and other issues of major world significance; while they try to cope with increasing economic and even ideological problems at home; in short while they are so heavily engaged on so many fronts—to consolidate the status quo in Eastern Europe, at all events for the present. This requires German acceptance of the existing frontiers and of the existing division of Germany.

The other factor is the renewed prospect of an early enlargement of the European Community and of the revival of activity within the existing Community. The Russians will, on past form, accept and accommodate themselves to both these developments. They will even probably find some advantage in an expanded Community (and one less likely therefore to fall one day under German domination) just as in their heart of hearts they probably—at least while they continue to give priority to preserving the status quo—see some advantage in the maintenance of a NATO under American leadership and “containing” Germany. But if it could be prevented they would prefer not to be confronted with a stronger and more united Europe. So long as they see some prospect of holding up West European integration by attracting Germany with the alternative of increasing openings to the East, however illusory, this is a game worth playing. Finally, a Soviet Union which has appeared eager for the proposed Conference on European Security to take place must have seen that this should be easier to achieve after than before a Soviet German treaty. The Soviet gains from the treaty are, therefore, fairly obvious. Of the objectives listed to me in the mid-’60s by Ambassador Abrasimov they have achieved, or are likely to achieve, all but one—the diplomatic recognition of the D.D.R. as a separate nation.

BUT THE RUSSIANS WILL have to pay some price. The most serious is perhaps the increased difficulty they must have in the future in uniting their allies in the Warsaw Pact behind the boggy of alleged West German “revanchism, militarism and imperialism.” This also affects Soviet propaganda in the outside world.

Secondly, the Soviet desire to see the Treaty ratified may increase the pressure on the D.D.R. to become more accommodating. Thirdly, if the treaty is ever to secure the two-thirds majority in the *Bundesstag* necessary for ratification, the current Berlin negotiations with the three Western Berlin powers must first be concluded. And this can only be on the basis of a strengthening, by firm and definite treaty provisions, of the code of practice similar to Anglo-Saxon case law which has grown up over the years in implementation of Western rights in Berlin and on the access routes. There will also have to be improvements of a humanitarian character affecting the lives of the West Berliners themselves. Though there may be some changes in actual Federal representation in West Berlin, any agreement will have to confirm the economic and other links between the Federal Republic and West Berlin. Since the Soviet Union at present takes its stand upon the status quo and, as its representatives repeat so often, upon “existing realities,” these are also realities upon which the West has made its stand. The Russians will have to accept them as the price of ratification, even though this means trouble for them with Ulbricht and his régime. But Pankow also stands to gain something from an already improving relationship with Bonn. There will be no exchange of Ambassadors between Bonn and Pankow (nor is there between the independent neighbouring and not always friendly states of Lebanon and Syria on the similar ground that neither country can be altogether foreign to the other); but Bonn has already accepted the D.D.R. as another state of the German nation.

It has ceased to apply the Hallstein doctrine’s sanctions automatically to third countries which enter into diplomatic relations with the D.D.R. It is no longer insisting upon its sole right to represent all Germans whether they live in the West or the East, and is ready to pursue talks at all levels between the two states of the German nation. The D.D.R. has travelled some way since the days when it was compulsory in the West for it to be described as “the Soviet Zone of Germany.”

ON THE ASSESSMENT I have made, Bonn might seem to be giving more than it will get in return from the Soviet-German treaty and the *Ostpolitik* of which it is a part. There are voices within the German Opposition asserting that the losses outweigh the gains and that the future is dark for the Federal Republic and for the Western Alliance. My own view is that, painful though it must be for the Federal Government and for the German

people formally to abandon large regions which were undoubtedly part of Germany and inhabited largely by Germans for many centuries, Germany has not given up anything in these treaties that was not already finally lost as a result of Hitler's war. The advantages of closing this chapter and thus making possible a new relationship with Poland and the other countries of Eastern Europe outweigh the cost in real terms. This seems to be the majority view in the Federal Republic. As regards the Soviet Union certain advantages surely exist in what amounts to the formal acceptance by the Russians of West Germany's position as a member of NATO and of the European Communities, and in her abandonment of outdated claims to intervene (in certain unspecified circumstances) in the internal affairs of the Federal Republic. It also seems to me that it is West Germany and not East Germany which stands to gain most from increased contacts between them. Willy Brandt's reception last year in Erfurt indicated this with perhaps embarrassing and almost dangerous clarity.

Although much has been made of the dangers or the opportunities (depending upon the point of view) of increased economic exchanges between Germany and Russia, these should not be exaggerated. West German trade with Russia forms 1½% of her trade with the Eastern Bloc, which as a whole is about 4% of her total trade. This corresponds broadly with the British situation. Such trade will increase, but it is most unlikely to increase sensationally or even significantly as a proportion of total trade—if past experience of the real possibilities of trade with Communist countries (and of the Soviet policy of avoiding putting too many eggs, golden or otherwise, into one basket) is any guide.

This indeed could well be the cautious note on which to conclude this personal British assessment. Because of past history and of current bilateral problems and difficulties, the Soviet-German treaty and the German *Ostpolitik* clearly have greater significance than any similar exchanges between East and West Europe hitherto. It is an important fact that the ice has begun to break which had for so long frozen German relations with East Europe. But, welcome though this development is to me personally and indeed generally in Britain, there has only been a

beginning and it would be as misleading to exaggerate its significance to date as to minimise it.

Certain facts have been recognised, certain dangers avoided. But there has been no change in alliances nor in the political set-up in Europe. We all know how prudently and carefully the Russians themselves approach such matters. Despite the fast tempo of recent events, all members of the Western Alliance should be grateful that the German Government has on the whole also approached them prudently and carefully, certainly with the desire to balance reconciliation in the West with a similar process in the East, but also discouraging any false hopes of early "big steps" forward (e.g. towards German reunification). There has been a continuing emphasis on the overriding importance of Western unity and strength within Europe and across the Atlantic. A quarter of a century has passed since the war. The world having entered into what President Nixon himself has described as "a period of East-West negotiations" and General de Gaulle (and his successors) having so clearly indicated "the road east", it was inevitable that Germany, lying in the centre of Europe, should also look east.

It is fortunate that the Germans should be doing so as part of a continuous process involving the closest allied consultation begun under previous Governments (which have represented all three political parties). It is being conducted by leaders many of whom have had such close personal experiences of the excesses of Nazism and of Communism alike that they are free of illusions, know what forces they are up against, and realise that even the limited success so far achieved and the cautious progress hoped for in future would be figments of the imagination if Germany stood on her own. The road ahead in the East will be longer and more difficult than that already travelled by Germany in the West. The goal is as different as is the international setting from that of Rapallo in 1922 or the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939. My own conviction is that Germany's allies have no real cause for concern over the German *Ostpolitik* and, provided a satisfactory agreement is also reached over Berlin, can welcome the Soviet-German and the Polish-German treaties.

BOOKS & WRITERS

The Magic Man

Thomas Mann in His Letters — By JOHN MANDER

HE WAS KNOWN to the family—and this long before the *Zauberberg*—as The Magician. They were a great family for nicknames, the Manns: I had never known that Golo (familiar to readers of *ENCOUNTER*) was in fact born Gottfried; Erika was always *Erikind*; Katia, wife and mother, was always *Mielein*; and the great man himself signed the numerous letters to his children and grandchildren in this volume¹ with a simple “Z”—Z for *Zauberer*. And so on, and so on. Each had his or her nickname, brothers Viktor and Heinrich, children, and eventually grandchildren. And the nickname was very much of the Mann family game. How improper that he should write to, and allow himself to be addressed by, his publisher Alfred Knopf as “Tommy”! How right that Professor Golo Mann, who has taken much of his father’s burden of *Praeceptor Germaniae* on his adult shoulders, should not eschew the childhood Golo for the much more professorial-sounding Gottfried! Just one big happy family? Not always: there were three suicides (an aunt, a sister, his own son Klaus). But these letters of the son of a Lübeck patrician are reserved and tell us little of such matters. Yet Mann had a very great gift for friendship, despite the patrician *distanz*. An acquaintance met four or five decades before in Munich will still be addressed as “Herr X” or “Herr Doktor Y” from Pacific Palisades. There are few truly *intimate* letters in these volumes and one remembers, of course, that there was no Autobiography—unless one is to take all his works, *à la* Goethe, as part of one great confession. Certainly, it is not dif-

ficult to see how Mann got a reputation for stiffness and coldness as a public man.

Mann himself, as we know, was a lover of contradiction in all its forms. His novels are labyrinths constructed of elaborate ironies and antinomies. Like Chesterton, he was never a man to let go of a good paradox when he had it by the tail (or should it be “tale”?). This penchant has been reproved by many critics—Michael Hamburger, for instance—who would perhaps not jib at the same tricks of language, the same prestidigitation, the same playful *zauberei*, in Joyce or Empson or Beckett. Yet there is a point to the criticism, as these letters show. It is not that the Great Magician was ever a bore. These letters start in 1889 when Mann was fourteen, and end with his death shortly after the celebration of his eightieth birthday in 1955. The edition is a great deal shorter than the German original (though at 700 pages long enough for the Anglo-Saxon reader, I suspect). Yet, though many of his correspondents are now dead or forgotten, the letters are never dull, and the light they shed on Thomas Mann both as man and artist is something we shall never be able to do without.

Cold? Never to his family; not even, after years of bickering, to his long-estranged elder brother Heinrich. It seems incredible that at the very time he was working on the Joseph saga his house in Princeton was fast becoming, as he put it, a clearing-house for German, Austrian, and Czech refugees. Yet he managed; the great work went on, and no man was turned away. Stiff? Well, his manners remained those of a North German gentleman, a Lübeck patrician, to the end. Yet he was no Stefan George (whom he admired), with his elegant disciples and—to a foreigner—distasteful, ritualised pomposity.

¹ *Letters, 1889-1955*. By THOMAS MANN. Translated with an introduction by Richard and Clara Winston. Secker & Warburg, 2 vols., £6.30 each.

Still less was he a Rilke, with an adoring retinue of Countesses and Archduchesses. He was not without arrogance, as he freely confesses in his correspondence. But he remained a burgher, a scion of the proud *Bürgertum* of the medieval Hansa—and this was no mask, no magic metamorphosis: it was the man himself. He had the proper pride of a man whom self-knowledge has made humble.

THIS IS NOT QUITE the Thomas Mann we are usually presented with. Erich Heller wrote of Mann as the “Ironie German.” And it is certainly true that Mann liked to sport with ambiguities. He liked to keep people guessing, and it is clear that he drew much punishment on his head for this incorrigible naughtiness. Yet, here again, his letters vindicate Mann against the tribe of his critics—and one has to remember that they extended from extreme Right to extreme Left. Before 1914, he was “unpolitical”—a crime in the eyes of his brother Heinrich and the Socialists. *Friedrich und die Grosse Koalition* and *Bekenntnisse eines Unpolitischen*, written as his “war work”, exploded this charge. He now had admirers on the Right; on the Left he was reviled as a militarist and lost many friends including, temporarily, his much-shocked brother Heinrich. But even before the war was over he was beginning to feel an inner discomfort at his position: *Bekenntnisse eines Unpolitischen* had turned him (at the age of forty) into a political animal. But by 1918, when the book came out, the *ancien régime* was plainly done for. In Munich, he must have witnessed both the short-lived Eisner rising, the subsequent savage retribution, and shortly afterwards the rise of Arturo Ui. By now Mann was well cured of his *deutschtümelei*. He was drawing closer to the position of Heinrich Mann. By the mid-’20s, in *Von Deutscher Republik*, the reversal was complete. The Burgher, eschewing the extremes, had chosen the middle way, the way of republicanism and democratic Socialism. Again, he was bitterly attacked. For the Left (Toller, Grosz, Brecht, the Expressionists) he had become the very model of a bourgeois reformist; for the Right he had delivered himself into the hands of all those who threatened to destroy German *Kultur* and the revered Teutonic virtues. Today, we can see the consistency of Mann’s position in the years before 1933 (when Mann went into exile at the age of fifty-eight). At the time, it is quite understandable that a great many of his admirers did not. One is tempted to

ask: did the famous ambiguity lie not in Mann and his political behaviour, or at least as much in that of his one-time admirers?

BE THAT AS IT MAY, the curse of “ambiguity” was never after to leave him. In Germany, he was vilified by the Nazis for his new-found radicalism, stripped of his honours, and finally of his citizenship (it is interesting that Goebbels was extremely reluctant to take this final step). But Mann was luckier than many of his fellow-exiles: he was, after all, a Nobel prize-winner, and an author of international fame. Switzerland welcomed him, and later America. The honours did not cease to flow; and he did not cease to write about them to his correspondents with a wry, self-mocking acceptance of the inevitable. Fifty-eight, to say the least, is not the ideal age to “discover America”: But America took him to her arms as only she knows how. And perhaps no greater tribute to the America of F.D.R., the New Deal, and the Marshall Plan has ever been paid than in Mann’s allegory of Joseph the Provider. (His main correspondents at this time, apart from the German exiles, were Agnes Meyer of the *Washington Post* and his publisher Alfred Knopf). But the fat years (never so fat financially as his friends imagined) did not last; the lean years of Nixon and McCarthy were soon upon him. By 1948 he was already being branded as a “commie”—had he not, after all, lent his support to the Stockholm Peace Conference (in fact he had emphatically declined to take part)? He was a Henry Wallace man; but pleasantly surprised when Truman beat Dewey in 1948. As in the 1930s, he was surrounded by people wanting him to sign manifestos, address conferences, and generally declare himself as a “political man”. He refused. America was still to him Joseph the Provider: now an American citizen, he refused to see her (publicly) in any other light. Privately, though, it is clear from these letters that his love-affair with America was over by 1948-1949.

THOMAS MANN was no Utopian—indeed these letters show that his deepest roots were in what Lukács would call the “bourgeois realism” of the nineteenth century: Balzac, Tolstoy, Gottfried Keller, and Fontane. Nothing delighted him more, during a very serious operation in Chicago, than to observe all the minutiae of the surgical

ritual—here was Life imitating the Art of the *Zauberberg*! He dabbled in magic, ancient religion, mythology, psychopathology and much more; and always, always, like the good German he was, he would defer to the experts before putting pen to paper: “*Lieber Herr Professor*, would you be so kind as to reveal to me the mysteries of incest-marriage in Ancient Egypt/the pituitary gland/the significance of a certain rather troublesome passage in the Cabbala . . . ?” How many of the letters in this collection are in this vein. And it is part of Mann’s magic as an artist that one is drawn into the debate, however apparently arcane and, at times, wilfully self-parodying. Yet for many, of course, it is just these hints of self-parody that have bred critical doubts about Thomas Mann as an artist.

It is not that we are being blinded with science: these letters make it quite plain that Mann always privately mocked those (especially in America) who insisted on hailing him as “a philosopher for our times” or even as “this deeply-learned man.” He knew he was neither and it is surely not chance that the brilliant rainbow of Mann’s art should have begun with *Buddenbrooks* and ended, close on eighty, with the completion of the long-abandoned fragment of *Felix Krull*, the *Hochstapler* or confidence-man. Hostile critics would argue that this return to his youthful view of the Artist as a *Hochstapler* amounts to a repudiation of his “philosophical” books—*Der Zauberberg*, the Joseph saga, *Doktor Faustus*. The artist, Mann repeats again and again as he grows older, is one who seeks to entertain, to divert, to give pleasure. He is always more *jongleur* than *philosophe*. These 700 pages of letters do not finally resolve the problem of Mann’s “seriousness.” Incidentally, they have been superbly translated, annotated and introduced by Richard and Clara Winston, and my only complaint is that we have to guess too often at the replies, many of which must be extant. It is evident that the imperturbability of Mann’s prose hides many a storm which is not fully explained: too often we are given the impression of a monologue when in fact it is a dialogue that is taking place.

If anything, it might be said that the letters provide support for both views of Thomas Mann and his work. He was indeed the Lübeck patrician and paterfamilias, and his letters to his children and his wife (typically, he borrowed back his love-letters to use them as building material for *Königliche Hoheit*), and his loyalty to old friends like Hesse,

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Hofmannsthal, Feuchtwanger, Bruno Walter, Alfred Knopf and Agnes Meyer, are evidence of a remarkable gift for friendship. (Even Gerhart Hauptmann was soothed at last—he appears as Mynheer Peeperkorn in the *Zauberberg*—by the magician's charms, though the pricklier Schoenberg was never quite persuaded that the composer Adrian Leverkühn, the hero of *Doktor Faustus*, was not a malignant portrait of himself, whereas it is plainly meant as a portrait of Nietzsche.) There is nothing "ambiguous" about these friendships: they show Mann to have been the "*Gute Bürger*", and in the end the "political man" that he desired to be.

But "a philosopher for our times"? These

letters, again, prove that the public took him—perhaps still takes him?—a good deal more seriously than he ever took himself. If he saw himself at last as Krull, the confidence-man, it may be that he was anticipating and, to some extent, acquiescing in the verdict of posterity. Cannily, he foresaw maybe that his books might actually gain by being taken less seriously, by being treated as entertainment rather than philosophy. Yet that, too, is a philosophical view he could have imbibed from his early mentor, Nietzsche: "The Greeks were profound—because they were superficial! . . ." Perhaps it is in the light of this aphorism that Thomas Mann should be read today.

Racial Dimensions

By Max Beloff

NO ONE CAN DENY the social and political importance of what we nowadays call "race relations." It is less clear that there is, or ought to be, an academic study of that name with the usual complement of chairs, institutes, and so forth. The Institute of Race Relations of which Mr. Philip Mason was director from its foundation in 1958 until last year has important achievements to its credit, not least the massive report on British Race Relations by Mr. E. J. B. Rose.¹ But, as Mr. Mason shows himself in his most recent book, relations between people of different races—however one defines "race"—are only part of the general social complex, and are intimately and inextricably interwoven with all those other strands that go to explain the behaviour of individuals and groups.²

To understand race relations within a given context—and no two contexts are identical—

demand the application of knowledge derived from many different disciplines; few can hope to be masters of all of them and each writer will have his preference among them. The reader seeking illumination, even the practical man seeking guidance for legislative or other action, will gain from knowing what these preferences are in particular cases. Mr. Mason's point of view is far removed from the genetical determinism of Professor C. D. Darlington.³ But he is at one with him in his awareness of the importance throughout history of relations between racial groups, of the normality, historically-speaking, of situations in which such groups exist in a hierarchical situation towards each other, and of the importance of conquest and domination in producing new cultural patterns and new syntheses.

It is particularly important at the present time that this aspect of the problem should be stressed, since it is all too readily assumed that race relations is a problem created through the expansion of Europe, or in the case of the Americas by the slave-trade, and that it can be understood by concentrating uniquely upon this aspect of it. It is thus useful that Mr. Mason should devote a large

¹ *Colour and Citizenship: A Report on British Race Relations*. By E. J. B. ROSE and associates. Published for the Institute of Race Relations by Oxford University Press (1969), £4.50, paper £2.75

² *The Pattern of Dominance*. By PHILIP MASON. Oxford University Press, £3.50

³ See my review of C. D. Darlington, *The Evolution of Man and Society*, ENCOUNTER, October 1970.

part of his study to India, not only because his own personal experience gives a particular immediacy to this portion of the narrative, but also because the complexities of India's racial structure arising from successive waves of conquest and migration before the British period are so intimately part of the totality of India's social and religious scene. While one could imagine a United States with no Negro problem—and for much of the country one would only have to go back to before the first World War—and while an older generation can easily remember a time at which a black face was a rarity in a British street—India without its diversity of colour and caste and without their impact upon occupational structure would not be an India that anyone could recognise.

On the other hand, by bringing in Spanish America, the Caribbean, and above all Brazil, Mr. Mason is able to see how far a specifically Anglo-Saxon or North European Protestant element enters into racial attitudes in North America, Britain, or Southern Africa. Not that Mr. Mason is unaware of differences of circumstance that have in themselves conducted to differences in social patterns that might have come about without any particular ideological underpinning.

What is common to Mr. Mason's reflections on these and other instances where races are intermingled is the hypothesis indicated in the title of his study, namely that it is the original dominance of one race over another that produces the stereotypes of prejudice and the codes of conduct in personal as well as economic relationships to which these conduce. But dominance itself is a variable; some dominant groups have felt themselves more vulnerable than others—relative numbers play their part—and their conduct is influenced accordingly.

While it is possible to survey particular societies either in the present or at some past stage of their development in the light of their standing codes of race relations, Mr. Mason, an historian by instinct and predilection rather than a "social scientist," is well aware that things change all the time, and that we are at the moment witnessing a major change in the repudiation by hitherto subject groups in many parts of the world of the whole idea of inequality and of the systems by which it is perpetuated. Mr. Mason's book is thus in part a contribution to the study of the dissolution of empires.

Mr. Mason's own sympathies, like those of so many intellectuals of the dominant white

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racism, are with the new claim to total equality though he is well aware that the "hierarchical principle" now under challenge "was for long a condition of progress." His Indian experience would be enough in itself to prevent him from understanding the difficulties of moving towards full racial equality. In the Indian princely states in the British period, there was less communal strife than in British India proper:

In a state, the ruling house belonged to one religion or another, most of the ruled knew that the interests of one group were paramount, and no change seemed likely. Where an attempt was made at impartial administration there was uncertainty and strife.

The difficulties of imposing ideas of equality before the law or at the hands of the administration among peoples in whom notions of inequality were deeply rooted, no doubt helps to explain the to us often brash and distasteful racial self-confidence and sense of superiority in British imperial circles in the heyday of British imperialism. When Milner writes of the future of southern Africa that "the *ultimate* end is a self-governing white community, supported by *well-treated* and justly governed black labour from Cape Town to Zambezi", or that Chinese labour is necessary because "without a substratum of coloured people" white labour cannot exist here, the modern young American historian is bound to find it distasteful. But in finding it distasteful and in being unable to enter into the mental world of those who found these sentiments and their underlying assumptions unobjectionable he is at the same time unable to get them and their historical role into proper focus.⁴

Mr. Mason himself is aware that while one section of the dominant white races has responded to the new situation by a hardening of prejudice, others will seek to meet it by endorsing proposals for rapid political change, the more so since the revolt of the coloured has got tangled up with the revolt of the poor against the rich, and even of the somewhat more artificial and perhaps evanescent revolt of the young against their elders. He is also aware that the outcome in any particular case is not predetermined. The achievement of complete equality within a society which once consisted of a dominant stratum and others distinguished from it by colour is not easy of attainment. More common is the

type of gradation by colour, with no absolute barriers at any point in the scale, such as is found in Brazil and in different combinations in the various Caribbean islands. But this is not to accept without criticism the whole of the Freyre Luso-Brazilian theory.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE SCALE there is the possibility of an *apartheid* solution. We are used to thinking of this in South African terms, and of the various devices by which it is made certain that separate development is rendered compatible with white supremacy, and its economic foundations in a pool of black labour. But over the last decade we have come in dealing with American experience to see that it may be the former oppressed who see their best hope to lie not in "integration" but in separation from the world, and hopefully from the values, of the dominant white majority.

Two other possibilities remain open. The roles of Master and Servant might simply be reversed with the coloured element dominating a mixed society and making its own rules. Or one might have the actual extirpation, or at the least the expulsion, of the formerly dominant stratum. No example of this exists on any large scale in the history of White-Black relations; but Mr. Mason's description of the relations between the Tutsi and Hutu in Ruanda and the reversal of roles after independence is relevant here.

WE COME BACK TO THE VIEW that Mr. Mason holds implicitly though rarely giving voice to it in so many words—what he calls (when he does give voice to it), "this deep dualism in the nature of man, godlike in apprehension but beastly in appetite . . ." Or, put another way, the prejudices that both arise from situations of dominance and help to explain their perpetuation are in part not rational at all; their origins are to be found very deep in the human psyche. It is not unimportant that it is in the sphere of sexual relations and parentage that we find the real test of the kind of race-relations that exist within a given society, or that sexual myths and sexual imagery so often figure in the popular attitudes towards the whole subject. And this is not merely because sexual exploitation of black females was an obvious and pervasive feature of slavery and other situations of dominance, not excluding South Africa and the American "Old South."

Mr. Mason indicates the nature of the problem, but neither constructs a psychological theory to explain it nor indicates how these feelings could be transcended. If the

⁴ The reference is to Walter Nimocks' *Milner's Young Men: The "Kindergarten" in Edwardian Imperial Affairs*. Hodder & Stoughton, £2.10

work that has been done at the University of Sussex in using the concepts of psycho-analysis to illumine the Nazi massacres can continue successfully in the field of race-relations, we may be much nearer an understanding of where we are and what we have to do than we can be now.

IT IS THIS DIMENSION that is lacking in the otherwise very useful report by Mr. Rose and his associates. Much information about the immigrant communities in Britain, their origins and present economic and social position, and the disabilities from which they suffer is collected here. It will or should serve to destroy any surviving beliefs that all Britain's coloured inhabitants have similar life-patterns or cherish similar ambitions. It can show what legislation or administrative action could do to prevent the situation developing into one in which colour is an important or even determining element in economic and social stratification. But it tells us very little about what the immigrant communities feel about their hosts or vice versa. If the element of irrationality in the race-situation on both sides is very high, then much of what the Government and the liberal establishment

have been attempting may not produce the results that have been hoped for. To create a society in which colour will be as irrelevant to social esteem as an individual's size in shoes would be something hitherto unachieved in human history. That is not to say it cannot be achieved, only that the achievement will be difficult and that much of what we would need to know can at present only be surmised.

We are a long way from the innocence of Professor Nimocks' group of Edwardian gentlemen; we must be careful lest our assumptions sixty years on look as odd to our successors as theirs do to us. We must, as does Mr. Mason, look outside our own society and our own times before we can fully appreciate the immense complexities of the situation in this country, in the United States, and in all countries which face the problems of what we used, more gently, to call "plural societies." And even then we lack both a moral and a social theory to tell us what our aims ought to be. What seemed self-evident in the United States in the heyday of the Civil Rights movement can now be called into question. The ground beneath our feet is uncertain; it is to Mr. Mason's credit that he does not pretend otherwise.

The New Free Woman with Novel Inside

Harriet Weaver and James Joyce — GEORGE D. PAINTER

DEAR MISS WEAVER in her middle seventies when I briefly met her was a tallish bolt-upright maiden lady, with eyes as blue as her dark-blue close hat trimmed with white. From her manner, and indeed her inmost nature, emanated a reticent sincerity, a gentle and gentlewomanly inflexibility, a bleak but affection-inspiring goodness ("I shall think of her when I think of goodness," said Beckett after her death), and also something more intimidating—a sense that if one were however involuntarily to fall short of her standards of honesty and conduct, the consequences would somehow be terrible. This, then, was the Harriet Shaw Weaver to whom Eliot in 1932 had made a famous dedication, "in gratitude and in recognition of her services to English letters." As editor or

publisher her list had included, in the heroic second decade of this century when modern times began, Pound, Wyndham Lewis, Lawrence, Eliot, and above all Joyce. In the teeth of terrified printers, when all save she had fled, she serialised and published *Portrait of the Artist*, and then, concurrently with *The Little Review* and Sylvia Beach, *Ulysses*. Without her subsidies *Finnegans Wake* would never have been written. But her activism in literary history was only the transposition of an inner individuality. Miss Weaver clearly existed in her own right as a remarkable personality; but how, and why? Would one ever know more of her?

When I made some remark on her tremendous past, using the unqualified name



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Joyce, she would reply with a little stare of defiance: "Yes, I remember *Mr* Joyce telling me. . . ." To her the writer she had known in the deepest relationship of her life, and one of the deepest of his, was *Mr* Joyce, and it would have been a pointless betrayal to call him otherwise. Stanislaus Joyce was just the same and the opposite. I saw him when he came to the British Museum to look at microfilms lent from Buffalo, perhaps for use in the later part of *My Brother's Keeper* which he did not survive to write. As he rotated the clanking winch of the projector he muttered distractedly: "There's Jim's letter . . . there's Eliot's letter . . . there's Jim's letter . . . Ah, Bejaze!" (with a roar of triumph) "There's my letter!" And, as sometimes happened in his brother's features, his previously moderate-sized mouth suddenly opened from ear to ear in a wolfish Irish grin. "What do you think of Mr Joyce's/me brother's last book?" they each asked, she in June 1951 and he in August 1954; and when I expressed my conviction that *Finnegans Wake* is as much greater than *Ulysses* as *Ulysses* is greater than *Portrait of the Artist*, each gave the same look of surprise modulating through suspicion into relief. They had seen Shelley plain; here was I, seeing eagle-feathers. Who wrote Joyce's books? Jim, Mr Joyce, Joyce, or the Three in One?

Stanislaus, the Maurice of *Stephen Hero* and (did he even know it?) the Shaun, the "dear sweet Stainusless" of *Finnegans Wake* (237:11), the chosen principal victim of Joyce's importunate impecuniosity until Miss Weaver took over, deserves his own biography. Here is Harriet Weaver's,¹ truthful, informative, moving, delightful to read, appropriate in approach, style and organisation, not without its quiet wit and astringency, and altogether a distinguished work in the field of biographical art. On a more subdued and temperate plane (for every biography ought to resemble its subject) it sustains comparison with such masterworks of the new school as Richard Ellmann's *Joyce*, Carlos Baker's *Hemingway*, or Francis Steegmuller's *Cocteau*. Their technique, in which the biographer endeavours, intervening as little as possible in his own person, to re-create a life in time, to show a human being living outwardly from within, to elicit causes in terms of effects, is here applied perhaps for the first time to a non-creator, to an

¹ *Dear Miss Weaver*. By JANE LIDDERDALE & MARY NICHOLSON. Faber, £4.50.

extraordinary ordinary person of primarily moral interest.

For many years I absurdly believed her to be a New England American, and even Ellmann (following Robert McAlmon's *Being Geniuses Together*) calls her a Quaker. She was in fact born in Cheshire, in 1876, of evangelist C. of E. parents, and acquired invaluable business experience at the age of ten as treasurer of the East Bank Hen Company (a marvellous photo shows her with her co-directors little Harold and Maude, clasping hens—takings from eggs laid on Sundays had to be put in the missionary box). She rebelled through reading Walt Whitman in adolescence, only to carry the same moral imperatives into her new life of humanist radicalism. Who most needed what good she could do? Homing like a missile, deviously yet ineluctably, the devotion of this ideal patron converged upon the receptiveness of the improvident artist. In 1912 Harriet found herself financing a feminist magazine called *The Freewoman*, later *The New Freewoman*, finally *The Egoist*, which wanted freedom for everyone, even men. Ezra, pounding selflessly away, descended with his circus of geniuses, including the *Portrait*, "damn fine stuff", and Miss Weaver, as he said, "never turned away anything good." Her career as editor-publisher, here fascinatingly told, is Balzacian and Gilbertian. Her ledgers are meticulous, but ingeniously cooked to conceal her benefactions. Circulation of *The Egoist*, in inverse proportion to quality, sank below 200. Only one *Egoist* Press book, *Prufrock*, showed a profit—of 2s 9d. Even the *Portrait* and *Ulysses*, despite considerable real sales, made a loss, because she gave more than all the profits to Joyce disguised as royalties. There will never be another editor-publisher like Miss Weaver.

JOYCE NEVER NAMED her in any of his works, as the authors correctly say. However, when he wrote in *Finnegans Wake* (145:29) of "that New Free Woman with novel inside", he no doubt alluded as much to the editress as to the magazine. During the sixteen years of the *Wake* she provided for Joyce and his family with a settlement of £21,000, and made further gifts in the many emergencies caused by his eye-operations or the illness of his tragic daughter Lucia. Joyce himself felt and accepted, at quite a deep level, that he was writing the *Wake* as a return for her generosity, and the letters in which he explains his work and his woes to his patron

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form the most important single section of his correspondence. Entering into the joke she ordered, signing herself "Henriette Véavère", "one full length grave account of his esteemed Highness Rhaggrid O'Hoggnor's Hogg Tomb", which he duly executed. But soon, with devastating honesty, she declared: "I do not care much for the output from your Wholesale Safety Pun Factory." Miss Weaver could approve Mr Joyce's writing when it was serious and outspoken, as in *Ulysses*, but not when it was comic and incomprehensible, as in *Finnegans Wake*. She further distressed Joyce by her horror at the innocent evening carousals with which he repaired the daily ravages of work and anguish, for Miss Weaver was an incurable non-alcoholic. Then—and this at least was not her fault, for Joyce retaliated with the Irish instinct for knocking you down if you look as though you think so—she was among the friends who forfeited his goodwill by failing to assure him that Lucia would respond to treatment. She stood by Mr Joyce, and by Norah Joyce, and by Lucia, to the end; her vocation remained, but for moral satisfaction she must look elsewhere.

Miss Weaver's later years contain a crashing surprise. In the sweet agape of the Popular Front she became first a crypto, then an open communist, "Comrade Josephine", selling the *Daily Worker* on Marylebone street-corners, trudging in protest marches, hiding her membership card in a volume of her *Encyclopaedia*

Britannica, undeviatingly loyal to every deviation of party line from 1939 to Hungary. How mistaken, and yet, in her, how characteristic! Whether this defender of Joyce would have balked at the activities of the Soviet Writers' Union, the fate of Pasternak or Solzhenitsyn, remains unknown.

When Miss Weaver asked the Woolfs, at young Mr Eliot's well-meant suggestion, to print *Ulysses* at their Hogarth Press, the contrast between "this remarkable piece of dynamite" and that "very mild blue-eyed advanced spinster" amused Leonard Woolf, but exasperated Virginia, who could not get over her grey woollen gloves. Yet Harriet Weaver's incongruity, remarked by so many, was real, built in, the savour of her salt, the dynamic of her qualities. Like Joyce himself, this straitlaced rebel was a product of the family situation, double-dealing nature's device for creating variety without sacrificing conformism. Her mother had caught her reading *Adam Bede*, confiscated the book, and called in the local vicar to give her a good talking to; her favourite brother Harold died young; she felt that her inherited money, tainted by usury, was hers in trust. So Miss Weaver devoted her life and money to publishing and supporting a banned writer whom she loved with a sister's love, lest her mother should go unanswered and her brother die again. Now, when it would be socially, culturally, economically impossible for her to happen again, let us not make the mistake of despising her grey woollen gloves.

SELECTED BOOKS

Dumb Insolence?

HISTORIANS may find significance in the fact that one of the few memorable and popular poems to be written by an Englishman during the Second World War was Henry Reed's "Naming of Parts." The Second World War did not produce an Owen or a Rosenberg and it is presumably significant that throughout Europe as a whole it inspired nothing comparable to the fierce protest against the idiocy of warfare as such that characterises the literature of the First World War. "Naming of Parts" expresses the conscripted civilian's good-humoured acceptance

of an inconvenient but unavoidable situation together with the acute nostalgia characteristic of much of the English poetry written during the first half of the century and for which the war had provided an obvious occasion. The popularity of the poem must be due partly to the accuracy with which it conveys these feelings and with which it brings familiar details alive: the small arms instructor's way of speaking, for example, simulated by an ingenious adaptation of T. S. Eliot's dramatic verse.

*This is the lower sling swivel. And this
Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see,
When you are given your slings. And this is the
piling swivel,*

*Which in your case you have not got. The
branches
Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent
gestures.
Which in our case we have not got.*

Mr Reed can remind us of the slightly galling egalitarian implications of that use of the second person plural and even the reference to the piling swivel is a guarantee of authenticity. Veterans will recall that it was removed from the British service rifle shortly before the outbreak of hostilities after several piles of rifles deposited on foreign soil had been appropriated by the native population.

Three of the poems in *Lessons of the War*¹ are from Mr Reed's collection *A Map of Verona* of 1946. These and the two others written more recently, "Movement of Bodies" and "Returning of Issue", reproduce and provide variations on the form and setting of "Naming of Parts", though the two latter poems are an attempt to go beyond the wry wistfulness of the earlier manner. Conscripts sob during a lecture on tactics and in "Returning of Issue" the paternal N.C.O. canvassing for volunteers to join the regular army finds an echo in the guilt-ridden heart of the poet himself, aware of a failing towards his own father, who is evoked in Biblical terms. Both poems can be read as the work of a sensitive and imaginative mind but they fall short of the seriousness that seems intended. In the last poem particularly Mr Reed has carried the tension between the N.C.O.'s words and their implications for the poet to the point at which reality is left behind. It is as though he were not certain himself how absurd he wished the situation he was evoking to seem and his gifts for parody and self-parody are here an obstacle to the expression of strong poignant feeling.

Geoffrey Strickland

Forgiving his Poetry

"IN ENGLAND people have got that loathsome superior knack of refusing to consider me a poet at all: 'Your prose is so good', say the kind fools, 'that we are obliged to forgive you your poetry.' How I hate them."

In the fifty-odd years since the exasperated Lawrence made this remark, critical attitudes to his poetry have changed, but not much. Pound, Eliot, Blackmur, Richards and a host of lesser fry have all tried the poetry and found it wanting, though most of them have ended up with a grudging admiration of the poems, extorted apparently

by an uneasy sense that their critical arrows are not quite finding their mark because the beast is not in view long enough. In the meantime, to judge by popular reprints, more and more readers have found themselves wanting to try the poetry in spite of the critics. This summary is not of course wholly fair but it's fair enough.

Mr Marshall's book² is the first full-length study of Lawrence's poetry and in that sense fills a gap, but it deserves better than to be noted as a sample of critical dentistry. Most of the time it combines the difficult virtues of generosity and honesty. It is informed by a real love for the poetry without which no book of this length would be worth writing. Mr Marshall is willing to let the poems speak to him without being in too much of a haste for wisdom. But when he has made up his mind he is not afraid to speak it: "Unfortunately, this triumph is expressed in heavy-handed rhymes, peculiar inversions and language of excruciating banality."

The book is loosely organised around two themes, the development of what the author calls a more unified vision, and (developing a hint from Alvarez) the increasing clarity and honesty of Lawrence's treatment of experience. Proceeding chronologically, the author is careful to do justice to those early poems which obstinately refuse to be pounded down by such dismissive phrases as "pre-Raphaelite slush." It is surprising how many there are. There is a sympathetic study of the "Look! We Have Come Through!" sequence though sometimes (as in his remarks on "Two Wives") Mr Marshall confuses a critical analysis with a clinical one. Nor does he always avoid the temptation, inherent in books of this kind, to lose one's way between the desire to be comprehensive and the need to be critical, to say something, no matter how banal or self-evident, about everything, just because it's there. It is really unnecessary to tell us that "The lady has eyes that open like a flower for the first time. She reveals herself, unfolds herself to her lover as a flower unfolds itself", when (a) the six lines of Lawrence's poem "Green" embody the image with as much clarity and far greater resonance and subtlety than the foot-slogging paraphrase and (b) Mr Marshall repeats himself almost verbatim about a different poem two pages later.

But in general the criticism gets better as the poetry does and there are some splendid discussions of poems from the "Birds, Beasts and Flowers" and "The Ship of Death" sequences. Mr Marshall's defence of Lawrence's "poetry of the present" isn't quite persuasive enough to convince us that we are here dealing with a poet big enough to make us revise some of our standards, but neither perhaps was Lawrence's own. And the concluding tentative remarks on the influence of Lawrence on Hart Crane, Robert Lowell, Ted Hughes and other poets now in favour are as good a strategy as any to establish Lawrence's stature.

Gāmini Salgado

¹ *Lessons of the War*. By HENRY REED. Clover Hill Editions. Limited Signed Edition. The Chilmark Press. £16.75.

² *The Psychic Mariner: A Reading of the Poems of D. H. Lawrence*. By TOM MARSHALL. Heinemann. £3.15.

An English Story

WHILE the Owen family had its own way of being happy as well as its own way of being unhappy, the record of its experience is a valuable representative contribution to the social history of England in the early twentieth century. Readers of Harold Owen's trilogy, *Journey from Obscurity*, will have hoped for (and perhaps expected) a sequel, for although Mr Owen blossomed late as a writer he has blossomed richly. "*Aftermath*: Second or later mowing; the crop of grass which springs up after the mowing in early summer."

Wilfred is now dead. And as regards the other members of the family, *Aftermath*¹ has little essentially new to add to what, as gently as possible, the author had let us know already. Every penny must still be counted twice. The painful delicacy of the father continues to contrast with the apparent unfeelingness of the mother, who had spent her tenderness on the eldest son, and her quiet but efficient domestic tyranny. Mr Owen mentions the hurtful way she used the words "My son" for Wilfred and "our son" in referring to the others. The consistent sweetness of the daughter, who (we must hope) found fulfilment in sacrificing herself on the altar of filiality, is dwelt on lovingly here.

¹ *Aftermath*. By HAROLD OWEN. Oxford University Press, £2.75

Colin, the youngest child and by nature the most cheerful, finds his fulfilment, after initial difficulties, in probation work in Kenya.

Harold's was the longest journey of all, and the hardest. The second volume of the trilogy struck me as a kind of Edwardian Pilgrim's Progress, with Harold as a youthful Christian sustained by luck rather than Providence and by naïve rectitude rather than religious faith. In *Aftermath*, discharged from the Navy, in a very poor state of health, he attempts to continue with his training in art, nearly starves to death, suffers from recurrent war-time nightmares, and is forced to take a succession of agricultural jobs, physically hard in themselves and, some of them, made emotionally exhausting by his employers' dispositions. Wordsworthian countrymen might occasionally appear among the labourers, but were certainly rare among the farmers, whether professional or amateur. The superior sensitiveness which Harold couldn't manage to conceal entirely seems to have riled them as much as if they had caught their plough-horse listening to Mahler. Yet even here Mr Owen is fairminded, as ever, and balances "a good farm" against "a bad farm."

What sustained him through the awful Twenties wasn't luck—he encountered little of that—but the persisting simple rectitude together with proper pride and sheer doggedness. He would have been

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better off, someone told him, selling bootlaces from door to door: after all, he was an ex-officer. During the earlier period when he had four shillings a week to spend on food, he saw several doctors—or the doctors saw him, for so emaciated was his appearance that strangers would stop him to exclaim at it. "The Walking Ghost," he later found out, was his nickname at the Royal Academy Schools. The doctors all wished him good luck—he couldn't afford a specialist's fees, he couldn't afford medicines—though one of them suggested guardedly that he might (but he couldn't) simulate complete collapse along Knightsbridge in the hope of attracting a policeman and being taken into hospital. So perhaps after all luck wasn't wholly absent from the scene.

In those years, for someone like Harold Owen it was much as it would be today for the child of an Asian peasant family who took it into his head that he wanted to be an artist or a writer. Perhaps tougher in some ways, because of our Western pride, our difficulty in accepting a bowl of rice gracefully. It is no wonder that, remembering Wilfred's words "*Let us sleep now*", he found them seductively beautiful, and for a moment envied his brother: he slept well, he had made his point, he had begun to make his name, for Sassoon's slim edition of the poems came out in 1920. Harold—sent off to sea at the age of 15—had it all to do. Now we understand the penultimate sentence of the trilogy, on the eve of his appointment with the principal of the Byam Shaw School of Art: "I was not to know the vicissitudes and poverty that the nurturing of this struggling infant that was my painting would bring upon me."

A few good friends encouraged and helped him, as far as he could permit, but little encouragement or understanding was forthcoming on the part of his parents. He refers to his mother's "curious lack of ambition" for the younger sons: ambition, like the greater part of her love, had been invested in Wilfred. Where the others were concerned, he wrote in the second volume of *Journey from Obscurity*, to wish for anything other than God had obviously ordained was profane and "she would finish off by saying that ambition and success were all right for people in their right place, but were not meant to be indulged in by us." Though unwilling to discourage the boys, especially after the War and Wilfred's death (did God ordain that too?), his father ever sought to keep the peace in a household from which hard words and hard liquor were excluded with equal and unquestioned firmness.

It was a long journey, but it did eventually have its turning. On what are correctly called "personal matters" Harold Owen is reticent, as was the custom of his generation. And how pleasing that is—and, indeed, how informative! Incidentally, *Aftermath*, the book, is a beautiful object, aptly garnished with attractive etchings by the author.

D. J. Enright

The Vivisector

THIS SUMPTUOUS FICTION¹ shows one of the most considerable novelists writing today, at the pitch of his powers and form. *The Vivisector* joins the imaginative resources of the writer's *Riders in the Chariot* with the firmer, more abstinent manner developed in *The Solid Mandala*. What might have been in Patrick White's earlier work no more than a gratuitous flourish or creative frolic, is in this book, where there is an almost papal certainty about means, blended into the text and the texture. Descriptive wit enlivens the blandest things. Soup becomes "the kind of soup which satisfies nobody, except probably the cook, who has sweated to clarify a convention rather than a soup"; a dim guest at a party, "a lady of Presbyterian cast and an inherited pendant [who] locked up her large cupboard of a face. . . ."

Hurtle Duffield, the child of a laundress and a rag and bone man, is transferred, almost in the football sense for £500, to a wealthy grazier's family. His two childhoods, the poor and rich; his life, after the war and a period of painting

¹ *The Vivisector*. By PATRICK WHITE. Jonathan Cape, £2.00.

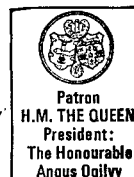
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in Paris when he has broken with the family; his life with Nance Lightfoot; his Sydney life as a celebrated artist; and his afflicted last years with his hunchback sister, follow Patrick White's characteristically biographical line. But each inch of it is charged with such violent and Jansenist passion that it shocks to touch. The phase in which he lives with, or on, Nance—he the ponce-artist, she the prostitute-model—which might have been not only conventional but romantic, scalds one with a kind of icy fury and with the ferocity of its vision of the horrors of flesh.

The subtlety and scope, the intuitive rightness, of Patrick White's grasp of the artist's business, which is itself taken to be a model of general human experience, together with the overwhelming conviction with which the life of the individual Hurtle Duffield is realised, all the way from "the unalterable landscapes of childhood" to "the revelations of light" which his nature, his will and his art as a painter open for him, put this novel on a level with *Voss* and *Riders in the Chariot*. They make other characters of this sort, Gulley Jimson, for example, a hollow if not a horse laugh. The business of the artist is not only to register in the interests of accuracy, but to remake for the sake of order, and by the most painful discipline of self and art to persuade both to work towards at least a partial vision of truth. Hurtle Duffield, the artist, the vivisectioner, uses the damaging razor more than the healing scalpel. It is art as cruelty which is most stressed in *The Vivisectioner*, art as the torturer of accepted realities; there is a near-Swiftian force behind a negative knife; the hints of art's other and positive function are dispersed and obscure but they are there in momentary glints and possibilities.

Patrick White's talent is sad, furious, powerful. His method is the poet's, who struggles to compose, or rather to compel glimpses of significance and shades of meaning into a solid structure of being. To help him he has his vision, at certain moments his dazzling vision, of man, since he is a writer whose work is the application of his vision, not one who manipulates a plot or cultivates a sensibility or chronicles a period; and he has, as well, a gluttonous eye for details and the gift to render them palpably and exactly. His art, dense and image-ridden, stained with anxiety and sometimes with loathing, is, this novel confirms, a substantial and a genuine thing.

William Walsh

¹ *Russell and Moore—The Analytical Heritage*. By A. J. AYER. Macmillan, £3.90

Portraits

THE WILLIAM JAMES Lectures at Harvard have great prestige, comparable to that of the Gifford Lectures in Scotland. Occasionally British philosophers are invited to give them; Russell's *Our Knowledge of the External World* and Austin's *How to Do Things with Words* both belong to the series. In 1970 Professor Sir Alfred Ayer was invited to be William James Lecturer, and this book¹ is, we are told, a fairly exact reproduction of their content. Having recently written on the Americans Peirce and James, Ayer here treats the two British giants of the first part of the century. Russell and Moore are discussed separately, though there is inevitably some cross-reference. Their views on central topics, excluding, even in the case of Moore, moral philosophy, are expounded with characteristic lucidity and more accuracy than philosophers usually achieve. The exposition is interspersed with critical comment and constructive proposals.

Both Russell and Moore are generously treated, but Russell clearly emerges as the more important of the two. It is difficult not to agree with this verdict; and yet in his lifetime Moore's influence (if not his reputation) was, outside mathematical logic, somewhat greater among academic philosophers. The minor carelessness and lack of precision which, as Ayer notes, is very common in Russell's writing, compared badly, in the estimation of professionals, with Moore's painstaking accuracy. If less fertile, Moore seemed to be more sensitive, to have more depth. Perhaps it was that Moore, with his great personal charm, was always present at philosophical gatherings, while Russell, in spite of his intermittent aristocratic charm, was less accessible to his fellow philosophers.

Thus I am not convinced. Ayer is by intellectual temperament and philosophical outlook closer to Russell; possibly Moore requires a different approach from that which Ayer reasonably uses when discussing Russell. Perhaps Moore was responsible above all others for a great change in the philosophical climate in the past thirty years or so, and had an effect on others which exceeded that of Russell and was more important than his own individual contribution. Whether this effect, the drive to clarify the concepts of everyday life, which Russell despised, was quite what Moore would have wished is another matter.

So of these two portraits, both technically admirable, that of Russell seems the more penetrating; but if there is something less convincing about that of Moore it is not easy to say what and why.

J. O. Urmson

PRESS

Left at the Post

Tales of von Hoffman

By Henry Fairlie

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN'S PROSE is, in the already faded vocabulary of the day before yesterday, a happening. Some of us use the typewriter as a block: we expect it to resist our facility, to ask us if we mean what we are about to say. With its help, we hope we may meet the requirements which Peter Viereck has suggested for these difficult times: to write gracefully against disgrace. But this is not von Hoffman's way. To him, his typewriter is passive, even servile; its task is simply to transpose to the unprotesting paper, without resistance and without questioning, the gaudy words which dart and dodge in his mind. As such happenings, his words are acceptable, and even enlivening. I feel cheated

THE CONFRONTATION between Henry Fairlie and Nicholas von Hoffman is one of those strictly "transatlantic exchanges" which some intellectual historians are tempted to include in their chronicles of Anglo-American differences. Since his sharp political reportage in "The Spectator" in the 1950s (when he gave new currency to the word "Establishment"), Fairlie has become well-known for his iconoclastic articles. Von Hoffman has in recent years won journalistic notoriety for what on the surface seemed to be a related kind of angry sharpness. Indeed, the Editor of the "Washington Post", which launched von Hoffman's column, now reprinted in many U.S. newspapers, has claimed: "Von Hoffman is the finest American iconoclast since H. L. Mencken. He tilts at more cherished beliefs and more traditional institutions than anyone since The Bad Boy of Baltimore. . . ." Henry Fairlie distrusts the voice—as he says he distrusts Mencken's—and in this polemical analysis of a new current in American journalism—von Hoffman's collection of pieces has just been published under the title "Left at the Post" (Quadrangle Books)—clarifies old and new transatlantic differences.

only when I try to find the substance in them. I would like to know what von Hoffman is saying at the top of his voice.

He challenges, often brusquely, most of the attitudes and beliefs which, with some difficulty, I have formed during a life which has been only a little longer than his. He and I belong to the same generation, and I would like to know why we differ so profoundly. I would like to know why he rejects, or appears to reject, almost all the values which, at his age, I cherish and wish to protect. In short, I would like to know where he stands, but at this point, his words let me down.

Let me begin, since the young matter so much to von Hoffman, with a column in which he announced to the world, as if asking its prayers, that he has a son of 18 years who has dropped out of college. Many of us have faced the same situation as von Hoffman; in fact, parents compete over their children today as much as they ever did, but they now do so by boasting of their failures instead of their successes, and it would not be difficult for me to offer my own son on this altar of parental complacency by putting together a run-of-the-mill story about his doubts and difficulties.

Von Hoffman is often rough with the rest of us, and he must not complain if I am sometimes rough in return. The general drift of his column was to exculpate both himself and his son. He is obviously not altogether happy about his son's decision—otherwise he would not have felt the need to write publicly about it—but he *understands* it. Oh how he understands it! Von Hoffman did not fail his son; his son did not fail himself; the university and society generally failed him: so the circle of self-exoneration is complete. I wish that those who today make such a fuss about claiming to be *themselves* would more readily accept the rider that *themselves* are sometimes responsible for what they do.

What is most revealing is that von Hoffman seems to have no values which are not his son's; or, rather, his own values seem so flimsily constructed (after 40 years) that they collapse at the first wave of his son's impatience. He is an educated man. Where and how he was educated, I do not know. He may even be self-educated, but the properly self-educated man—like William Blake, for example—has usually submitted himself to an education which is quite as formal and quite as academic as any that is given in a university. (One of the reasons why universities are necessary is that very few of us are Blakes, able to discipline ourselves by our own inspiration.)

Since he is obviously educated—and it is education which enables him to write even as well as he does—one would hope that von Hoffman at least has confidence in the value of a higher education. But no! He repeats without resistance the facile criticism of formal education which the young make so vociferously today that they have unnerved even their educators. “The students will find what they’re doing irrelevant because it is,” he says without qualification; but then he goes on to add that “the only hope we’ll have that they don’t burn these institutions is that we can keep them stultified with dope, liquor, sex, athletics and psychiatric therapy.” (At least two of these are celebrated by von Hoffman from week to week.)

But why should he care to save them if the rest of what he says is true? After all, does he not spend much of his time, on the side-lines, handing the young their incendiary equipment? Does he not understand so well that he would not lift a finger to try to prevent a troubled and misguided student from immolating himself in some wordy cause?

THE MAIN DIFFICULTY I have with von Hoffman’s position—if it is a position—is that he seems either unable or unwilling to differentiate. (To the irrational cry, “Only connect,” which is the thoughtless motto of our age, we should sometimes return the rational demand. “Only differentiate.” By the way, am I alone in finding “Only connect” irreconcilable with all the rest of E. M. Forster’s limpid differentiation?)

Anyone can differentiate between what is unlike, but the mark of the truly informed and informative man is that he can differentiate between what is like. This is exactly what von Hoffman does not do: he describes, from week to week, a hazy youth “culture”; he sees it, he writes about it, he glamourises it, as single. He takes strands which should be kept separate and twines them together.

He does it again and again. Only the other day, he invited us to give our attention to a fashion designer by the name of Alvin Duskin. “Moods and Modes,” his column was incredibly called, although it is a perfectly appropriate title for what the *Washington Post* calls its “STYLE” section. (“They have a tact and taste about them,” he said of Duskin’s clothes, two revealing words which surely belie the outrage which he successfully manufactures in most of his columns. At forty, von Hoffman is exactly what I think is meant by “a plastic hippie.”) Anyhow, there followed

the sentence which most concisely summarises von Hoffman’s position, as far as I understand it: “There is a lot of cross-cultural contact between fashion, dope, radicalism, music and whatever else is new and being experimented with. . . .” If I may use the jargon which he freely adopts from the young, does he know where he is at?

He is at Madison Avenue: “cross-cultural contact” might be Madison Avenue’s banner. He is where the pushers—a not unsuitable word—of commerce have always been. He is where trade is always at; exploiting the anxieties and the aspirations of vulnerable people. Medicine men, from time immemorial, have been at the shoddy business. A people worships the sun; they sell them a liquid which promises to make the sun shine, which is all that a sun-tan lotion is. A people yearns for peace; then design a peace dress which, even if “there’s no money in it,” encourages people to associate their anxieties with consumption.

“What’s worn on the barricades,” says von Hoffman with approval, “is now translated and toned down for wives or at least the children of the wives of Republican Cabinet members, even Mrs Mitchell’s children.” Allowing, for the moment, that there are any real barricades, is this not exactly the point? Is this not exactly the business of Madison Avenue and *Esquire* and *Vogue* and the *New Yorker* and von Hoffman: to “translate and tone down” genuine anxieties and aspirations before they have properly formed; to smother them at birth by adopting them?

For who today is more vulnerable than the young? With money to spend freely—not least because they are viciously told by adults such as von Hoffman that they have no future for which to prepare—they are innocents abroad. Whenever I buy a copy of an underground newspaper—they are hardly underground now; they are actually licensed by the society which they pathetically affect to attack—I am appalled by their innocence. By making just the “cross-cultural contact” of which von Hoffman speaks, they fall victims to the medicine men. It is, after all, hardly a secret that many of these newspapers are sustained, directly or indirectly, by all the growth industries, from records to pornography to dope, which trade most ruthlessly on the young. The newspapers are propaganda sheets for their dubious wares. The “cross-cultural contact” is what sells them.

You want peace? Then make love, not war, and buy my filthy pictures. It is not only a very old line, but a very old bad joke. (I have nothing against street arabs, as long as

I do not have to accept them as social critics.) For all the lofty double-speak in which it is now dressed, it is the salesmanship of the gutter.

THE CONTEMPT which I have for von Hoffman's advocacy of it, for his inability or refusal to make essential differentiations, is increased by my realisation that he does not understand its dangers. He presents to us a "scene"—a drug "scene," a pop "scene," a youth "scene," a radical "scene"—and that is exactly what Vice-President Spiro Agnew and John Mitchell and J. Edgar Hoover wish him to do.

By his undifferentiating connection between drugs of a different order, fashions of a different order, radical attitudes of a different order, acts of violence of a different order, von Hoffman gives a license to those who would like to penalise them all. "This is one 'scene,'" he indefatigably says, and avidly the powers-that-be take his word for it. Since it is one, they respond, it must be attacked and destroyed as one, and gamely they try to prevent the traffic in pot across the Mexican border. After all, pot is part of the "cross-cultural contact."

Von Hoffman is, of course, not alone. The *Post's* "Style" section itself represents the attitude which I am criticising, and so do the "cross-culture" pages of the Sunday newspapers in Britain; as far as journalism is concerned, they started it. I often wonder what its writers and critics feel at being hung—increasingly their words are framed in wider and wider margins of white space—alongside the fashion reporters and gossip columnists. Unhappily, I think that it may not bother some of them. There is a trendiness in some of their criticism, a greedy appetite for whatever, in von Hoffman's words, "is new and being experimented with," that is appropriate in the section of a newspaper which might better be called *Trend*. The arts, they seem to proclaim, are really no different from the spring or autumn collections in Paris.

More than any other, this attitude is responsible for the banality, the creeping and crawling banality, of our times. "The ten years that have just come to an end," the critic Paul Hume wrote the other day, "were quite probably the most revolutionary in the entire history of composed music." Come, Mr Hume: "Quite probably?" Were they, or were they not? This limp construction is telltale, again typical of our age. Apparently large statements—"the most revolutionary," "the entire history"

—are introduced with an apologetic hiccough: "quite probably." I enjoy music, but I am not qualified to dispute Hume's statement. (However, others whose judgment I respect do dispute it.) My interest is solely in his assumption that the word "revolutionary" is in itself a benediction; that its use excuses him from the duty of judging whether it is "true" or "beautiful" or "good." Could Hume write that the sounds of the past ten years have been, even quite probably, "the most beautiful" in the entire history of composed music? Or does he think that the attempt to apply such absolute standards is irrelevant and misleading?

The trouble I have with this word "revolutionary," which is tossed around so casually today, is that it seems to have no anchor: I cannot expect to find it in the same place tomorrow as it was yesterday. In fact, most of the time, I cannot discover what the supposed revolution is either against or for. All change—even commonsense and easy adaptation—is heralded as a revolution, and my suspicion grows that those who use the word are more often than not discussing only fashions, and so degrade still further what is genuinely strenuous in the human effort to understand or, with understanding, improve.

Thus the *Post's* film critic has recently told us that *Bonnie and Clyde* was "the best American film of the 1960s." Was it? I know many who disagree. But that is not, again, my main interest. Are we to judge films without any reference to their substance? I am not the only person I know who was repelled by it, who thought that it turned evil into a joke, and tragedy into a frolic. It did not, as the dreadful-ness of its subject should have done, get us on to our knees. It did not make us search our hearts. It did not force us to cry aloud at our pitiful condition. It did not send us to crawl round the Seven Stations of the Cross. It was—literally—a commercial; many of the applauded techniques of contemporary film-making, as in the pretty but equally trivial *Elvira Madigan*, have been taken straight from commercial film-making, not the other way round. *Bonnie and Clyde* might easily have been an advertisement for Salem cigarettes, so lighthearted was the romp. "You can't take the laughter out of evil," was its message.

Are we to ignore the message in order to be entertained by the technique and the titillation? Does it not matter that Goya excoriated war, or would we admire him as much if he exalted it? I am not trying to make debating points, I wish merely to get at the heart of my disagreement with what George Orwell called

"the smelly little orthodoxies of our time," for are not the attitudes I am disputing the reigning orthodoxies, the conventional unwisdom, as I am tempted to call them, of our unserious and unwise age?

VON HOFFMAN is interesting as a purveyor of these orthodoxies. He sounds bold enough, but his views are eagerly fashionable. He is a weathervane. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and it bloweth von Hoffman unresisting with it. I wish it were otherwise. If he is going to condemn my values, I want to be able to find his values. Otherwise, he cheats me.

At his age, I have constructed a small edifice—not much more than a hideout; a little like *The Burrow* in Kafka's harrowing story—where I dimly recognise myself. I have fragilely made my lair.

In this awareness of the frailty of what I have built, I believe that I am not unlike most people of my and von Hoffman's age. We know how precarious is the humanity which we have succeeded in rescuing from the feelings and appetites, fears and hopes, whims and longings which war within us, and which might at any time have overwhelmed us. Out of our lives, we have made some kind of order, to which the only alternative is chaos, and we have done so by painfully constructing, and then strenuously defending, the concepts which we call values. These values may, as von Hoffman would suggest, be tired; but I have searched his columns in vain for substitutes on which I could rely. He preaches at me uninvited, and he invites me, in the end, only to chaos.

Perhaps I fail to find his values because much of the time I do not know what he is talking about, in the most literal sense. There is no point in bringing a dictionary to some of his sentences; he simply does not attach the same names to the same things as both the dictionary and I do.

For example, I think that I know what "news" is, what the word means, so I turned with interest to another of his recent columns, entitled "New News." In it, he described a KSAN-FM *news* programme in San Francisco "which also is satire, but which is more—which is a collage, a painting in sound." (There he is with his "cross cultural contact" again: it is the sympathetic fallacy of our times, at the root of the whole psychedelic hoax.) Anyhow, he allowed us to judge for ourselves: he quoted from the programme at great length. Hardly to my surprise, there was little that was original in either its form or its matter. It read like a

script for *Laugh-In* in a poor week. But *Laugh-In* does not pretend to be a news programme. I can therefore place it; I am not being deceived. But this is not true of KSAN-FM's "New News."

Can von Hoffman understand that when I turn on the news I do not want "satire" or "a collage" or "a painting in sound?" I want dull bits of information: little dull—dull—dull—facts. I do not want pictures or impressions. I do not want to be told what to *feel* about the news.

VON HOFFMAN obviously finds it an effort to be dull, which he may take as a compliment if it pleases him, and as the result, he does not value dullness. He does not seem to understand how much of life is routine, and how grateful we may be for the fact. He does not seem to love or need the familiar, and I wonder if this is not the reason why his son is in the state of dither and exhaustion which he described to us.

Perhaps his son has been brought up only to know "whatever else is new and being experimented with"—lend an ear to that "else" and give it its proper weight—and has never been able to go to bed at night with the calm assurance that, when he wakes in the morning, the routine and the familiar will be there—dully there, dully the same, dully reliable—and that in them he will find, wonderfully unchanged, all the powerful love of the world, "intricate and fierce as tigers," as Rex Warner says in *The Aerodrome*, "and infinitely forgiving." Von Hoffman's fear that a news programme will just be dully a news programme haunts most of his attitudes. Since he does not care, or does not know how, to write interestingly about the familiar, he is naturally attracted to the unfamiliar, the marginal, the offbeat. There is nothing necessarily wrong in this, as long as he is awake to the fact that what is unfamiliar—unpublicised—may be so because it is fraudulent.

Not long ago, to give a small illustration, I was invited to a wine-tasting in Washington. We were offered a selection of "lesser-known" French wines. Judiciously, I and some friends passed from bottle to bottle, from vintage to vintage. By the end, we did not need to be told why the wines were not well known. They deserved their centuries-long obscurity and presumably have returned to it.

Similarly, the other day, von Hoffman sang the praises of homeopathy. Again, I must say that I am not qualified to offer any valid opinion on the subject. But from time to time

over the years—von Hoffman is not the first to arrive on all the scenes he describes—the subject has cropped up; and, while allowing that there may be something in some of its claims, which are really not as vague, and therefore not as easy to slide over, as von Hoffman suggests, they seem to me to be exactly the kind of claims which need the severest definition and the severest testing, if the gullible are not to be given false hopes. People who are ill, especially if they are chronically ill, are understandably gullible, and I would hesitate longer than von Hoffman before publicly giving advice in a field in which I am ignorant. Perhaps homeopathy does cure some people; so perhaps does Lourdes. But I prefer to keep my scepticism; and, although to come up with a new (or, rather, old) cure for general ills is a way of avoiding dullness, I must do without that stimulus in my journalism.

OF ANOTHER EXAMPLE of von Hoffman's flight from dullness, I have some personal acquaintance. Not long ago, the *Washington Post* published some excerpts from an article of mine which had appeared elsewhere, and which included a traditional Tory attack on capitalism, especially the unchecked capitalism of America. A few days later, a body called the Institute for the Study of Economics Systems sent me some literature; my attitude, they said, seemed to be the same as their attitude, which is based on the ideas of one Louis Kelso. Well, I had then been in America for five years, and lived in Washington for almost four of them, and I had never, until then, heard of either Louis Kelso or the Institute for the Study of Economic Systems. Perhaps I had missed something, so I sat down to study their literature. It was hogwash; what is more, it was dangerous hogwash.

I looked at the back of their prospectus, at the more than 60 names of the "board of directors," and I must ask von Hoffman to do the same, because, to my utter astonishment, he ushered in the New Year in 1970 by extolling the ideas of Louis Kelso not in one column, but in two columns. Not a single doubt did he express; not a single question did he raise; all was enthusiastic exposition of the Institute's literature.

The literature which the Institute for the Study of Economic Systems sent me does not condemn capitalism at all; on the contrary, it says that America is not capitalist enough. Its proposal—and Louis Kelso's and now von Hoffman's—is not to abolish capitalists, but to make everyone a capitalist. Does von Hoffman

remember the quotation from Emerson which I used in my article: "They attack the great capitalists, but with the aim to make a capitalist of the poor man"? How often does one have to say it, more than a century and quarter after Emerson, that it is all a wretched deception, even more so today than then?

Von Hoffman parades himself as a radical. He is announced, from time to time, as a spokesman of the "New Left." Perhaps I am wrong—its arguments are never either clear or consistent—but I thought that the main target of the "New Left" was a capitalist system which has succeeded in deceiving the people for so long; which has succeeded in working a confidence trick on them, as I said, by turning them into expectant, and then satisfied, consumers. What is absent from the transaction, I added, was any redistribution of economic, and therefore political, power. There is nothing—absolutely nothing—in the ideas of either Louis Kelso or the Institute for the Study of Economic Systems which would effect any redistribution of economic power, and yet the radical von Hoffman falls for them, hook, line, and sinker. He really believes that Louis Kelso's gobbledygook about "a second income" and "the two-factor theory" contains proposals that "would provide an opportunity for all black people to get into . . . the big money and big profits" of GM, RCA, Sears Roebuck. Tell that to the Black ghettos!

Is it any wonder that, at the very moment of typing these words, the mail has brought me a further communication from the Institute for the Study of Economic Systems enclosing Xeroxed copies of—lo and behold!—von Hoffman's two columns? I look forward to their next prospectus, with von Hoffman's name added to their "board of directors."

THIS IS WHAT I mean by my inability to find von Hoffman's values: that a professed radical of the professed "New Left" should fall flat on his face before proposals for making America more capitalist. This is what I mean by his fear of dullness: that a lively journalist, in his search for liveliness, should package for us the last crankish panacea to come out of the West. This is why I will not abandon my own values under his onslaught; why I prefer to stand, with Southey and Carlyle and Eliot at my back, condemning all capitalism as the "cash nexus" and as "usury." "Everyman a Capitalist" and "Capitalism for the Masses" read the headlines on Mr von Hoffman's columns. No wonder I have looked in vain for genuine revolutionary insights among von Hoffman's leapfrog arguments.

As the weeks pass and the pressure to produce ever as lively columns as the week before increases—and perhaps, also, as he becomes, in his own words, famouser and famouser: a coyness which he owes, perhaps appropriately, to *Alice in Wonderland*—von Hoffman's inconsistencies become more and more revealing. He can take one by surprise by praising, with his usual enthusiasm, the Constitution of the United States, which certainly deserves praise, but which is a profoundly conservative (in the best sense of the word) document, sustaining a profoundly conservative (in the worst sense of the word) society. He has also, from time to time in recent columns, begun to question the rich-and-middle-aged—the Beautiful Rats, as I have called them elsewhere—who are playing with the quasi-revolutionary slogans which are around today and who (in one of his many good phrases) “smile buttercups” and say to their children, “Run off, young dears, get stoned and make love, you tender, saintly things, or blow up a bank with its employees in it.” It is because von Hoffman can sometimes be as accurate as this that I find him interesting. The trouble is, as I have said, that the general drift of his columns is to say the opposite. Are not the words which I have just quoted from him, which he uses in mockery, a form of the very “cross-cultural contact” which is his own favourite plaything?

I WOULD LIKE TO PUT to von Hoffman another attitude which, as I began by saying, he usually mocks: an attitude which I have held for some time and which I now find increasingly shared by people of my own age who used to regard me as something of a fuddy-duddy for holding it. We will completely misunderstand the impact which Vice President Spiro Agnew has made if we think he has touched a chord only in the “booboisie” of H. L. Mencken. He has touched a chord also in many thoughtful men and women of my and von Hoffman's age, who stand more and more aghast at the apparent collapse of the values which hold together what they recognise as a civil society. They are not at all happy.

Clement Attlee once said that he did not see why the devil should have all the best tunes, and this is how I feel whenever I read or listen to Agnew's speeches. Why should we leave him to talk of duty and of honour, of country and of the strengths and blessings of family life? Why, in particular should we leave him to talk of them banally and imprecisely because we are too embarrassed to talk of them

(as we are supposed to be able to do) loftily and accurately? Why, by failing to acknowledge the virtues of the ordinary suburban parents of traditional middle-class values, do we leave their defence to a man who cannot differentiate (a little like von Hoffman himself) between these virtues and their vices? If there were not truths in what Agnew says, he would not have caused the uneasiness which he has done among his critics. Why have we left the utterance of these truths to a man who oversimplifies them, who expresses them in language which distorts them, who tries to use them for ends which are in fact their opposite? If we examine ourselves, is it not we who are to blame, who have given him his opportunity?

The one thing which people of my and von Hoffman's age should know is that we are not the same persons at 40 as we were at 30, just as we were not the same persons at 30 as we were at 20. Ortega y Gasset, following Pindar, wrote that all we can hope to do in our brief years on this earth is to try to become who we are. The effort, he said, is doomed to failure, but we are bound to make it. Of the young, even more than of the rest of us, it can be said that, since they do not know who they are, they cannot know who they will become, and since they do not know who they will become, they cannot know who they are.

Fragile hints of that knowledge arrive only with middle age. Of course, the years of middle age are years of compromise. That is not their shame; it is their opportunity. Life is a necessary compromise with our necessary ignorance; and to accomplish that compromise with some dignity, with some accurate self-consciousness, is the mark of our humanity.

There are a few who live inhumanly apart from us—a Christ or a Hitler—but most of us know that we are not the One, and do not wish to emulate the other. Unlike them, we cannot, and sensibly do not want to, transcend the limitations of life, since they are life itself. The torments of a Rimbaud or a Kafka teach us that there are others besides a Christ who carry crosses for us so that we may better know ourselves. But with the passing of youth, there passes the romantic illusion that we are such as they. We settle to the effort to become who we are.

The resources on which we can call to meet this condition are slight enough as it is. How much more slight they will be, during middle and late life, if they have not been nourished, if we have not been given the time to nourish them ourselves, in our youth. This

is the truth which is recognised, if not wholly understood, by those whom von Hoffman always implicitly and sometimes explicitly condemns: the ordinary suburban parents of traditional middle-class values.

Inherent in the authority and the restraints which they try (or used to try) to impose on their children, and in the values which they try (or used to try) to teach them, is a care for their children's future, in the sense which I have just described: a care for who they may become at 30, at 40, at 50, at 60, even at 70, and for who they may be; a care, in short, for what is unknowable about them at 10, or even at 20.

To take a small but relevant example, a child whose teeth are plentiful and strong will be impatient at having to brush them; it can have only the dimmest apprehension of the day when the few that remain may be hanging rotten from rotten gums. So the parent orders it to brush its teeth, knowing the future which awaits it. This is a duty of parenthood, and the parents of whom I am talking think of their role in terms of duty. The fact is that the young can look after their present. They live vividly in it and—having as yet no past and no future (since the future exists only in one's awareness of it)—they live only in it. The business of parents is not to enable the young to cope with their known present—that is comparatively easy—but to prepare them to cope with their unknowable future.

When a parent says to a child, "Don't throw away your future," he is saying much more than he sometimes realises. He is saying: "Don't close your options so early. Don't foreclose your future even before the bailiff has moved in. You don't know who you may wish to be in 10 years, who you may want to become. Your present is fleeting. Enjoy it to the full. But do not enjoy it at the cost of the unknown person who has yet to form within you, who has yet to be discovered as you encounter your own life."

Because most people cannot articulate these attitudes as von Hoffman and I are supposed to be able and are paid to do, we should not fall into a self-made trap of denying that they possess them. I often wonder how long it is since von Hoffman has talked to an ordinary, unexciting man or woman, young or old, black or white. I often wonder how long it is since he listened to, say, a doctor who in his middle age has come to terms with the fact that he is not the brilliant physician he had dreamed that he would be in his youth, and has come to terms with his defeat without blaming society, or his education, or his friends

who have done better, or the poor world, or even himself, but simply acknowledges his real limitations, and tries to make something of them—someone *who is he*—and so becomes useful, not only to his family, his neighbours, his patients, but also to himself.

Behind the lawns and the forsythia bushes of the suburbs, there is a profound, although not self-conscious, knowledge of the usually tragic choices of life. The suburbs do not have daring, but they have courage: blind courage, if one will.

VON HOFFMAN WILL ASK ME why, if the ordinary suburban parents of traditional middle-class values possess the virtues I am extolling, so many of their children appear to be in rebellion against them. I have no doubt about the most important answer. Inflation—the perpetual inflation which has overwhelmed all Western societies in the past 50 years—has destroyed the vitality of the one middleclass value which sustained all others: thrift. The pride of the middle class used to be that they were savers and not spenders. Babbitt sought "status", indeed, but he sought it without conspicuous and wasteful spending. On the contrary, he was a thrifty man, so thrifty that he now seems to us almost mean. His argument with his children over what we now call "consumer spending" is an argument between a father who had been brought up in an age when the value of money was steady, and it was assumed that it would remain so, and children who had the first inkling that money had lost its value forever. Thrift is a care for the future—even for a future which one may not see oneself—and with inflation, the meaning of that care vanished.

At the same time, the articulate opinion of rootless intellectuals has for 40 years been telling the suburbs that their values are false. Take, for example, the virtue of neighbourliness. "Friendship is an education in complexity," Hilaire Belloc once wrote in a letter to a friend about a difficult mutual friend; so is neighbourliness. All the jokes about lending lawnmowers and borrowing liquid detergents, like all the jokes about mothers-in-law, tell of a complicated human relationship. We call it neighbourliness, and it is the special property of the suburbs. The relationship may not be deep, but it is real and everyday. We do not choose our neighbours, and that is exactly why the injunction, "Love your neighbour as yourself," is difficult and chastening.

But the suburbs have been taught, as we have all been taught, that a relationship has

no value unless it is "honest," whatever that may mean in this context. Unless we strip ourselves, physically and morally, emotionally and intellectually, we are being hypocrites, and our love (of neighbour or friend) is valueless.

In fact there is much more genuine hypocrisy in this easy, and boring, self-exposure than in the reticence which used to mark ordinary human relationships. I do not want to be invited to know everything about anyone—not even about those whom I love most deeply—because I know that the person who offers that invitation has in fact nothing to offer: that he has not achieved the dignity and accurate self-consciousness of which I have spoken, and has constructed instead an image in which he indulges his fantasies. "I am sick; love me as sick" is an invitation which I find it easy to resist.

If the children of the American suburbs are rebelling, it is because their parents have lost their nerve. The parents have been taught to despise themselves and their values. "Hate your neighbour as yourself" is the injunction shouted at them, week in and week out, by *Esquire* and *Look*, by *Time* and *Newsweek*. In particular, instead of believing in the duty of parenthood as they once understood it, they have been taught that they should indulge their children's pre-occupation with their own present instead of preparing them for their future. I am hardly the first to observe that the most militantly dissenting young today are crying out for authority; and the most menacing threat to all our futures is that, having been denied the natural authority of the family when they were young, they show every inclination to seek, then to accept, the first fraudulent authority upon which they happen.

WHY DO THE YOUNG TODAY seek strange cults, whether a Maharishi or a Charles Manson? Abandoned by all traditional authority, left haplessly to their own intuitions, they seek refuge in any fraudulent authority which is ready to take advantage of their innocence and their defencelessness. What will they do—what will they be—when they, in turn, reach the age of 40 and have their fingers on the button: any button?

If we are fortunate, some of their own inspiration (which I do not deny), like the inspiration of previous generations of the young, will survive and do good. But I find it impossible to be glibly optimistic. I see nothing so exceptional in the attitudes and habits of the young today which persuades me that they will

be better equipped than any other generation before them to meet the occasions of life—not of society, but of life itself—and emerge from the encounter with even passable honour to themselves, and even a little benefit for others.

I grew up under the immediate threat of Hitler, but also under the immediate memory of the collapse of the Weimar Republic, whose "good intentions" paved the way for him. The young in the Weimar Republic enjoyed a freedom from moral authority and restraint not dissimilar to that which we offer the young today; they were feted by an adult society which had lost its nerve. They did not, it is true, put Hitler in power, but they were powerless—inwardly powerless, that is—to resist him, and, once he was in power, equally powerless to reject him. The Hitler Youth was full of young men and women who really believed that by incantations which were not unlike those of the young today, they would make Germany—and then Europe, and the World—more beautiful. Even their romantic attachment to nature, the hikes and the sing-songs, had the same hints of primitivism as the famous festival at Woodstock. I am aware that such comparisons always have the danger of facility; they are merely worth bearing in mind, and it is my and von Hoffman's generation which should be telling of them.

Whenever I watch the young who are most advertised today, or listen to them or read their newspapers, or negotiate (a better word than communicate) with them, I am appalled, as I have already said, by their innocence and their defencelessness. All their phrases—"doing my own thing"; "this is my bag"; "this is where I am at"—leave me asking, "How do you know?" They pathetically believe that they already know themselves and that they have gained this consciousness by their own intuition, with or without the aid of external stimulants.

THERE IS ANOTHER WAY to self-consciousness. The primary task of a higher education, to return to an earlier point, is to teach the method of differentiation. Its business is not to teach my son to like William Blake's poetry—he does that already without assistance or instruction—or even to teach him why he likes it. Its task is to teach him the method by which he may discover why he likes it: in short, to teach consciousness, and not its substitute. This is done by an unsparing—and irksome, no one will deny that—critical attention to detail: by a constant questioning of the meaning of every word,

the construction of every sentence, the validity of every premise, the association of every image and so on. Very few of us, by this standard, are ever fully educated men, but at least we have some apprehension of the method. Without an apprehension of it, without a constant attempt to apply it, any of us might follow Charles Manson, believing that we were following our own intuition, the voice of heaven within us.

A belief in the value of education, like a belief in thrift, reveals a care for the future, and it is, similarly, a traditional middle-class value. I have no doubt that many suburban parents wish their children to have a higher education for what I would call the wrong reasons: they want their children "to get on". I equally have no doubt that there are few universities today which are devoted to the real purposes of a higher education, just as there are precious few university teachers who are equipped to provide one. (Good teachers are almost rarer than saints, a fact of which many students today are acutely aware.) But intimations of what is true and worthwhile are better than no intimations at all. A parent may wish his son to go to a university for the wrong reasons; that does not prevent the son from creating his own reasons. The university to which he goes may not be perfect; that does not prevent him from making something valuable out of the experience. After all, even at the best university, one listens only to intimations.

In the end, all that von Hoffman offers in place of the traditional middle-class values is what Peter Viereck, to whom I return without any apology, has called "ritualised chic." I have been looking again at Viereck's old book *The Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals*, (1957) in which he created a son of George

Babbitt—calling him, delightfully, Gaylord Babbitt—the anxiously fashionable progressive of our day. His summary of Gaylord is devastating:

Always in a coterie...he makes alienation his version of togetherness. His is not the theatre but the provincialism of the absurd. Secular saint of our drive-in sanctities, professional martyr with a silk-lined hair shirt, who else is there to bear aloft for America the icon of chummy iconoclasm? . . . Regardless of his stance, his position will always be safely daring in politics; it will always be smugly *Angst*-ridden and frivolously tragic in religion; in art, it will always be a rearguard kind of breathless avant-garde . . . If campus pariah, then pariah in residence.

Does von Hoffman recognise him? He should. His are the reigning orthodoxies of today, which I described above. Gaylord Babbitt is now in control of *Life* and *Esquire* and *Look*, television network news (a perfect example of Vice-President Agnew not understanding, and therefore vulgarising, the real point which he had), even of the *Style* sections, not only of the *Washington Post*, but of the *Observer*, the *Sunday Times*, and now even *The Times*, fraudulently presenting ephemeral chic as a substitute for lasting values. His is, says Peter Viereck, "The Snigger of the Narcissus," and, unless we challenge him, he will take us, giggling, to hell.

For all their limitations, the ordinary middle-class parents of traditional middle-class values do not snigger and are not Narcissus. They are more serious than those who today mock and unnerve them. If they reassert that seriousness under the leadership of a man who will distort and vulgarise it, it will not be for Gaylord Babbitt to snivel his protest: he will have been the cause.

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LETTERS

California Campus

THE REPORT on the University of California by N.N. in your December issue strikes an oddly discordant note. While many details are correct enough, a good many interpretations appear slanted. The whole reads like the report of an expatriate, who follows the events of his erstwhile home with avid interest, fully cognisant of the latest rumours (the prediction that Chancellor Heyns would resign has been confirmed in the meantime), but feeling the old wounds as if they were still tender. I comment on only one of the specifics and then address myself to the larger issue.

N.N. refers to the appointment of John Searle by Chancellor Heyns, which "did not conciliate the radicals but demoralised the moderates." True for a short time. But why after several years reiterate that this showed the Chancellor's desire to win over the radicals rather than resist politicisation, when one could just as well say that it was an attempt to give responsibility to a faculty radical in the hope that as a man committed to scholarship he would in fact defend the university, when it came down to it? N.N. states that Mr Searle became more conservative as a result of his experience. But instead of giving credit to a university administrator, among other things for seeing that in the present setting a major task is to keep younger faculty committed to scholarly standards, N.N. prefers to reiterate the half-forgotten resentment of a number of people to what proved, after all, a bold move, however unsuccessful by itself.

I refer to this one incident because it highlights the persistent bias of this report. Repeatedly, N.N. refers to the hiring of younger *radical* faculty as if this was the spineless yielding or political preference of university administrators or that friend of Herbert Marcuse's on the budget committee. Only once does he mention with specific reference to Santa Cruz that a faculty disproportionately staffed by young men will on this account alone be more sympathetic to student militants. Most universities hire faculty at the beginning of their careers. Is N.N.'s university exempt from this condition? And is it reasonable under these circumstances to speak of "pressures for the appointment of similar faculty...from the campus administration?" (Admittedly, Black Studies programmes are a special case, but they pose the same problem everywhere.)

A more egregious bias still is the curious view that university administrators are "generally weak

men with little personal prestige, little knowledge concerning the political groups with which they are dealing, and little formal power," and then to note that administrators failed to back faculty in resisting student demands, that they refused to help. As a member of the University of California faculty for more than twenty years I can testify to the fact that throughout some members of the faculty have felt free to express their contempt for anyone who undertook administrative tasks for the university. A good many of these faculty members have also felt free to put their professional interests ahead of their institutional commitments, not making the tasks of administrators any easier. Can N.N. give us his assurance that personally he has never contributed to this erosion of university administrations? And even if he can, what does he hope to contribute to the solution of a very difficult academic situation by a report that omits one of the major causes of that situation and hence helps to perpetuate the administrative weakness he deplors?

Finally, it is somewhat odd for someone of N.N.'s sophistication to speak of a "theory that a right-wing anti-university backlash...could control campus unrest." That is not a theory but a partisan slogan.

I AM NOW in Europe for my third successive year; I know of no other Berkeley social scientist in this position, and so I presume I am the one referred to in the article, which makes *me* sound like a fleeing expatriate. The fact is that two of these years were spent as Director of one of the University of California Education Abroad Programs, the third year is a sabbatical leave during which I am pursuing some research interests in England and on the Continent.

REINHARD BENDIX

Goldern-Hasliberg,
Switzerland

A Reply

OBVIOUSLY ANY SERIES OF EVENTS such as have occurred over the years on the various campuses of the University of California are subject to a variety of interpretations and reactions. The bitter divisions among the faculty of the University (and all other universities, for that matter) that have followed on the political crises of the past half-decade point up the extent to which faculties divide both as to what has happened and what should be done.

The reference to Professor John Searle which bothers Professor Bendix was not intended to dredge up irrelevant past history; rather it simply pointed up the first public act of the then new Chancellor Heyns which gave the Berkeley community a sense of his approach to campus unrest. As I tried to explain further in the article, this act did, in fact, indicate his orientation, and was in line with the approach to the handling of conflict indicated in his book.

In mentioning the consequences of a disproportionately young faculty at the newer and hopefully expanding campuses of the University, I did not argue, as Professor Bendix assumes, that this was due to the failings of administrators, but rather that it reflected the results of the budget-cutting policies of Ronald Reagan and the legislature. By cutting the budget and insisting, therefore, that these campuses hire younger (*i.e.* less costly) faculty, the politicians *increased* the likelihood that the faculty on these campuses would be oriented to the Left. An alternative and, in my judgment, preferred personnel policy would have been to appropriate the funds to recruit a number of leading scholars for the new departments at these schools. By so doing, the chances for a more scholarly environment would have been increased. This policy was followed originally at the San Diego campus, which recruited many leading scientists among its first group of professors. The opposite approach was pursued at Irvine and Santa Cruz, largely for budgetary reasons. And I would suggest that this is one reason that Irvine and Santa Cruz have been *more politicised* than San Diego. But the fault, if I am right, was not a consequence of the "preference of administrators" for Leftists, but should be blamed on the policies of the budget-cutters outside of the University, many of whom think that by such cuts they inhibit the radicals.

PROFESSOR BENDIX IS, OF COURSE, correct that one of the main reasons for the weakness of administrators is the negative attitudes many faculty express toward them. But it is not the only or most important one. Two other American sociologists, who have written frequently in *ENCOUNTER*, Professors Edward Shils and Robert Nisbet, have also emphasised the need for stronger Presidents as a necessary response to the current crisis. Professor Nisbet not only calls for the appointment of men who have the "combination of academic knowledge, temperamental buoyancy and fortitude" plus political sophistication, but proposes structural changes since "strong presidents cannot exist unless there are *strong presidencies*." As Professor Shils has written, administration in American universities became the "hole in the middle," the gap in a structure which requires strong leadership. Quite obviously, the reasons for this "hole" are complex; they have been well detailed by Professor Shils, and include the reasons mentioned by Professor Bendix. But the fact remains that, as Professors Nisbet and Shils so well argue, American universities do require stronger, politically more sophisticated Presidents and Chancellors than they have had in the last few decades. To point to the consequences of the faults of the current crop of leaders does not absolve the faculty from its own responsibility for failures. The faculty has wanted weak university executives and, as Professor Bendix indicates, has reaped what it has sown. He and I are in agreement on this.

THE OBJECTION TO THE USE of the word "theory" to refer to the statement that "a right-wing anti-university backlash . . . could control campus unrest" is well-taken. This is not a "theory" in any scientific sense. However, I was not writing a scientific article. The document was first drafted in the context of a discussion of factors affecting the future of campus unrest, in which I was trying to use the California experience to rebut the claim that the hardening policies of conservative politicians, particularly their efforts to intimidate left-wing faculty, would "reduce politicisation." California seems to be the best test case for such a contention. As I tried to demonstrate in my article, Governor Reagan's approach not only failed to keep the peace from 1967 to 1970, it probably resulted in a more radical faculty by the end of his first term than existed when he took office. But I was clearly not refuting a "theory," simply a political argument.

I regret that my reference to a social scientist who has spent three years in Europe offended Professor Bendix, and I apologise for particularising what President Hitch and many others have discussed as a world-wide phenomenon, namely the flight from the politically troubled classroom.

N.N.

California

Anglo-Irish Cricket

MR W. R. AYKROYD [*ENCOUNTER*, January] who doesn't think W. G. Grace ever played cricket in Ireland should read W. P. Hone's *Cricket in Ireland* (Tralee, 1955). Regarding the incident of the broken window of the Kildare Street Club, the following extract should be of interest:

"Captain C. F. Buller, a Harrow and Middlesex player (1846-1906), figured frequently in I. Zingari teams in these years and made a lot of runs for them. I like to think that he is the cricketer immortalised in literature by James Joyce (Bloom's morning monologue on page 78 of the Standard Lane edition of *Ulysses*).

'Heavenly weather. If life was always like that. Cricket weather. Sit around under sunshades. Over after over. Out. They can't play it here. Still, Captain Buller broke a window in Kildare Street Club with a slog to square leg. Donnybrook Fair more in their line.'

The breaking of a window in the Kildare Street Club with a square leg hit from the College Park is usually credited to W. G. Grace, but the *Evening Herald* of June 19th, 1901 (less than thirty years after W.G.'s first visit to Dublin), speaks of 'the insane belief of the tellers of that tale,' and Captain Fowler, the oldest cricketer member of the Kildare Street Club, tells me that the only window he ever heard of being broken was 'when a sniper had shot at Lord Fermoy and missed him!'

A. R. EAGER

Blackrock, County Dublin

Joe Louis' Aphorism

IN your last number (March, p. 96), M.J.L. rephrases "the great aphorism" of Joe Louis, presumably the Negro pugilist, to the effect that "there is nothing wrong there [in the U.S.A.] that the Black Panthers will ever be able to set right." What, pray, was the original unadapted version?

J. R. T. WOODS

Oxford

[During World War II, Nazi propagandists broadcasting to American troops and to the U.S.A. made much of the miseries of the Negro population in the ghettos of the North and the plantations of the South. Pressed on this issue, Joe Louis—yes, the heavyweight boxing champion, in a burst of eloquence—remarked, "There's nothing wrong there that Adolf Hitler can set right..." M.J.L.]

Passmore's "Paradise Now"

JOHN PASSMORE can well be accused in "Paradise Now" [ENCOUNTER, November] of using the excesses of the "New Mysticism" as a hammer to batter seemingly connected "romantic" and "religious" attitudes, including those of traditional mysticism, both Christian and Non-Christian. To label a whole range of attitudes "perfectabilist" is odious enough linguistically, but the term is useful in what it conveys of Passmore's own attitudes. There is no reason why a non-religious philosopher or sociologist should not study such things and attempt to understand them from his position, but what is regrettable is that an acceptable and reasonable statement like, "There is certainly no *guarantee* that men will ever be any better than they are now," is followed soon after by, "To attempt, in the quest for perfection, to raise men above that level [i.e. of anxious, passionate, discontented human beings] is to court disaster; there is no level above it, there is only a level below it." How can Passmore be so sure? His reasonable opinion has turned into dogma.

The ideas which Passmore pursues in whatever perverted forms—timelessness, perfectability, pure enjoyment, community—are essentially not things of this world, and his title sums up the position admirably. Turning away from "the acquisitive society," or whatever one may call it, the "New Mystics" try to find heaven on earth. But it is basically a heaven without God. To attempt to judge mysticism in general by their example is unreasonable. One obvious and important difference between "drug-induced mysticism" and traditional mysticism is that the former, so far as I am aware, is often self-orientated and involves an expansion of the self, whereas what I would call true mysticism is God-centered whatever else may or may not be involved.

Can Passmore really suppose that love of money,

of power and status are relatively harmless and not highly dangerous and potentially disastrous for society? People may falsely claim to love God or their fellow men, but their behaviour betrays their real motives such as love of power (etc.) which Passmore claims are harmless.

Passmore's criticism of the "New Mysticism" may be valid, but only because it is not true mysticism. Even so, is it such a bad thing to try and find a bit more heaven on earth? It may not be everyone's ideal to remain anxious, discontented and passionate human beings!

RICHARD BALL

Wadham College,
Oxford

"PARADISE NOW" forms the last chapter of a book on *The Perfectibility of Man*; I fear that I must refer Mr Ball to the earlier chapters of that book for my critique of Christian as distinct from "bodily" mysticism. I can only hope that those conclusions he now condemns as dogmatic and those expressions he finds odious may then appear in a somewhat more favourable light. I nowhere say, incidentally, that the love of power, or money, or status is harmless but only that they are *relatively* harmless. Such of my fellow-men as cherish nothing but possessions, status or power I am far from esteeming highly. But they do not, for the most part, terrify me.

In contrast, I am thoroughly terrified by those who set out to love nothing but Humanity or the Ideal Future, or the Perfection of Mankind, or God, or the Purity of the Nation, or any such cosmic ideal. Just why such men terrify me I have tried to make clear in my book.

A final point. Of course it is not everybody's, or anybody's, ideal to remain "anxious, discontented and passionate human beings." What I have tried to show, however, is that men can achieve such ideals as are humanly attainable only if they are prepared to recognise that anxiety, discontent, and passion are part of the price they have to pay.

JOHN PASSMORE

Australian National University,
Canberra

The First Lady Chatterley

IN GEOFFREY STRICKLAND's very interesting contribution entitled *The First Lady Chatterley's Lover* [ENCOUNTER, January] he complains that the first two versions of Lawrence's novel are not available. I am glad to say that in our current catalogue we have just announced plans to publish the text of these two novels.

ROLAND GANT

Editorial Director,
William Heinemann Ltd.

"Going Nowhere"

IN HIS THOUGHTFUL article in your March issue, "Going Nowhere: A reply to Raymond Fletcher", Mr Peregrine Worsthorne quotes me in a way which, I fear, misrepresents my views. He refers to my essay in the Fall 1970 issue of *The Public Interest*, in which I discussed Milton Friedman's and Friedrich Hayek's juxtaposition of a "free society" to a "just society". What he fails to make clear is that, far from aligning myself with Friedman and Hayek, I rejected their position along much the same lines as Mr Worsthorne now does, and often in the very same words.

IRVING KRISTOL

New York City

IRVING KRISTOL is entirely right in saying that in his article in *The Public Interest* he in no way aligned himself with Friedman and Hayek, and if I suggested any such thing—which was unintended—I can only apologise for quoting him in a way which might have given this misleading impression. I am also sorry not to have made my debt to my friend's brilliant article more explicit. He has been an intellectual mentor for so long, and I have become so used over the years to drawing inspiration from his ideas, that I rather childishly assumed that he would take my dependence on them as the sincerest form of flattery.

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

London

The Inquisitive Society

AT THE CONCLUSION of his article "The Inquisitive Society" [ENCOUNTER, December 1970], Mr Michael Beloff proposes that evidence obtained by police officers acting without a warrant, and engaging in "surreptitious surveillance" by means of "artificial devices", be inadmissible in a criminal prosecution.

Any such limitation would of course modify existing English law under which the test of admissibility is

"whether it is relevant to the issue. If it is, it is admissible and the court is not concerned how the evidence was obtained." *Kuruma v. The Queen*, [1955] A.C. 197.

Indeed, police officers who seized evidence of crime by trespass are not liable in damages—the discovery retroactively validates the search.

"... [T]he interests of the state must excuse the seizure of documents which seizure would otherwise be unlawful if it appears in fact that such documents were evidence of a crime. ..."
Elias v. Pasmore, [1934] 2 K.B. 164.

It is not readily apparent to me why evidence obtained by "artificial devices" through "surrepti-

tious surveillance" should be inadmissible while evidence obtained by police officers breaking into a man's premises without a search warrant, as happened in the *Elias* case, should continue to be received. The invasion of privacy is surely as great; the "society" which employs such methods is equally "inquisitive." Looking at the subject conversely, I should prefer to have my property stolen by a pickpocket than by a robber using force or the threat of force.

The real question, I believe, is whether England should adopt the American so-called "exclusionary rule" according to which evidence obtained by the police by trespass or other conduct deemed improper by the courts is not admissible in criminal prosecutions. To be logical Mr Beloff should propose the exclusionary rule in its entirety.

That the subject is of interest is shown not only by Mr Beloff's article, but also by a recent column by Mr Anthony Lewis in the *New York Times* in which he mused whether our Supreme Court was "for export." What he meant, the column revealed, was whether England should adopt the exclusionary rule.

Before adopting the rule, however, I would urge the appointment of a royal commission, or similar body, to study the effect of that rule in the United States on the administration of criminal justice and the incidence of crime. I am confident that our judges and lawyers would afford such a commission all possible cooperation. The exclusionary rule has not been fully accepted in the United States; such distinguished authorities as the late Judge Cardozo and the late Professor Wigmore, author of a leading treatise on the law of evidence, condemned it. A report comparing the criminal procedures of the two countries and their relative effectiveness would be most welcome in the United States. The report should, of course, consider whether any impairment of law enforcement, assuming that such impairment was found, was adequately compensated by such increased privacy and respect for law as, in the view of the investigating body, had resulted from adoption of the rule.

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

New York City

BEFORE DISCUSSING Mr Dickerman Williams' substantial points I must up-date and qualify his analysis of the English law relating to exclusion of evidence in this context.

It is of course true, as he says, that there is no automatic exclusion of evidence in criminal trials in England because it has been obtained unlawfully; and that evidence obtained by hidden microphone has been admitted in consequence (e.g. *R v. Maqsd Ali* (1966) 1 QB. 688). It is not true, however, that police officers who seize evidence of crime by trespass are not liable in damages; or that such evidence will always be admitted. In *Ghani v.*

Jones (1969 3 AER)1703 Lord Denning MR commented on the dictum cited from *Elias v. Pasmore*:

I confess I think those words go too far. . . . The common law does not permit police officers, or anyone else, to ransack anyone's house, or to search for papers or articles therein or to search his person, simply to see if he may have committed some crime or other. If police officers do so, they would be guilty of a trespass. Even if they should find something incriminating against him, I should have thought that the court would not allow it to be used in evidence against him, if the conduct of the police officer was so oppressive that it would not be right to allow the Crown to rely on it.

There are thus two ways of preventing unacceptable police practices. One is to submit the evidence obtained thereby, but to award damages against the police. This certainly underlines the public interest in securing the convictions of guilty men, but does not adequately protect the suspected but innocent person. Therefore the second way is to make the game not worth the candle *i.e.* to exclude evidence obtained by improper practices. Prevention is better than cure. Both could be used to protect privacy where there is no actual physical trespass.

There is no *logical* reason—nor did I argue such—for modifying the current law in respect of evidence obtained by technological intrusion alone; and I certainly agree with Mr Dickerman Williams that a study of transatlantic jurisprudence and practice on this whole subject could only be of benefit to English lawyers. A code of police behaviour based on a realistic view of the respective needs of individual privacy and social order is anyway an urgent need in this country.

MICHAEL BELOFF

London

Appeal

Because of the postal strike in Britain which began in January and ended in March (as we go to press) we have not been able to make a proper assessment of the response to our Emergency Appeal, as published on p. 2 of the January ENCOUNTER. But even as of now we have been greatly encouraged by the extent of the mail and its evidence of the loyalty and generosity of so many of our readers; the total of new gift subscriptions is well over one thousand. We are grateful to them, and to all of our readers who will still be writing (and we hope they will).

THE EDITORS

AUTHORS

Sir Frank Roberts, who was British Ambassador to the USSR from 1960–62 and to the Federal Republic of Germany from 1963–68, has been President of the British Atlantic Committee for the last three years. This article was originally written for *Affari Esteri*, edited by his old friend and colleague, Pietro Quaroni, who was Italy's Ambassador to Germany (1958–61) and to Britain (1961–64). . . .

Milovan Djilas was born in Montenegro in 1911, and joined the Communist Party at the age of 21. When the Germans attacked Yugoslavia in 1941 he became a Partisan leader and a close collaborator of Tito. Until he was expelled from the Central Committee in January 1954, he was one of the leading figures in the Yugoslav government. He was critical of Communist bureaucracy and in 1956, when he refused to recant, was sentenced to three years imprisonment. When *The New Class* was published he was re-tried and his sentence extended until 1972. He was, however, released from prison in January 1961 and wrote *Conversations with Stalin* between his release and his retrial and return to prison (May 1962). He was released at the end of 1966 but forbidden to publish any work in Yugoslavia until 1972. During the Czech crisis in 1968 his passport was returned to him and he was able to visit Great Britain and the U.S. He now lives in Belgrade with his wife and son. His most recent book is *The Unperfect Society* (Methuen). . . .

Heinrich Böll is one of Germany's leading novelists. Weidenfeld & Nicolson have published in English translation (also translated by Leila Vennewitz) *The Clown* and *The End of a Mission*. His previous stories in ENCOUNTER were "No Tears for Schmeck" (May 1969) and "Something Will Be Done" (August 1962). . . .

George D. Painter is Assistant Keeper in the Department of Printed Books at the British Museum. The author of *Marcel Proust: A Biography* (published by Chatto), he is now working on a life of Chateaubriand. . . .

K. W. Gransden is Senior Lecturer in the School of Literature, University of Warwick, and the author, among other books, of *E. M. Forster* (Oliver & Boyd). . . .

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Life & Letters Today

London

STRICTLY SPEAKING: I am wondering [D. J. Enright writes] what the article on the press of South-east Asia (Special Report in "The Times") means when it says that this press is "strictly speaking, free". Absolutely free? Free as long as it speaks strictly? Free in the true sense of the word?—Then in whose true sense? Or nominally free but aware that if it offends the government it will be punished, and therefore choosing (freely?) not to offend.

I suspect that something like this latter meaning is intended. In which case, the press of South-east Asia is, laxly speaking, free.

THE TIMES

Cambridge

STUDENTS AND POLITICS: There is one counter-feit term in the great student debate which should not, I think, go unchallenged.

I refer [S. Gorley Putt writes] to the phrase, "the overwhelming majority of students are apathetic. This is not true. What observers really mean is that most undergraduates are keenly interested in something else.

It is stupid, politically and morally, to allow one group to corner the definition of "apathy". From the point of view of the college chaplain the ardent revolutionaries might be thought completely apathetic in the context of religion.

The apathy of many politically minded undergraduates towards their academic subjects, or towards, say, painting or athletics or wit is just as marked as the apathy their friends may display when invited to spend long hours in campus electioneering. My own apathy towards pop groups is notorious; if on the strength of that you call me "apathetic" in general, I shall beg leave to contradict you.

THE TIMES

London

THE LATEST ISSUE of "Adam" was given over to the first publication of a play written by Sartre while he was in prison in 1940. It is a Christmas play, using the allegory of Jewish resistance to the Romans for French resistance to the Germans. The Editor, Miron Grindea, published it in English because Sartre refuses to let it appear in French. Sartre the Maoist seems to be coy about its Christian message. All right, though, for the mere English.

THE GUARDIAN

New York City

WE coin and discard words almost overnight, and the poor lexicographer is left panting far behind. Even a parent is hard put to know what his children are saying from one week to another. Only yesterday they described their

friends as cool. Then the friends stopped being cool and became groovy. Now they're together—unless they're strung out.

Thus the Counter-Culture—students, radicals and blacks—invents its own identifying language to separate itself from the hated Culture, or Establishment. The only trouble is that the Establishment won't play fair; it steals the radical language and puts it to capitalistic use. Let "Right on!" enter the national awareness as a cry of the militant Left and soon it will turn up—as it recently did—in an advertisement for Bergdorf Goodman, and that's the end of "Right on!"

So swiftly are the rebels and radicals robbed of their new words, in fact, that they are being driven back into real English. "Far out," for instance, is now so trite that Berkeley students are starting to use "remote." "Soul," which connoted the dynamic life-style of America's blacks, was pre-empted by whites for the dreariest social events, and now the blacks say "spirit." Any day some politician will claim to be a "law-and-order freak", and the kids will start using "enthusiast". They won't rap, they'll hold discussions, and where last night they crashed, tomorrow they'll take up residence.

Which would be a disaster. For the Counter-Culture is bringing to our language the priceless gift of brevity. Words like "rip-off," "split," "uptight," "crash," "funky," "bag," "hassle," "trip," "rap," "groove" and "bummer" are islands of simple strength in a quagmire of jargon that threatens to swallow us all—the vast bog where inputs from the private sector are a viable paradigm for the public sector in establishing parameters and forming an on-going overview.

LIFE MAGAZINE

New York City

THE LIMITS OF LIBERATION: Some record companies, book publishers and clothing manufacturers have found it worthwhile to promote their wares in the underground press, often baiting their copy with radical themes.

Despite their strong editorial stand against all forms of censorship, the underground papers have just got together and imposed a censorship of their own. Advertisers no longer may plug their products with any form of the words "liberation" or "revolution." The editors object that commercial use of the words demeans the causes that they represent.

Moreover, says Robert England, president of Manhattan's Media A., a firm that sells space for most underground papers, "Co-opting the language shows a lack of creativity." Advertisers still have some options; for example, they can use as many four-letter obscenities as they like.

TIME

FROM METHUEN

MILOVAN DJILAS

The Unperfect Society: Beyond the New Class

"The book is beautifully written and has been ably translated . . . he shows once again that he is indeed no idealist, but someone who has learnt from his experience as a revolutionary, a man of power and a prisoner, and has become wise in the process." *The Economist*
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